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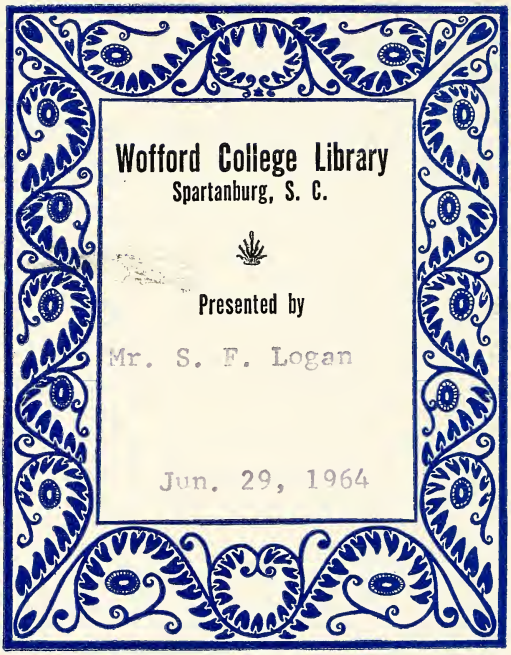

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Wofford College Journal

October, 1906

PUBLISHED BY
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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

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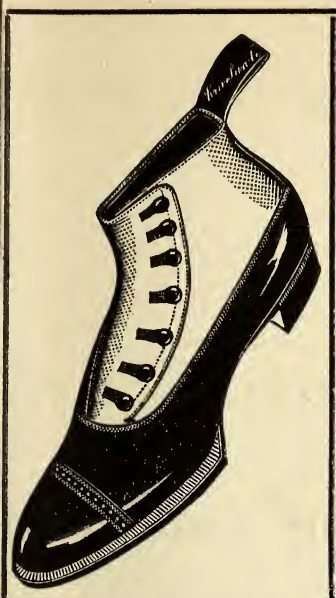

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

M. C. FOSTER, EDITOR.

Salutation to Class of 1907

Far from the haunts of mortal man,
  Locked in Solitude's sombre embrace,
A Tower, dark and dreary stood,
  Lifting its head into starlit space.

Warped and mean were the souls of men
  In that age of terror and gloom;
'Twas ne'er a knight, who in quest
  Did come, of this Tower, but met his doom.

Yet one did come, defying death;
  'Twas neither for fortune nor fame
That he drew to his lips his horn and blew,
  "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came."

* * * * * * * *

Seniors, we who come for our last year here
To gather the seeds of knowledge, so dear,
May we in this dawn, yea, while yet 'tis dark,
Catch the spirit of Roland, the brave and stark;
For steep is the path and dark the way that leads
To yon high pinnacle, from whence man feeds
His soul upon rich experience, won,
As by Matthew of old, "Thy will be done."
Now that we still have one more chance, the last,
To redeem ourselves of an ill-shaped past,
Let's don the sable robe of truth and grace
And stand by what's noble, beat down what's base.
There's a flower of Life, if ye would the seed,

Look not to the past; of the present take heed.
The flower that each for himself must grow,
Is like unto the seed that we daily sow.
O, comrades whom I love, while yet 'tis time,
Let's friends be ever in this garden sublime;
And still, when this year shall have passed away,
May we meet as one on that Golden Day.

S. W. Taylor.

The South's Greatest Need.

(Medal Essay Preston Literary Society.)

Government, in all civilized nations of the earth, has engaged the attention and thought of the greatest minds and scholars of the ages, and political parties have been and are still the necessary product of the statesmen of their time and generation. Especially is this true of republican form of government. Our great historian, Bancroft, eighty years ago, said that the republican form of government, in very truth, is the strongest government in the world. Wherever democracy prevails political parties have existed, should exist, and will continue to exist so long as the people are permitted a voice in the affairs of government.

If competition be "the life of trade," may it not, upon the same theory, be successfully contended that competition in politics will conduce to the greatest good and development of this, our Southland? Activity is the law of nature; there is no standstill in mind or matter; it is either progression or retrogression, and in politics and government it must be the same—we must be either advancing or going backward. This Republic has become a great and strong world-power in all things that go to make up and compose a great country—great in her educational institutions, her common and high schools, her colleges and universities for the diffusion of knowledge and the training and developing of the people for democratic government; and in her agricultural, manufacturing and commercial interests, and such results

have been due to the genius and enterprise of the people under the national policies of the general government.

The South was strictly an agricultural part of the Union until a few years ago; but within the past one or two decades she has been making progress in other lines of material and commercial advancement by leaps and bounds unparalleled in the history of any country. An aggressive Republican party in our midst would stand for a vigorous, active, progressive government policy, such as has built up and enriched other sections of this great country. Who can doubt the strength and stability of its financial, fiscal and protective policy? Would a protective policy enure to the upbuilding of the South's nascent industries? To ask the question is but to answer it. It is true that some Northern capital has been placed in Southern enterprises, such as cotton mills, iron foundries, mercantile establishments; but for fear of our politics and our one-sided government much capital has been withheld from this section. Capital is timid. It must have confidence in the government and in the people and in the institutions for stability where it seeks investment. It is an undisputed fact that the Republican party controls the great majority of the moneyed interests of the Union.

One party serves as a check upon the other, like the three branches of our government, legislative, executive and judicial, exercising a supervising and veto power, one over the other. It is as true today as when first spoken that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Political parties have existed and still exist in the great world-power nations of the earth, in England, France, Germany, as well as in the United States, denominated, for instance, Liberals and Conservatives, and in this Republic, in its infancy, Federalists and Republicans, but now, Republicans and Democrats, one representing the Hamiltonian, the other the Jeffersonian theory of government, one standing for strong, centralized government, the other for liberal democracy. The best government is maintained where political competition is

sharp and aggresive, and where the very best qualified men seek and secure office. Without competition, stagnation, and often worse than stagnation, corruption, is the result when applied to politics. Progress is the order of the day in political science, as in all other departments of life.

The Republican party is a respectable party and the majority party in the North—it commands, by far, the greater financial and commercial strength of the nation. There is no organized Republican party now in the South worthy of the name, a mere handful, a little clique for "the loaves and fishes," the appointive offices of the general government. Is it not plain that if there were an aggressive Republican party in the South there would be greater and much superior material to draw from for these appointive offices? Would not the public welfare of the country be much better subserved when men of the greatest ability and of the highest character are appointed to administer the government?

Andrew Jackson, when President, established the precedent "that to the victors belong the spoils," and this precedent has been approved and acted upon by succeeding administrations ever since; but from the fact that the South has had no aggressive Republican party, the federal offices have often been filled by inferior, incompetent, and, in many instances, corrupt officials; and such would not have occurred were there an aggressive, respectable opposition party in our midst. We would not advocate a party composed of Carpetbaggers and Scalawags, as in reconstruction days of the South, but one composed of the most intelligent men, and of the highest character. In a large measure men of mediocre ability, more politicians than statesmen, have forged to the front and have assumed to fill the high places, both in state and national government, to the exclusion of men of superior ability and character, because there was no incentive or occasion to put forward the strongest men for office. The negro is already virtually eliminated from politics by virtue of the present constitutions of the various Southern States

requiring educational and property qualification for suffrage; thus the great majority of that race are deprived of the ballot. A large per cent of the thinking people of the North now admit that the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution was a mistake.

Away with prejudice. The Republican party is no longer a stigma, as in reconstruction days and the years immediately succeeding, but it is a great party representing policies which have served this nation well for more thn a century in her history. Conditions have materially changed in the South in the past thirty years, so that there need be no apprehension of odium or danger to the body politic in the establishing and maintaining another great political party for the futherance and development of the South's untold resources. The North and West, under the policy of the Republican party, have grown great and strong in finance, manufacturing, commerce and agriculture. Take the New England States, the Middle States, the Western States, where both great parties have existed and now exist in all their strength and vigor, and you will find there the highest progress and development in all lines that go to make up a great and strong country. Not only the eyes of the North and West are upon the South, but those of Europe are directed to her wonderful dormant resources. Her generous soil and climate, her acres of timber, her cotton and rice fields, her sugar plantations, her coal and iron interests, all are inviting and fast drawing men of capital, character and industry to her midst. Immigrants of the better class from Europe, the North and West are fast coming to mix and mingle with us to develop this favored land into larger fields of usefulness, liberty and happiness. What is our duty? Shall we organize for greater strides of advancement on agricultural, industrial, manufacturing, commercial, and financial lines? Are the people ripe for new policies of government? It seems that the times are propitious for the move. Our people are fast modifying their views and opinions politically. They see what the great opposition party

has done for the great North and West. But the South is now fast coming to the front. Some of her statesmen of advanced thought years ago, but since the Civil War, were ahead of their times in advocating then a Republican party, but the sentiment of the people then was not prepared for the change, but a large per cent of the people are now ripe and ready, it seems, to unfurl the banner of a new party. Many of our leading men in the national elections of 1900 and 1904 sympathized with and had greater confidence in the policy of the opposite than in their own, and when the Republican party was so successful, openly announced their approval. It is success, stability, confidence in the policies of the government to which our successful men and men of large ideas for development look. Although our Southland is very near and dear to her sons and daughters, yet it is not sentiment, but the results that count in this age and time of sharp competition. It is honorable for two political parties to exist in all section of the Republic. They have existed since its foundation. Their policies, marked out by the great fathers of the Constitution, are still in existence. The great and populous states of the Union, the New England, the Middle and the Western States in commercial, manufacturing and agricultural interests have grown great under the policies of the Republican party, though both great parties have had such a strong following as often to divide the political honors with each other in many of the states of those sections.

The immigrants coming to the South come, of course, primarily, for their individual betterment, but when they improve their individual condition, they contribute to the general good and welfare of the state. The citizen, whether native or adopted, under democratic form of government, naturally aligns himself with the political party in harmony with his views and predilections. He becomes a factor in the body politic, and in order for him to produce the best results, he must have access to and opportunity for choice of government policies. If Washington, Jefferson and

Hamilton could awake from sleep and see this great country now and its prodigious advancement since their day and time, they would be amazed at the progress the child they nurtured in infancy has made; but this has been accomplished under the wise application of correct and wholesome political principles of government, under the leadership of great and patriotic Americans, though aligned on opposite sides of party policies.

The people of the South have ceased to manifest interest in the general elections, and but few go to the polls to exercise their highest rights as citizens, except in the primary elections to choose between men of the same party standing for office. There is no incentive or opportunity to the masses to study and pass upon the different policies of government as embodied in the principles enunciated and held by these great political schools of thought. And almost invariably when a new political idea or theory is advanced by some great mind, looking toward greater progress and material development of the country, the politician scents danger in the political atmosphere, and at once sends out a hue and cry: "Negro in the woodpile!" All this is nonsense. Educate the people to think and study and act patriotically for the best interest of the country, and then they will divide on party lines, as they have done in the North and West, and then men of the greatest ability and character will be elected to fill the offices, and the best results will be achieved. Of course, some of the "politicians" among us claim to see spooks in the coming Republican party, the "Trojan horse", as they would term it, but it is not their province to dictate to intelligent and patriotic men their political course of action. Prejudice between the sections is fast dying out; it greatly withered away during President McKinley's administration. The sections understand each other better and when this new, for this section, aggressive party comes upon the stage, then old prejudices will have passed away, the negro in the woodpile will have vanished from political sight, for the few entitled to vote will divide and espouse

the cause of both parties, as they did last year in the municipal election in Chicago, when a large negro vote was polled for Judge Dunne, which secured his election as mayor of that great city.

Of course, no great movement, especially a political movement, can succeed until the people are prepared by education and public sentiment to further on the cause. Time and new conditions have wrought great changes in the political sentiment of the South. The barriers and obstacles of reconstruction days have passed away, in a measure, if not altogether, and the people are now free to think and act upon broader and more conservative lines of political thought and action. Now is the South's opportunity to strike for greater and higher achievement in the race of life, and nothing will so effectually conduce to this end as an aggressive Republican party to direct the thoughts of the people along the lines of industrial and commercial policy as advocated and practiced by that party—the party whose policy has secured to the East, North and West such great financial prosperity as those sections possess. When the great canal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific waters shall have been completed, the South will be brought much nearer the markets of the Orient; and it is expected that great and permanent good will be the result for this section. The markets of the East will then be nearer and more easily reached from Southern ports with the product of the mills of the South and the farms of the West, with which to feed and clothe the needy millions of the Orient. Shall the South profit by the example of her more favored sister states? She has the resources, men of intelligence and enterprise, the soil and climate, the timber, immense water-powers, coal and iron, all that is necessary for the highest attainment in all lines of endeavor.

Where there exists only one political party bitter factions often spring up, led by extreme politicians to the great detriment of the country. These, at times, become so intolerable and bitter as to estrange even members of the same family,

and are often dominated and led by demagogues of the worst type. There can not be the greatest progress and development where ambition and passion usurp the field of conservative thought and action. No observant mind that has watched the signs of the times and observed the trend of public sentiment in this country can fail to see that the sentiment of the people is fast being crystallized for a new departure in politics. Another political party is necessary to prevent factionalism in the one party, and to accommodate the views and opinions not only of our own people, but the stream of immigrants from Europe, the North and West setting their faces Southward to make homes for themselves. Our Palmetto State is taking the lead, through her immigration bureau, in securing eligible and acceptable immigrants—men of intelligence, capital and industrious habits have come and are now coming into our midst, identifying themselves as permanent settlers and citizens.

The great trunk lines of railroads are seeking termini and looking to the Southern ports to handle for export the immense surplus of grain and live stock of the West and the Mississippi valley. The South, forty years ago, devastated, drenched in blood, robbed of the flower of its youth, and crushed by poverty, dependence and ignorance, has risen phoenix-like from her ashes to set the world an example in material and industrial progress. Great and progressive ideas that have resulted in the people's benefit will not down. The genius of the Caucasian race has been equal for all tasks and emergencies in whatever field of endeavor it has undertaken, and will take care of and preserve the best interests of this Southland; and that same genius is now ready and able to solve any problem, political or otherwise, that presents itself for solution.

President McKinley, in his many public speeches, sounded the note of fraternity between the sections, and his inspiring words met a hearty response in the hearts and actions of the people, not only in the great and flourishing Republican strongholds of the North and West, but throughout the land

of Dixie. When the South shall have an active, aggresive, respectable Republican party, she will become the leader in all great matters appertaining to the welfare of our country; and she will in a very short while realize that she is the real " garden spot of the world."

Roy Webster, '06.

Bold through Necessity.

James Sulivan was excited. His room in the Natick House at Los Angeles was a scene of confusion. Garments were scattered over the floor, and he was only partly clothed. He had just received a telegram from his boss in Denver. It ran as follows:

"Come to Denver at once on No. 23. Big deal. It means thousands. Watson."

And No. 23 was due to leave at 4:30 that afternoon. It was now 3:30. Thousands were to be won or lost by that one move. No wonder he was excited. He must catch No. 23 at any cost.

His rapid thinking was interrupted by a sharp rap on the door.

"Come in," he cried, muttering an imprecation.

"Any baggage, sir?" falteringly queried an almond-eyed individual.

"Yes," mumbled Sullivan, throwing every visible piece of clothing into his suit-case, "take this to the station, and be quick about it."

"It shall be done," said the Jap with the air of a monarch.

As Sullivan progressed with his toilet he gradually became aware that he had packed up his suit in the suitcase and sent it to the station! And all his money was in his coat and trousers! What was to be done? He took his seat and nervously twisted the ends of his jetty mustache. He collected his wits and thought.

"Well," he meditated, flecking the ashes from his cigarette, "Thompson rooms across the hall from me. Perhaps

I can borrow some clothes and money from him. But all haste must be made—minutes mean dollars!"

Away he sped across the hall and soon ascertained that Billy Thompson was out. He was desperate. He would get in.

He placed his shoulder to the door, and threw his two hundred pounds against it. It could not stand the strain, but fell with a crash. Strangely, no one seemed to have noticed the noise, and James Sullivan was in the room of his friend!

Thompson's trunk was unlocked and he opened it (as he had often done before) and took out a neat grey suit which he immediately donned—and real well did it fit him, too.

In the dresser he found four fifty-dollar notes. He calmly placed two in his pocket, and left the remaining two where he had found them. He paid his bill at the hotel, and caught the 4:30 train as it was leaving the station.

* * * * * * *

At nine o'clock in the evening Billy Thompson returned to his room. He was startled to find it broken into, and immediately summoned aid. The landlord promptly responded, but no burglar could be found. Detectives were called in and placed on the case.

They found from a clock which lay shattered on the floor that the crime was committed at 4:13 that afternoon, but beyond that they could not go. The two fifty-dollar notes were found, and, as there were four before the robbery, the detectives could not explain why the suposed burglar should have taken only two of the notes. And, again, only one suit had been removed from the trunk which contained several suits and a diamond ring.

The next morning The Los Angeles News came out with this scare-head:

BOLD ROBBERY COMMITTED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

NO MOTIVE ASSIGNED.

MYSTERIOUS!

James Sullivan was seated in his Denver hotel calmly reading the morning papers when his eye was attracted by the Los Angeles News. His face became flushed as he read of the robbery in which he had played such a prominent part. He seized a pad and immediately addressed Billy Thompson, telling him of his predicament and hasty exit from Los Angeles, explaining everything. He requested his chum to send him a bill for the services of the detectives and for the suit of clothes and he would remit the amount in full, including the hundred dollars, by return mail. He apologized for the anxiety he had caused his friend, and stated that he had unintentionally puzzled the detectives.

Needless to say, the case was compromised. And the laugh was on the sleuths. B. N. A. '07.

Some Impressions of Bret Harte.

(Medal Essay of Carlisle Literary Society)

The short story is the most highly developed and distincive form of American literature. Our neighbors across the sea are fond of terming our literature provincial, but so far as the short story is concerned they cannot justify the criticism. The have produced poets, philosophers, novelists, and essayists of surpassing ability, but, with the possible exception of Tolstoi, the greatest geniuses of the short story have been Americans.

No two American story writers have so enriched the world's literature as Edgar Allan Poe and Bret Harte. Both of them were specialists and not men of versatile genius. Each had his own special sphere outside which he dared not venture, but in which he was supreme. Because of his marvelous imaginative faculty and all but perfect technique, Poe is usually considered the greater of the two, but judged from the highest standpoint—that of art—Bret Harte's genius was of a higher order. Although falling far short of Poe as an imaginative writer and, in a less degree, as a master of literary form, yet superiority may be claimed for

him on the ground that he draws truthful pictures of human life. Despite all men may say about a writer's imaginative powers, if he does not show us human character *as it exists,* his work has fallen short of its highest possibilities. The adequate portrayal of human life is the ideal toward which the noblest art is striving. Reality is the foundation stone on which every great piece of literature must be erected. Its relative superiority may depend on the ideality of its treatment, but its power, if not its charm, depends on how near it keeps to the life it seeks to picture.

In Bret Harte, as in the works of all true artists, the characters do not seem to be exhausted when the story is ended. You do not begin to suspect that they were created for the occasion, and have no existence outside the book. He had the ability to grasp a clear and comprehensive idea of life, and then to express it in an equally clear and comprehensive way. The most essential requisite for producing such characters is the ability to read human nature. Herein lies the cause of the failure of most of our modern novels. The author writes without a clear and full conception of the controlling motives of his characters, and his work is of necessity superficial and narrow. Unquestionably some of Bret Harte's characters represent types altogether unknown in the West today, but I do not think they were unknown fifty years ago. To be sure he idealizes his characters—and what true artist does not?—but he never paints them falsely. He is no mere photographer to give us a series of bare impressions, but a skilled painter who shows his greatness by the ideality he puts into his portraits.

No one has ever beheld the wonders of the West without being impressed by them, but there have been few who could describe what they saw in a graphic and comprehensive way. There is a vastness about its trackless desert wastes and snow-capped mountain peaks that beggars description at the hands of most of us. In Bret Harte's stories we find the most real and powerful descriptions of that country that have come from the pen of any writer.

No quality of his stories reveals his power to us quite so well as their abundance of dramatic scenes and incidents. He understood as no other American the art of presenting incidents in a powerful, lifelike way that delights and thrills the reader. The material he chose was well adapted to producing such effects. There was scarcely a trace of conventionality or what we term society in the mining camp, but crude, rought life that knew no master but its own ill-governed passions abounded; a life that was full of much that was base, but a life that was often noble in its simplicity, its peculiar honor, and its loyalty. It was void of many blessings that society brings, as it was void of its greatest curse, artificiality. With his keen insight into human nature and remarkable power of expression, Bret Harte achieved a phenomenal success as a dramatic writer.

It is not necessary, it is not even permissible, for the artist to moralize. His work is to picture life as he sees it, whether it be with brush, chisel, or pen. If his work is true to the life it imitates, its morality and even its spirituality will be evident. Bret Harte seldom or never moralizes. He was too much of an artist—and a sinner—to burden his stories with morals that would lessen their charm and accuse his own conscience. Of course his stories do convey morals, but it is indirectly, by implication and suggestion, and not by direct assertion. He wrote to entertain, and not to instruct. He tells the story in his own inimitable way and leaves the moral to the reader. To the careless it will not be evident, but to the thoughtful his striking contrasts of good and evil will point many a wholesome one. But this is the inevitable result of powerful treatment, and not an attempt on his part to moralize.

The stories that his admirers would rank as masterpieces are rejected by some as immoral. Undoubtedly the same material, if treated by a man of ordinary talent, would be immoral. It is only the truly great mind, the veritable genius, who can treat the darker passions of men in a way the best art will justify. Bret Harte would have us believe

that charity, honesty, devotion, and self-sacrifice are not restricted to the virtuous, but are often found among society's outcasts. After reading "Miggles" or "The Outcasts of Polka Flat" who would dare gainsay him? Who would say that his ideal of life was lowered by them? Noble deeds, no matter where found, are always uplifting in their tendency.

Bret Harte was an admirable parodist. He imitated the style and spirit of Hugo, Dumas, and Charlotte Bronte in a charming manner. In the eyes of some this may be poor grounds for praise, rather a cause for contempt, for they refuse to disassociate the genuine parodist from the mere jester, but the successful parodist must be more than an irreverent mocker. He must possess the faculties of reverence and sympathy in a marked degree. Unless he admires and sympathizes with an author he approaches him from the wrong standpoint, and his attempts will meet with failure. It is bewilderingly pleasant in reading his stories to come upon a passage that makes you turn to the title page to see whether it is "Les Miserables," or at another time "Camille," or again "Shirley" you have picked up instead of the volume of Bret Harte you intended. You cannot help but smile at his cleverness in so completely deceiving you.

The fact that all of his stories deal with Western life, although among his varied experiences in other parts of this country and abroad there must have been an abundance of suitable material for stories of different kinds, does not stamp him as indolent. Rather, to my mind, it serves to show us that his great success in the story of early Western life did not turn his head and lead him to think that he could accomplish anything in the way of story writing. Fortunately for him—and the reading public—he fully realized his limitations and strictly observed them. Before he had been in the East long he discovered that he was peculiarly fitted to picturing life as he saw it in California camp and mine, but had no especial talent for any other

kind of story, and sensibly determined to attempt no other.

His stories are all stories of humor or pathos or more often a perfect blending of the two. In this, perhaps, more than in anything else, he shows himself the consummate artist. With such skill does he mingle humor and pathos that you cannot tell where the one ends and the other begins. In fact, there are passages in some of his stories that cause a doubt to rise in the reader's mind whether they were meant to be laughed at or cried over. It is in these finer points, far above the ordinary story writer, that Bret Harte shows his supreme ability. Almost any writer can be humorous now and then, and even conjure up the semblance of pathos at times, but few indeed can unite them in such a striking and artistic way.

As a stylist Bret Harte has been equaled by no American story writer. He tells a story in an interesting and natural way, full of freshness and energy, that endears him to the heart of every reader. Here a graphic picture, there a bit of humor or satire or a touch of pathos, and all expressed in musical language—what an entertainer, what an artist he was!

A. S. Nettles, '08.

A Dream.

How may I begin to tell that which I now must tell,
That which makes me shudder and my heart grow sick, and swell
With emotions when I think of how the fiends of hell
Did torture me one night when, all alone,
I, sitting in my room, my very own,
Grieved for her, that one of all most dear to me?
And as I wept, and I wept more bitterly
Than mortal man had ever wept,
My eyes grew heavy and I slept.
That morning, that very morn, I had found my mother dead,
And lying there as she had died, so calmly in her bed,

And there upon her pillow lay the cold tears she had shed
When she was dying; 'twas then I knew she
Had been thinking of and praying for me,
And that when the light went out and darkness came in
And made that dear one no more of all she had been,
I was the cause, and, God, I rued
My merciless ingratitude!
"Master," I cried, "can't you hear just one word that I say?
Oh, God, can't she come just a moment, just one, I pray?
Oh, mother, come back to me, come back just for a day,
And let me be kind to you and embrace
You, and wipe the tear stains from off your face!"
But no answer came, and I sank upon the floor
And lay grieving as I had never grieved before.
'Twas then I knew what I had lost,
And, God, how bitter was the cost!
That night my mother lay in state within her own room,
And I sat in my own and wept for her, 'mid the gloom
Of the saddest of sad deaths. I slept and there did loom
Before my eyes strange visions of strange things
Which I had never seen, and my heart strings
Were broken and the clinging tendrils swam in blood,
Not blood of my blood, but of my soul, and the good
I might have done, had I but known
My cold neglect must breed this groan.
My mother stood before me in a dream that I dreamed,
And I knew that it was she, so real it all seemed,
And a strange love light shone in her face, and from it beamed
A smile of forgiveness; but sadder eyes
Were hers than I had ever seen, and cries
Of pain I knew no mortal could e'er have drawn
From out her troubled breast were heard, and gone
From her face all marks of gladness,
All gone, all changed into—sadness!
In my dream I wondered why her face had always seemed
So sad, as if she were in trouble, and then I dreamed

I saw her breast laid open near her heart, and there gleamed
A dagger, and upon it was a skull,
A death's-head, and its teeth rattled, and dull
And grim did look the smile it cast around the place,
Made plain by fires inside the eye holes in its face;
And there upon the dagger's blade
Were loads of death the skull had made.
Then what I saw seemed strange to me, the more as it was
real,
For near her bleeding breast I saw a hand which would steal
All unsuspectingly up near the death's head and deal
A blow upon the skull which drove the blade
Deep down into the open heart and made
A wound which, poisoned by the charge of death left there,
Could never heal, and, too, each stab grew more severe;
Her cries grew faint, and in their place
A calmness settled on her face.
She died, but ere she died I saw a thousand places,
All red with dripping blood, cut in her heart. Faces
Were they, each had a tongue, and ne'er have disgraces
Fell so thick upon one soul as on mine,
For not till then had I seen the divine
Meaning of it all: That hand was mine, and that head
Was my poisonous ingratitude! She was dead,
And I had killed her! I, her son,
Had done the deed—I was the one!

Archie Willis.

Need of a Reformatory in South Carolina.

(Calhoun Literary Society Essay Medal.)

Great changes have been and are at present taking place not only in South Carolina, but throughout the United States. This change has just now begun to dawn upon the citizens of this State, and the time is not far distant when every phase of industrial life will have been completely revolutionized. Small business establishments are giving

away before the sway and onslaught of large and gigantic corporations, termed trusts. This is seen in the fusion of cotton mills in all portions of the State into one concern, which dominates in every respect the work and business affairs of those under its power. Not only has a change been seen along this line, but one has taken place among the farmers, who have determined that no longer will they submit to the gamblers in Wall Street fixing the price of raw cotton which they themselves produce, but instead the producer will name the price.

Man himself has more and wider opportunities to play the rascal and thief. To those who are successful in obtaining money or its equivalent, society gives its wing of approval, but to those who are unsuccessful society gives a disdainful sneer and rebuke, sending the perpetrator deeper down into the mires of sin and degradation. Youths from the ages of ten to eighteen easily fall in with such influences as these and imbibe them to their fullest extent.

The young boy sees the corruption on which successful business institutions have gained sway and power over those built upon a foundation of honesty and hard toil. If honesty fail and fraud succeed, now how must a youth look at a business proposition? His first thought is honesty, for this word is instilled into him by his Maker at his birth. But at the same time, true to the law of nature, his will may be and is swayed by his environment, for what good is a human being if he be not able to grasp the situation in which he be reared in to his own promotion and welfare in this world? It is for his own welfare that he oversteps his own bounds and becomes a criminal in the sight of the law, while in his own eyes it is a pure and simple business transaction. If he safely evades detection, everything has worked good, and he is boastful, but if he be detected he immediately recognizes and fully realizes the great significance of what he has done. Right at this point, at his first being detected, is the vital and crucial moment of his life. If good influences be brought to bear upon him from the standpoint of moral and

legal law there will be very few cases of a repetition by him of the crime. Then, too, on the other hand, if he come before a court where he is tried in the presence of his daily companions and asosciates, it will have the tendency to make him a hero, not only in his, but their estimation. This is perfectly natural, for he is the center of attraction and the topic of conversation among the youths of his age.

Even a great influence which goads the youthful criminal on into the paths of sin is his association in chaingangs and jails, where he comes in contact with old and hardened criminals of every phase and type. Boys and the most reckless criminals are closely associated by the laws of this State for their reformation, and what is the consequence? The hardened and the habitual become more hardened and skilled in their criminality by getting from their associates their modes and arts in trying to turn the ebb of the tide of fortune their way, as they usually term it, by illegal means. The youth placed alongside such men as these is just at that age when love of adventure and desire to work tricks to outwit his companions appeal to him. He does, and that most naturally, imbibe all of the mean and contemptible traits of character that inhere in criminals who have made any headway in their respective trade of breaking the laws of the State. Boys are daily being sent to such places as these to be in the end turned out from its doors in a state more deplorable than when they entered.

What becomes of the boys and girls who are left homeless and destitute either by death or desertion of their parents? Why, these youths are allowed to wander aimlessly around to pick up what they can in the way of a living, which generally ends with their being chased from one community to another. This is done because they have appropriated some petty thing of little or no consequence, but just enough to brand them with the reputation of having a character of a bad turn. Some say place them in the denominational orphanages of the State; but this is only said to evade the question, for it is well known that the character of the

youth, and that also of the parent, must be proven to be good from every standpoint before he will be allowed to enter their doors. This is justly done, too, for those of a good character will not be as easily managed and controlled after they have become intimately connected with associates who have become corrupt in their deeds, words and thoughts.

After a boy has once received the stigma of being a thief, a liar and a bad boy in general, which is thrust upon him by society, it then appears as if it becomes the duty of every one whom he meets to give him a kick and a cuff to send him deeper into the paths of a reckless and thriftless life. How can any other state of affairs exist with this State's present attitude and stand upon this question? It will remain so, and the youths who are daily going to wreck and ruin within the bounds of this grand old State will gather unto themselves others whom they will pull down to a depth equal to their own. What will it cost to arrest this onslaught of humanity?

The value and service of a reformatory to a State by far outbalances the mere cost in money of erecting a building and defraying the general expenses of teaching the youths a proper course of work and study. The value in cents and dollars of every individual to society has been estimated by competent authorities to be about ten thousand dollars. That is one who does his duty both by himself and by society, through the alloted days of his life, has been worth this sum of money to society by his having lived in it. Now, from the other standpoint, how much trouble and cost has it been to a State to deal with those who prove to be detrimental to society? The cost and trouble in detecting them, holding them in jails for retribution, oftentimes to await trials, their destruction and appropriation of the goods of society, and minor other considerations will by far be greater than the sum of money to meet the expenses of a reformatory institution. Money appropriated by the State for such an institution would be petty and of little conse-

quence when it is compared to the amount that the State will have to spend to detect and punish the very men which their institution would have saved from the snares of evil and corruption.

From an altruistic standpoint this question deserves our attention even more than from the protection it gives to a State. The youths of the downfallen and thriftless parents should have our kindest and most sincere consideration. The inmates of an institution such as this promises to be are not to be convicted or sentenced for a term of years, but instead, those youths who are seen by the officers of law to need some guiding hand and influence brought to bear upon them to make their life a success and of some worth to the State are taken in hand by these authorities and placed in this institution without trial. Now, if we are to maintain and keep society at a high moral standard, how can we ignore and let such youths grow to manhood under such environment, to become as a thorn and a thistle in the midst of those who are being reared under the most advantageous circumstances? No, we cannot, for the influence of the bad will corrupt and overthrow the influence of the good, for the tendency of the youth is to take hold of and eagerly grasp the vices and tricky ways of his companions.

Boys more particularly than girls, from the ages of eight and ten up to the ages of sixteen and eighteen, who are orphans, or practically so, and have become addicted to habits of crime and vice, are the main element in society for the work of the sociologist in South Carolina to take in charge and further the cause of correction and improvement among them. Society is due some work in this line for its own sake, for the strong should be considerate of the weak and try to raise them up. The work needed to be done along this line can be accomplished with the most satisfactory results by the establishment of an institution of such a nature and character that when a youth will have undergone certain methods of treatment and instruction that he will re-

turn back into society, after leaving the dormitories, threefold in good the amount expended in money for his benefit. Great good would be accomplished if only two out of every three committed to its care would become thrifty and industrious citizens, while the third would receive no benefit. But it has been demonstrated in a number of State reformatories, such for example as that of the State of Ohio, that it is rarely above ten per cent. of those committed who are not reformed or benefited by their stay. Anyway, just considering two out of every three to be reclaimed and put upon a basis from which they can do inestimable good to society. For it has been noted that some of the very best citizens, those who see deepest into the interests of humanity, are men who have come from the narrow and lower walk of life. So what would the cost amount to in comparison to the great beneficent deed of rendering unto these our fellow beings on earth, and to Him on high, our just and trustworthy service?

A fit subject for a reformatory was at the railway station in Spartanburg some time ago. He was a bright looking white boy, about ten years of age, who had been arrested in Gaffney as a criminal. This boy was handcuffed to a negro boy of about the same age, on whom the crowds who congregate at such a place were allowed to gaze. How much better would it have been for a magistrate or judge to have just quietly sent the boys separately each to a State reformatory institution, without having branded them as criminals in the sight of the law and forced them at such an early age to wear handcuffs. A picture such as this is of such a delicate type and nature that it will inhere firmly in the mind of the boy to the last day of his life. Even if he were anxious to live a straightforward, upright life after he has become older, this scene and this picture will be as a serpent to goad him on in his evil ways. The die has been fixed, and the stamp has been imbedded for life upon his character.

Cases very similar to the above, save they are not carried

to the extreme as this one, are of daily occurrence within the borders of this State. The State as a whole is in utter ignorance of the outcome and damage of its treatment to its youthful criminals. Some are just let alone to follow the trend of their character, which is nearly always that of evil in preference to that of good. It is impossible for the citizens of a State to realize the great responsibility and of what vast importance a question of this kind is, until some experiment has been made. The State of Ohio knew not of what import this very question was until a reformatory institution had been in operation for a number of years. It was not long since that a millionaire was heard to say that all he had done, would do, and was worth, could be attributed to nothing else save this Ohio institution, which goes under the name of an industrial school to keep it from bearing the least resemblance, even in name, to a State prison. If such men as this one can be reclaimed, who knows but what there are others right in our midst who, if the proper care and influence be placed around them, would do likewise.

The institution for the reformation of youths needed in South Carolina today is one conducted on the plan similar to the plans of the denominational orphanages of this State. It should be more of a disciplinary and industrial school than that of the orphanage. No barred windows, or in any wise anything that would associate it with a prison should be allowed, but it should be an institution of correction, of work, and of instruction. The boys should not leave the institution until they have been thoroughly trained, both morally and mentally. From the moral standpoint he should have a thorough drill in his duty to his fellow man, and above all, that this world is only a preparation for the one to come hereafter. And on the other hand, his mental training should be of such a nature that he would be able to cope with the world with skill and intelligence, that he would have a good average education, and a trade in some line in which he could earn a living. A boy, after he has

undergone a training, though he may have been wild and reckless at his entrance, will leave its doors as those of a home, with the determination of repaying the State for the confidence and care bestowed upon him by living an honest, straightforward life of honor in some active business or profession.

The negro question has entered this problem, and of course makes it more complex when it faces the non-thinking masses for a solution. The legislature of this State hesitated, stopped short, and refused to take any active step along this line as long as the question relative to the establishment of two institutions should be fixed, the one for the whites, the other for the negroes. If a body of wise men such as these hesitate, what should be done? There is only one way, and that is for those people who are of an altruistic nature to get an experimental institution of the kind that both races may be dealt with for a term of at least three years, only that they not be near each other. Affairs of this nature have reached such a point in South Carolina that in order for a common sense view to be taken of it, it must be demonstrated to the people of the State in reality, so an experiment appears to be the only solution.

A man who is so fortunate as to have been reared under favorable circumstances, and to have attained to some prominence in the work of this world and in the estimation of his fellow man, is due to his less fortunate brother in his youth, at the time when his character is being moulded, some conscientious consideration and relief. A life has not been lived to its fullest and attained to its highest growth until it has spread its wings of comfort and joy over some helpless, downfallen human being. Youthful criminals and destitute children of South Carolina need such protection, and true to her past upright record, she will meet this problem and settle it for the glory of God and mankind.

F. A. McLeod, '06.

Edgar Stanton.

The last words of the speaker still reverberated throughout the full auditorium. The audience for once drew a long breath while awaiting the next announcement. Edgar Stanton stood at the rear of the brightly-lighted auditorium, leaning gently against the door. His eyes sparkled with intense excitement, his lips were firm. With a tremling hand he raised the programme, and with flashing eyes read: "Delivering of the Essay Prize." His hand nervously folded the programme and slowly dropped to his side; his eyes turned eagerly toward the speaker.

"I regret to say that I have not a prize to give to all of those who have written essays contesting for the 'Essay Prize,'" began the speaker. "My sympathy goes out to him most who has come second in this contest. However, all of them deserve much credit, as all of the essays were splendid, showing that much time and study had been spent on them. The essays submitted were graded according to composition, scientific, research, and originality. I will read you the titles of the essays. The last read is the winning essay, 'The Wage System, Trial by Jury, Labor Laws, and—'" Edgar's heart sank within him. His eyes were filled with tears. He turned silently and walked quickly through the door into the dimly lighted vestibule. Through his clenched teeth came the word "second."

The cheers of the audience grated harshly on his ears as he stood there in the uncertain light of the vestibule. He heard the speaker call loudly, "He who has written the essay entitled 'The Growth of Democracy,' please come forward and get your prize."

It was too much for Edgar Stanton. He tried to brace himself up, but his disappointment was too great. He slipped unnoticed through the side door of the vestibule, passed out of the college, and went to his room.

It was a tempestuous night for Edgar. The rain that came in torrents without scarcely equaled the force and

fury of his mind. He had been all but certain he would win. If he had been so lucky as to have won the "hundred dollar prize" he could have easily completed his course at college the next year. He had devoted himself assiduously and persistently to his work night and day, so determined was he to win. He had refused himself the pleasure of attending any of the entertainments or receptions so that he could put all of his spare moments on his essay. His ears were deaf to those who entreated him to go with them and spend an hour at a game of ball; his eyes were closed to all amusements about him; he was wrapped up in his work. He had promised his friends at home that he would do his best and had endeavored to keep unbroken his promise. Yet, after all of his hard work, he had lost, and must return to his home to take up again his old position in the bank—the only means he had of supporting himself and his young wife.

Edgar Stanton's lot in youth and early manhood was not an easy one. Unsympathetic parents refused to give him a college education, forcing him to accept a clerical position. He had been able by hard work and sacrifice to spend one year in college. He had married very young. In his own home he had been free to indulge his literary taste, and the passion had grown daily until it was overmastering. His wife was as unsympathetic as his parents had been. She hated books in any and every form. She complained bitterly that the time and strength he gave to studying, expended in business, would augment their income and enable them to live well. She made his life wretched with constant complaints, which he acknowledged were not altogether without foundation, from her point of view. If he had been so fortunate as to have married a woman who loved literature, and who would have been willing to help instead of hinder his pursuit of it, what might he not have accomplished!

He had thought of separation. If he were alone he could win his way through college, and then, if she still cared, she

could return to him. The years of complaint had killed his affection. He felt that he was to blame, and yet he knew not how to still his passion for literature.

The vacation dragged slowly by. Affairs were going badly at home. His wife grew daily more fretful and left him little peace. He had one more year at college. He was pitiable in his misery.

One day while Edgar was on his way from the bank he chanced to meet one of his teachers—the old Dr. Dee, a big-hearted man, and the oldest man of the faculty of Samoa. Edgar took him into his confidence and told him his story, and asked to be advised. "Your first duty is to your wife. You owe her a comfortable support. You feel that yours is a hard lot, and it is—but there are conditions worse than your present one. Suppose you were married to an indolent and sloven woman unworthy of being your wife. If she is industrious, earnest, neat, and gentle, she is worthy of your love. Your first duty is to her. If you desert her or fail her, you will not succeed. No man who fails in the plain and urgent duties of life can master the noble art of literature. The conscience must be clear to accomplish a great work."

The Doctor's advice was effective. There was no more complaint at home. He had bowed to the necessity of giving his day altogether to his only means of subsistence. His work in the bank was methodical and accurate. He performed his chores at the bank from day to day, feeling that he was but doing his duty. It was almost time for college to open, but that meant nothing to him.

One morning while at his usual place in the bank the carrier handed him a letter marked "Samoa." He opened it and read:

Mr. Edgar Stanton.

My Dear Sir: It becomes my pleasant duty to inform you that Dr. Dee, of our faculty, has founded a scholarship for Samoa with the understanding that it is to be at your service for one year, beginning with September next.

Dr. Dee has asked me to say this—that he considers it of greater importance to be a true and faithful husband than a successful literary critic.

"Well," muttered Edgar, staring stupidly at the envelope, "I shall go to college anyway."

Sitting beside his wife at dinner, he read the typewritten sheet which he held, and caught his breath.

"Edgar," his wife smiled, "I congratulate you on your prospects. You deserve them."

Edgar Stanton availed himself of the scholarship. He graduated with high honors. He has since been elected to the Chair of English in a college in Chicago.

* * * * * * * *

All this happened eight years ago. Last fall Dr. Dee received a letter from Edgar Stanton, telling of his success and happiness. "It is the anniversary of our removal to Chicago. Bertha and I have been talking of you, and of how much we owe you. We are well-to-do and very happy. The advancement of my education, which was an anguish to Bertha when it seemed to undermine our prosperity, is her delight now, when it brings us competence, friends, and many delightful associations. Your help and advice saved me from despair when the struggle to live and work was terrible. To you I owe the knowledge and the training that made my work here possible. You will, I know, be glad to learn that my late compositions have added materially to the regular income I derive from teaching and lecturing."

T. E. Dukes, '07.

We Know not When.

"In the midst of life we are in death." St. Paul's Church was thronged. An old chaplain, who had worn the gray in the sixties, was to preach his farewell sermon. With their stooped shoulders and whitened locks, the old soldiers sat charmed by the singer and her song. A girl of seventeen, home on her summer vacation from college, was singing, "I

Am Nearer Home Today Than I've Ever Been Before." She seemed half angelic as she stood there in the beauty and bloom of young womanhood, her hair the color of the last fading rays of a May-day sunset, and her large, expressive blue eyes turned heavenward.

That was Sunday morning in the summer of 1905. Friday following St. Paul's was again thronged. A coffin rested where the sweet-voiced singer had stood the Sabbath the old chaplain preached to the "Confeds." The icy fingers of death had touched the heart-strings in the seventeenth summer of life. A young man stood over the casket and sang in a rich tenor voice, "I Am Nearer Home Today Than I've Ever Been Before." The singer and the pastor have "crossed the swelling tide"—age and youth. We know not when.

The last reception at College for the session of 1905-'06 was over. A jolly party of three were homeward bound. At a soda fountain the boy from ——— College said, "Let's refresh ourselves; we three may never meet again." The young ladies consented. They talked of the summer, and then of the fall and the return to college. The girls would be at ——— College. Today one of them is; the other is sleeping 'neath the violets.

The first Sunday night after ——— College opened the young man scanned the congregation of the First ——— Church in vain for the girl with the raven tresses, who was one of the party at the soda fountain. Turning to his friend, he asked in surprise what had become of the other girl, to which she replied, "Why, did you not know? She is dead!" And he had looked forward all summer to meeting her again in the fall. That smiling, hearty, rosy-cheeked girl dead! Yes; in the voiceless silence of the dust of ages her young heart had mingled.

Lost in yon infinite depths is my star—
  Briefly it shone at the close of the day;

It crowned with jewels the dew of the meadow,
  And danced in the brook by the way.

Though it came in the early hours of morn,
  I saw not its beauty till eve,
When it stood for a moment at the gates of the West
  And smiled on the world at its leave.

Thus shined a sweet life on my path
  At the close of a day in June;
It crowned with pleasure a season of toil,
  As the light of a star in the harvest moon.

Like the star at the Western gates,
  She has taken her leave of this land,
And is watched in the heavens above
  By those on the shores of Eternity's strand.

Now, having pictured the uncertainty of life in the death of these two Christian girls, let me speak for a moment of our relation to God. Daniel Webster once said that his greatest thought was his individual responsibility to God. Young man, let me ask you, do you think at the close of each day how you would stand should God call you into His presence? In the midst of your pleasures will you think on this, or will you wait until a voice cries from heaven, "This night shall thy soul be required of thee!" With the rich blood of young manhood coursing through your veins, do you "take time to be holy?" The noblest thing a young man can do is to be a witness for the Master. We come to college to prepare for life. The first preparation should be to take on Christ. You may store your mind with knowledge, but unless you take Christ as your personal friend and Saviour, the last word in the last chapter of your life will be failure, and the whole volume entitled a "Question Mark."

And now a word as to your relations with man. First, love your fellow man. The hand you press today may be cold in death tomorrow, and the unkind word carried into

day beyond tomorrow. Ben Adam (so the story says) saw an angel writing in his room. "What writest thou?" "The names of those who love the Lord." "My name there?" "Not so," the angel replied. "Well, write me as one who loves his fellow man." Next night the angel came again, and when Ben Adam asked if his name was among those who loved the Lord, lo! his name led all the rest! Treat all politely; it's the "finest of fine arts," and costing but little, brings you great returns. Read the "Vision of Sir Launfal" and take seriously the lesson which it teaches.

Finally, a word as to your relationship to yourself. Several years ago I received a very valuable tract entitled, "Young Man, Don't Drift," pointing out the danger of a young man coming to a city and being subjected to all sorts of temptations. When I received it I was driftwood. I had no intention of ever going to college. I am here, and I say frankly that that little tract was largely instrumental in bringing me, and now I want to draw a lesson from it for you. Parents have sacrificed a great deal that you might be here. If you came from a Christian home, don't drift from reading the Bible, from saying your prayers; don't drift into loafing, or into a pool-room (those places with tables covered with green cloth), or into staying from church on Sunday.

The dear old mother is praying at home for the boy at college. At the evening time, when all the tasks are finished, she sits by the fireside, and looking into the depths of the glowing coals, she pictures her boy at college, transformed into a noble, useful man. Boys, will you disappoint those hopes? Could you trample on a mother's love by stepping into a pool-room or a drinking place, or handling a pack of cards, or following the crowd? Did you ever stop to think that the fellow who follows the crowd never amounts to much? In your literary society work, don't drift into carelessness; always do your best. Even in your walk, step like "a man with a purpose." "To thine own self be true." Catch the full meaning of the closing lines of

"Thanatopsis," and of Burns' advice to Andrew, "A correspondence fixed with heaven is sure a noble anchor."

Bye and bye the roll will be called up yonder—we know not when. How do we stand with God? How are we living today? We only pass this way once. "Earth's little while will soon be gone." "All things come to him who waits," but the time of waiting must be the time of preparation. I remember to have read the following in a German book: "In Upper Pomaria there is a mountain of adamant. A little bird comes hither and wipes his bill on its crest every hundred years. When the entire mountain is worn away, the first second of eternity will have passed." Where we shall spend these never-ending seconds, that shall begin—we know not when—is too great a problem to forget by allowing ourselves to drift with the crowd.

D. G. Spencer.

Rogers of 1872.

(Written for The JOURNAL by Judge C. A. Wood, of Marion, S. C.)

This is only a flower on the grave of an old college chum whom I loved. The others in the large room on the third floor were Coke Smith and Frank Gilbert. All had different purposes then, and the paths they have since trod have been very divergent, but in all the years the bond of friendship has been broken only by death.

When Rogers came to college he had no idea of being a preacher, but his friends soon knew his gentle and unselfish spirit would not rest until it had found a way to express its love for humanity through a life devoted to making the world better. At that time, when the high resolve came of consecration to virtue, to public good, to the spiritual and intellectual uplift of men, it was supposed to mean almost always a call to the ministry; and so all the college knew William Rogers would preach long before he knew it himself. In these better times the duty of every man to all

others is felt much more strongly in all vocations, and the teacher, and even the business man, shares with the preacher consciousness of the opportunity to bring light and sweetness into the world. Rogers preached not because he specially cared for theology, but because he thought in the pulpit, as nowhere else, would he find a way to satisfy his longing to be the comforter and helper of all who needed comfort and help—to be in his life as nearly as he could what Christ was. He never preached a good sermon on theology—possibly nobody does—and he never preached a poor sermon or spoke a vain word on practical virtue and vice. The talents with which he was endowed were fruitful to the utmost in shedding abroad the joyousness of his own heart, in comforting the distressed, in bringing hope to the despairing, and salvation to the fallen. His triumph—for his life was more than a success—came because he had resolution and fortitude as a boy and as a man, under all conditions, to do the best that he was capable of, not for a day nor for a year, but for all his life, and because his never failing sympathy and help was the spontaneous outflow of inborn tenderness for every sufferer and love for every man.

Wofford College Journal

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Entered at postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter.

Editorial Department.

R. N. SPEIGNER, EDITOR.

Salutory.

It is with trembling hands but earnest hearts that a new staff takes up its work with this issue of The JOURNAL. But by their vote, the three societies have placed their confidence in us, believing that we are competent for the work. We shall do all in our power to show that their trust has not been misplaced. With a feeling of genuine regret and sadness we hear that our Editor-in-Chief is sick, and we are very sorry that he cannot be here for the first issue of The Journal. We sincerely hope for him a speedy recovery, and that he may be with us in the course of a very few days. As it is, we shall try to make the best of our adversity. With the single exception of Mr. Speigner, our staff is practically inexperienced in journalistic work, he having served

on last year's staff. This being the case, we cannot make a success of The JOURNAL if the student body doesn't give us its hearty cooperation. Although we are in immediate control, we wish to say that The JOURNAL is *your* magazine, and its success greatly depends upon *you*.

Notwithstanding that we shall put forth our best efforts, however feeble they may be, in the interest of The JOURNAL, we cannot dispel a lurking fear that mistakes will be made, and errors steal in, in spite of all we can do. If the reader should see such, let us not be criticised too severely, but consider our lack of experience, and remember that perfection is failure.

Our New Year.

The old college bell has pealed forth its message again, and once more the students, both old and new, have assembled in the chapel to hear instructions for beginning a new year's work. It was a source of gratification to everyone to see so many new students present, and so many old ones back. Although the Freshman Class is not quite as large as at this time last year, there is a net increase of nearly fifteen per cent, there being two hundred and eighty students in the college proper. The prospects for a prosperous year are excellent.

To every new man The JOURNAL extends a hearty welcome. We wish to remind them again that it is their magazine as well as ours, and since this is so, we have a right to expect from them the best support of which they are capable.

Our College Course.

Probably many boys come to college with the opinion that the value of their college course was to consist in learning a certain number of text-book lessons, assigned by some professor. However, by the time we have been here three years, in fact, before one-third of this time has elapsed, we find that we had a mistaken idea. When we

have prepared the work assigned us by our professors, in justice to the college, to our parents, and to ourselves, we have no right to quit, and go to play, or loaf down town. But what can we do, when we have prepared our lessons? An answer comes from every side. There is the library, the three literary societies, The JOURNAL, and the Y. M. C. A. Any of these is an excellent place to refuge when we find that we haven't enough to do, and it's very seldom that we have enough class room work to keep us busy all the time. The busiest man is the one who profits most by his college course. We must remember the sentence of Dr. Conwell, "He who thinks twice lives twice." Of course, on account of differences in preparation, and in natural brilliancy, some men have to spend more time in the pleasant and delightful company of text-books than others, but it has been out observation that every man has time for outside work. We have also observed that the men who have the hardest class-room work to do are often the foremost men in outside work. By every hour that we spend in work of this kind, by just so much shall we increase the value of our college course.

Our Advertisers. We call special attention to our advertisers. We cannot get out a magazine without other funds than those paid in as subscriptions. Our advertisers furnish these funds, and without their support we would find it very difficult to exist from a financial standpoint. Now, as loyal college men, we should help those who help us. The men who advertise with us expect, and righly so, our patronage. In making your purchases, please bear this in mind. If the man across the street advertises in our columns, and the one on this side doesn't, just cross over and give our advertiser the first chance. Some few of the men who were liberally patronized by the students last year have refused to

give us ads. We predict for them a nice zero patronage from the students this year.

Roosevelt's Way.

The greatest sensation in the history of the Anglo-Saxon language is the one now at hand. It is a fanatic way of spelling. President Roosevelt is one of the chief instigators of this movement, and Mr. Carnegie is the banker. We do not wish to censure Roosevelt's political career, for, taking everything into consideration, his rule has been a most successful one. He has steered this new—for we may well say new—ship of state into many victories, and has headed her through storms where the dark cloud of public opinion was hanging low, while the breakers of criticism were rushing madly over her deck.

But his skill ends here, for he has put forth every effort to bring about this new way of spelling, and it seems to be of no avail. He would be greatly pleased if he could steer the proud ship into an harbor where "Webster's Dictionary" and the "Blueback Speller," which our fathers used, would be discarded and forgotten forever. In their stead he desires to introduce a new dictionary, in which words are "speld" as nearly as possible the way they sound when pronounced. A pamphlet has been issued in which several hundred such words are given, and in which he states his views. It is our opinion that he plan will be dead long before the seed is firmly planted in the ground.

The Clansman.

We can think of no more subtle and dangerous evil threatening our Southland just at present than the return of this highly sensational play. To our mind, the writing of the book was a grave error, and its staging little less than a crime. Our young men and women have heard much about the Civil War from their parents or grandparents. Gathered around the winter fireside, they have been told the story of those terrible years, and of the hard, bitter strug-

gle that came after the war had ceased. It was right and proper that they should know of these, and he was a peculiar child who was not benefited and made better fitted for citizenship by this knowledge. To hear the story of Reconstruction as told in the home is one thing, and to see acted a novel based on some of the worst and most revolting incidents of the time is an entirely different thing.

It is a recognized fact that the negro is here to stay, and as a superior race it is our duty to help him on toward better conditions in every department of life. We must exercise generosity, calmness and sanity in all our dealings with him, and to our mind the "Clansman" is calculated to seriously hinder the exercise of these very qualities. No white man can read the book, much less see it acted, without having aroused within him something of the same spirit that commonly sways our Southern mobs. Undoubtedly the most threatening evil in the South today is the lynching evil, and we know of no outside influence so calculated to increase it as the "Clansman." One by one our Southern cities are beginning to recognize this fact and are refusing to let it come in their midst.

The Atlanta Riot.

Our attention has been called to the recent Atlanta riot by flaring scareheads in all our newspapers. We read the stories, probably exaggerated, of the crimes committed. The next thing was the forming of a mob, which killed—or shall we say murdered?—many negroes in Atlanta, and beat others without mercy. Who were the men forming this mob? Were they representative citizens of Atlanta, men in whom every one had faith and confidence? No, generally speaking, the mob was composed of the "scum" of Atlanta. A little reason and common sense tells us the path pursued was the wrong one. The law, not Judge Lynch, should be allowed to mete justice to every criminal, and it was not right to make one suffer for another's crime. We stringently condemn lynching for the same reason that we condemn cold-blooded murder; they

are one and the same. Again, lynching tends to increase the crime it seeks to alleviate. Do not understand us to say that we favor negro criminals. One injured girl has infinitely more sympathy from us than all the sufferings of the criminal brutes, whether black or white. But in dealing with these criminals, more is to be gained by civilization than by savagery.

Exchange Department.

CLYDE S. BETHEA, EDITOR.

We feel the responsibility resting on us as we take up the duties of the Exchange Department this year, for we must measure up to the high standard set by our predecessors.

No exchanges having come to our table, we shall in this issue say a few words about the work and duties of the department.

It is not our duty to seek errors and defects so as to make harsh criticisms, but it is our duty to pick out the good and comment on it. We should not criticise severely any first effort of lower classmen, for by so doing we might dishearten and discourage them. We should always try to encourage rather than discourage one. We desire to show them in a kind way their defects and suggest remedies for them.

We shall not criticise any magazine or author harshly, for we expect to review with painstaking sympathy rather than with harsh criticisms, but we shall, with an idea of benefit always in mind, try to mete justice.

We extend a hearty welcome to our former exchanges, and will be very glad to add any new magazine to our list.

Local Department.

CLAUD N. SAPP, EDITOR.

When, on the morning of September 19th, the old college bell rang out, in that ever sweet tone, announcing the beginning of a new year, and calling the student body together for the first chapel service, it was evident to those present that great had been the harvest of Freshmen. Never before on the opening day of any session have so many students assembled in Wofford's chapel. It was a scene of peculiar interest to the old students, who had passed through similar experiences, to see the new men as they marched solemnly in, and when they had assembled their appearance would have done them credit if the occasion had been the funeral of a friend. Varied were the expressions on their faces, and yet each in common bore the expression placed there by the sad, sweet memory of a "home sweet home" away off (?) in some town or hamlet, or even back in the pines, for now more than ever before did they realize the wisdom of the man who said, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Bishop Duncan conducted the opening exercises, and in his usual high-toned way threw out some valuable advice and timely suggestions to the students, both old and new.

It will be a source of pleasure to the friends and admirers of Wofford to know that she begins the session of '06-'07 under the most flattering prospects that have ever attended an opening. The equipment is better, two members have been added to the faculty, and the number of students is greater than ever before, and there is no reason why Wofford should not make this the most successful year in her history.

The following is the number by classes that have matriculated to date:

Senior Class	31
Junior Class	51
Sophomore Class	87
Freshman Class	111
Preparatory Department	148
Total	428

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

The following officers will hold down the classes of '06-'07:

Senior—President, W. W. Carson; Vice-President, H. L. Powell; Secretary, P. K. Switzer; Treasurer, S. L. Prince; Poet, S. W. Taylor; Historian, M. C. Foster; Prophet, R. N. Speigner.

Junior—J. L. Hydrick, President; J. H. Ramseur, Vice-President; Albert Johnson, Secretary and Treasurer.

Sophomore—James Hardin, President; Thomas Hill, Vice-President; B. H. France, Secretary and Treasurer.

Freshman—M. M. Brooks, President.

BASEBALL.

A beautiful trophy cup has been offered to the class that puts out the champion team. A series of games have been scheduled to be played within the next few weeks, and as the teams will be pretty evenly matched, the contest for the cup promises to be interesting. It is thought that some good material can be developed from the Freshman class for the varsity next spring.

The following are the officers of the class teams:

Senior—Manager, C. N. Sapp; Captain, S. W. Taylor.

Junior—Manager, Hilliard Atkins; Captain, L. K. Jennings.

Sophomore—Manager, Tim Williamson; Captain, Ben Cleveland.

Freshman—Manager, A. Dial; Captain, J. W. Anderson.

On the evening of September 21st a reception was given in the chapel to the new men by the Young Men's Christian Association. President Snyder presided, and the organizations on the campus were represented as follows:

Y. M. C. A., W. H. Polk; Senior Class, H. C. Woodley; Junior Class, J. A. Willis; Sophomore Class, James Hardin; Athletic Association, Claud N. Sapp; The JOURNAL, M. C. Foster; Calhoun Literary Society, P. K. Switzer; Preston Literary Society, W. W. Carson; Carlisle Literary Society, W. S. Floyd; Mess Hall, W. C. Rogers.

Mr. M. M. Brooks in a few well-chosen remarks responded for the Freshman Class. The student body then went over to the Science Hall, where an informal reception was held. Dainty refreshments were served by a company of Spartanburg's young ladies.

On the afternoon of September 28th a Lawn Fete was given on Wofford campus by the ladies of the Epworth League of Central Church. Judging from the large crowd present, a nice purse must have been raised for the League. Everybody enjoyed it, and you should have seen Mrs. Rembert's "Art Gallery."

CAMPUS NOTES.

Wofford has all the sister colleges beat as to variety in the physique of her students. Mr. W. Smith, of the Freshman Class, who hails from Orangeburg, is 17 years old, and measures only 4 feet 8 inches. On the other extreme there is one Capers Plyler, who gives his place of abode as Lancaster, he too a Freshman 17 years old, who measures 6 feet 4 inches, and tips the scales at 240 pounds. And last, but by no means the shortest, comes Mr. Marshall Orr, from Greenville. He is only 6 feet 9 inches tall, but says he has three more years to grow and thinks in that time he can possibly stretch up some. Mr. Orr has entered the Junior Class, having been two years a student of Furman Univer-

sity. If you have us beat, speak now, or forever hereafter hold your peace.

Mr. B. N. Allsbrook has entered the Senior Class from Carolina.

Mr. R. N. Speigner, of the Senior Class, and Editor-in-Chief of The JOURNAL, who has been confined at his home with fever, is much improved and is expected to enter college soon. Mr. M. C. Foster has been chosen to act as Editor-in-Chief till Mr. Speigner returns.

Mr. Huger Richardson, of the class of '06, was on the campus a few days for the opening. Mr. Richardson left for the Charleston Medical College, where he goes to study medicine.

Mr. A. T. Ligon, for two years a member of the class of '07, attended the opening on his way to Baltimore to study pharmacy.

The lyceum course, under the efficient management of Prof. Gamewell, opens this season's course Monday night, October 15th, with a lecture from Bishop John H. Vincent. Contracts for lectures have been closed with the following noted speakers: Mr. Leland Powers, Dr. Lyman Abbot, Dr. Geo. E. Vincent, Mr. Geo. R. Wendling, and Victor's Venetian Band. Other engagements will be arranged for later.

The societies are getting down to hard work. None seem to be worrying about members, for there are Freshmen enough for them all.

The rattle of drays and gnarl of rolling trunks has about ceased. Most of the boys, having secured permanent quarters, are getting down to hard work, and the campus is quiet, except for the occasional unearthly sound of "F-r-e-s-h" at the quiet hours of the night from some wise Sophomore. The "Soph." is quick to catch on all right, for though only three months ago he was a timid Freshman, he now realizes

his vast superiority of knowledge and position over the Freshman, who is an abomination in his sight now.

"Fresh." Stewart, on entering the Physics Laboratory and seeing the curved, goose-neck-like water pipes which resemble slightly some antiquated soda fountain, remarked to his friend Ingraham, "Why, GaGlie, I didn't know they had a fountain here; the drinks are on me after class."

Dr. Wallace (to "Soph." Adams, in history)—Mr. Adams, who are your ancestors?

A.—Doctor, I am unprepared today.

Mr. Ubi V. Millican entered college October 8th.

Alumni Department.

W. DUNCAN FRIERSON, EDITOR.

The twenty-four members of the class of 1906 have gone out into the world to fight the battle of life. May they achieve success and bring renown to their Alma Mater.

J. C. Anderson is on the faculty of Wofford Fitting School.

J. W. Cunningham is farming with his father at Jonesville, S. C.

J. Doran Garlington has a position with the G. O. Tenney Contracting Company, of Spartanburg.

J. B. Guess, Jr., is taking a course in banking at Poughkeepsie preparatory to accepting a position in the bank of Denmark.

J. Caldwell Guilds occupies the chair of mathematics and science at Carlisle Fitting School.

J. C. Harmon has charge of the school at Rowland, N. C.

John D. Holler is principal of the Elloree High School of Elloree, S. C.

J. C. Lyles is filling the chair of English at Wofford Fitting School.

F. A. McLeod is merchandising at Lynchburg, S. C.

O. M. Mitchell is principal of the Union Graded School at Rome, S. C.

Frank B. Moore is in business with his father at McCall, S. C.

M. B. Pierce is taking a course in law at Columbia University.

W. C. Moore is teaching near his home at Moore, S. C.

S. W. Puckett is teaching at Honea Path, S. C.

T. C. Reed is principal of the Pine Hill School, near Orangeburg, S. C.

Huger Richardson is taking a course in medicine at the South Carolina Medical College.

T. H. Robertson is principal of Girard Graded School, Girard, Ga.

S. J. Rogers is teaching at Boykin Graded School, in Marlboro county.

W. C. Stallworth is head bookkeeper in the Woodruff Cotton Mills, Woodruff, S. C.

H. C. Stanton is teaching at Wofford Fitting School.

J. C. Townsend is reading law in the office of Col. Knox Livingston, at Bennettsville, S. C.

J. B. Usher is farming at his home near Bennettsville, S. C.

Roy Webster is professor of Latin and Greek in the Mount Pleasant Collegiate Institute, Mt. Pleasant, N. C.

M. T. Wharton is one of the proprietors of Bull's Bazaar, Columbia, S. C.

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Y. M. C. A. Department

THOS. E. DUKES, EDITOR.

Once again the Young Men's Christian Association extends to the young men of the college campus a hearty welcome. All students, new and old, are given a friendly welcome. The Association cannot do its best work unless it has the undivided and hearty support of every young man on the college campus. The Association can help all students to overcome the obstacles that are to beset them in a college course. Its purpose and supreme object is "to promote growth in grace and Christian fellowship among its members, and aggressive Christian work, especially by and for students, to train them for Christian service and to lead them to devote their lives to Jesus Christ, not only in distinctly religious callings, but also in secular pursuits." Through the influence of association, unity of purpose, concert of action, and the hearty support of all the members, the Y. M. C. A. is able to accomplish this object. It trains men for Christian work by practice and precept. Through the help of organization the Y. M. C. A. offers to the students of the college campus several courses in Bible and mission study. These courses are thorough and afford great opportunities to anyone who really desires a broader and deeper knowledge of the Bible and a wider view of missions.

"To be a student at Wofford College merely for intellectual training it gives is indeed a great privilege. But when to these exceptional opportunities for mental development there is added splendid advantages for religious training, the privilege of the student becomes infinitely greater. The most important religious advantage to be enjoyed by the Wofford students is afforded by the Y. M. C. A."

"True religion in a great measure consists in holy affec-

tions. A love of divine things for the beauty and sweetness of their moral excellency is the spring of all holy affections."

It has been only a few weeks since we bade "good-bye" to father and mother and took a last lingering, backward look at the dear old home. No doubt many of us at the present time are still thinking of our parting, and of home, friends, acquaintances and all those sacred influences which call our thoughts homeward. It is sweet to think of home, of friends, and of those dear relations which make the home so sacred.

Thinking of home ad its dear associations, our minds naturally turn to what others have said and written of home, of its sacred ties and its uplifting influence. These recollections embody some of the sweetest thoughts of our lives, and even if we would, it is needless for us to try to shake ourselves entirely away from them. That this is true of every body there is little doubt, for writers have told us even from the earliest times, that home influences constitute bonds which may not be easily severed, even by the most wayward. Our nature demands home. It is the first essential element of our social being. This cannot be complete without the home relation; there would be no proper equilibrium of life and character without the home influence. The heart, when sad and disappointed, naturally turns for refuge to home-life and sympathy. No spot is so attractive to the weary one; "it is the heart's moral oasis." There is a mother's watchful love and a father's sustaining influence; there is the circle of loving brothers and sisters—happy in each other's love. What is life without these? A desolation, a painful gloomy pilgrimage through "desert heaths and barren sands."

The home influence is either a blessing or a curse, either for good or evil. It cannot be neutral. In either case it is mighty, commencing with birth, going with us through life, clinging to us in death, and reaching into the eternal world.

What a fine thing it would be if the large body of young men on Wofford campus would let that great, silent influence of home continue to prevail in their lives! What a power for good it would be! Will we let that great governing and restraining influence of home prevail in our lives while on Wofford campus? It will breath a softening spell in our bosom when the heartless world is freezing up the fountains of sympathy and love.

WOFFORD COLLEGE DIRECTORY

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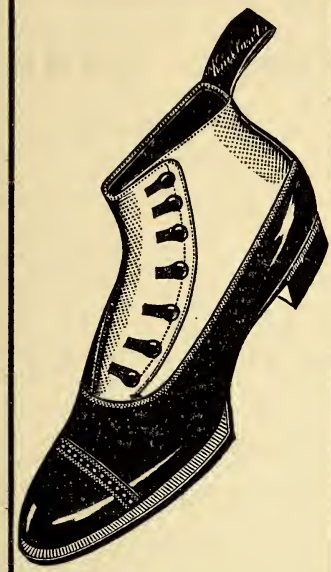

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

M. C. FOSTER, EDITOR.

November.

When the sun is slowly slanting,
  And the air is growing cold,
And the children's hearts are panting
  At the thrilling story told.

When the wind begins to whistle,
  And the moon's about to rise,
And the bird from out the thistle
  Winds its way into the skies.

When the partridge huddles nearer
  In the broomstraw, by the way,
And the night was never fairer—
  Almost seems as if 'twas day.

And the mocking bird is singing,
  As I pass among the trees,
Till I feel that he is bringing
  Joys no other ever sees.

Such a night we all remember,
  In the happy nights we've seen—
Yes, a night in old November,
  With its frosty air so keen.

J. L. N., '08.

The Awakening of John Trent.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

John Trent, a sentimental Senior in Hardmuth College, afterwards a professor in same institution.
Ethel Brownlee.
Johnnie Trent, age 12.
Mary Trent, age 8.
Jimmie Trent, age 4.
Baby Trent, age 1 1-2.
Dr. Joseph Williams, president of Hardmuth College.
A Maid and a Nurse.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Home of Mr. Brownlee.

(A sharp ring is heard at street door, and is answered by maid.)

Maid.—(Opening the door.) Very well, sir.

Trent.—Miss Ethel is at home, is she not?

Maid.—Yes, sir.

Trent.—Alright, take my card in to her, please.

Maid.—Very well, sir; walk into the parlor, sir.

(Trent takes off overcoat and hat, hangs them on tree, and enters parlor.)

Trent.—(Drawing chair up to fire.) It's rather cold outside, but I like cold weather. What is better than a warm fire and an entertaining girl on a winter night? And Ethel is the best of them all; she has such a keen insight and such a sympathetic nature that she makes the best kind of companion. I know we shall be happy in our little home, but I reckon it's a long way off, though I have wished a thousand times I had her for my own right now. But a fellow's got to be patient, and work; that's what I've got to do if I ever get into a position to marry at all. I can look forward, though, and dream and plan, safe in the knowledge that I possess the love of the finest girl in all the world, and—but

I hear the swish of her skirts. I suppose she is coming now.

(Enter Ethel, a vision in white.)

Ethel.—Why, how are you, John? I'm so glad to see you. What have you been doing with yourself?

Trent.—(Taking both her hands in his.) Ethel, you are a perfect picture tonight. Tell me, who told you to fix your hair that way?

Ethel.—(Laughing.) Oh, I don't know. My mirror, I suppose. You know too well how to flatter. I wonder if you say that to every woman.

Trent.—Why do you ask, Ethel? You know I don't. But let's sit down over here.

Ethel.—Alright, just as you say (making eyes at him). You are the master now, you know.

Trent.—No, I'm not. You know I am your devoted slave and admirer. I don't like the word master between you and me. We were friends at first, but when Cupid fastened us with the stronger bond of love nothing was said about who should be master. My dream has ever been of a little kingdom in which you and I should rule together, hand in hand, on the same throne, a little kingdom bounded by the fence that will surround our home, a kingdom in which love shall rule triumphant, a kingdom of two, for two. Then in fancy I can see, as year by year the population of our kingdom becomes larger and larger, some day the people will rise up in loving revolt, and a republic will be established, of the people, by the people, and for the people. And then we will do away with the monarchy, and each will work for the other and plan for the happiness of the whole.

Ethel.—(Falling into same vein.) But, John, you will have to be off at war with other nations all day long, won't you?

Trent.—Yes, that's so. But I will return in triumph each night to receive the worship and thanks of my subjects. That will be the best part of it all, when I have fought and worked hard all day, to come back to my own at night. It will be cold like it is now, and we will have a couch just like

this one, and a fire just like that one there, and we will have just as nice a time every evening of the world—just think of it, every evening—as we are having right now.

Ethel.—That will be nice, won't it, John? And we will have a little table just large enough, and you will sit at one end and I will sit at the other, and I will pour your tea and say, "How many lumps, John?"

Trent.—Oh, no you won't. You will know after the first time, don't you see?

Ethel.—Yes, that's right. I might have thought. So I will just put in the right number and hand the cup to you. Then as we drink we will look at each other over the tea-cups, and smile and say foolish things, and then you will come over behind my chair and kiss me, won't you?

Trent.—Yes, I will, dearest; then and now. (Kissing her.)

Ethel.—Oh, John, what do you think of me? I know you thought I was fishing.

Trent.—I think you are an angel, my dear.

ACT II.

Time—Sixteen years later.

SCENE I.—Office of Prof. John Trent in Hardmuth College. Prof Trent seated at desk writing. A knock at the door.

Trent.—Come. (Enter Dr. Williams.)

Williams.—Pardon me, Trent; just dropped in for a few moments to speak to you about adopting this new book of Calhoun on Psychology. What do you think of it?

Trent.—Why, Williams, I hardly know. I should think you would be the better judge as to that. It is certainly a comprehensive work on the subject, and is full of original theories, rather radical, I think, too; but he supports each one by the most logical arguments.

Williams.—Yes, that is true. I am very favorably impressed with the work, and am thinking seriously of adopting it in my Senior course in Psychology. By the way, Trent, I believe you must be overworked. I have noticed it

often of late. You are only in your prime, and yet your hair is fast turning gray, and very often you look worried. I have noticed, too, that you are becoming more and more a nervous man. What is the matter? I hope there is nothing that worries you—that is, nothing beside your work.

Trent.—(Slowly.) No, I don't suppose I have noticed it. My hair is whitening a little. No, I have nothing to worry me of which I know. My work, of course, is very heavy, and today has been a very hard one. I feel very tired, and need a good rest this evening, then I will be alright.

Williams.—I hope so. We could not afford to have you peg out. Next summer you had better go to some quiet place up in the mountains and rest, instead of teaching in the summer school. I had intended to ask you to come up for a social hour at home this evenig, but if you are tired you will probably prefer to remain at home.

Trent.—Yes, I suppose I had better stay at home. I would prove a poor companion tonight.

Williams.—Alright. Good evening, Trent.

Trent.—Good evening, Williams.

SCENE II.—Home of Prof. Trent.

Mary and Jimmie playing on the floor of library. Enter Prof. Trent.

Trent.—Mary, where is your mother?

Mary.—Mama's gone to a reception and hasn't come back yet.

Trent.—(Wearily sitting down.) Mary, will you bring papa's slippers to him?

Mary.—Oh, papa, I'm busy. Make Jimmie bring them.

Trent.—Never mind, then, little girl. I wish Ethel would not remain out so late. She ought not to do it, for the children's sake, at least. She does not seem to realize that she is doing the children an injustice by giving her clubs and parties the major portion of her time. She was not this way years ago. (Reminiscently.) How happy we were then, and when our firstborn came to bless our union, what

plans we made, and what hopes we entertained for the future! In the evening we would play with him and tease him until his little head drooped at last on his mother's breast, and he would sleep the sweet sleep of innocent childhood. Then we would kiss him goodnight, while an unspoken prayer would go up to the Father above to be very near our little one to keep him the pride and joy of our life and the comfort of our declining years.

Mary.—Papa, make Jimmie stop.

Jimmie.—Papa, make Mary give Jimmie tizzars. Jimmie wants cut dolly, too.

Mary.—Papa, I'm cutting out paper dolls, and Jimmie wants the scissors. I'm not going to let him have them, either.

Jimmie.—(Making grab for scissors.) Give Jimmie tizzars.

Mary.—You can't. They're mine!

Jimmie.—(Striking her.) You mean, too.

Mary.—(Pushing him.) Go 'way. You can't play with me any more.

Trent.—Children, children, you mustn't quarrel. Only bad little girls and boys quarrel. (Aside.) I wish Ethel would come.

Jimmie.—Papa, Mary's mean. Ain't Mary mean, papa?

Trent.—No, Jimmie, you mustn't say Mary's mean. Mary is your little sister.

(Enter Mrs. Trent.)

Trs. Trent.—John, I do wish you would have the lamps lighted when night comes. Here it is almost dark, and not a lamp in the house lighted. I wonder if supper is ready. John, have you seen anything of the nurse and baby? You oughtn't to let the nurse keep the baby out so late. And, John, Mr. Thomas said if you didn't keep the chickens out of his garden he was going to shoot them. You had better have the hired man to fix the fence, or cut their wings or something. And, John—

Jimmie.—Mama, Mary won't let Jimmie have tizzars cut dolly. Mama, Jimmie want tizzars.

Mrs. Trent.—Oh, Jimmie, hush! You don't need the scissors. John, why don't you close the blinds? It's dark now. I suppose you are going to let them stay open all night, aren't you?

Trent.—No, Ethel, I'll close them now.

(Enter nurse with baby.)

Nurse.—Do you want the baby now, Mrs. Trent?

Mrs. Trent.—No. How can I take the baby with my green silk dress on? John, take the baby while I change my dress.

Mr. Trent.—Very well, Ethel.

(Exeunt Mrs. Trent and nurse. Baby awakens.)

Baby.—W-auh! W-auh! W-auh—h—h!

Trent.—Don't cry, baby. Look! here's a pretty doll for baby. Here, baby, look at the doll, see? Pretty doll, nice doll for baby. Now, don't cry any more. Be a nice baby, now. Don't cry. (Singing.) "Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree-top." (Baby becomes frightened and cries louder.) "When the winds blow the cradle will rock." (No effect on baby.) "When the bough"—oh, Ethel, can't you come and take the baby?

Mrs. Trent.—No, John; I must see if supper is ready.

SCENE II.—Dining Room.

Mrs. Trent.—John, I don't think you ought to drink tea at night. It's beginning to make you nervous. I can tell it more and more every day. You don't seem to be ever satisfied at home. You never sit still for five minutes at a time. I think you ought to take something.

Johnnie.—Papa, won't you buy me a rifle like the one Tommy Williams has? Won't you buy me one, papa?

Mr. Trent.—No, my son; I don't think—

Mary.—Papa, make Jimmie stop throwing bread at me.

Trent.—Jimmie, you mustn't throw—

Jimmie.—Papa, won't you buy me a rifle?

Trent.—No, Jimmie, I told you—

Mrs. Trent.—John, I don't see why you shouldn't buy Jimmie a rifle. I have always contended that I think more of the children than you do. And that reminds me, I want a new suit, too. I saw one that was perfectly divine in Smythe's this afternoon. It was an Eton suit, and if I buy it I will have to get the hat that goes with it also. You ought to buy it for me, John.

Trent.—But, Ethel—

Mrs. Trent.—There you go to raising some objection. You wouldn't care if I wore a kimona to Mrs. Highflyer's reception next week, would you? Every time I want anything you always have some excuse to put me off.

Trent.—But, Ethel, you must remember we have a family, and I only get—

Mrs. Trent.—Oh, there you go again! This makes the one thousandth and first time I've heard that old story. I never thought, John Trent, when I married you that you would treat me like you do.

Trent.—(Rising hurriedly from table.) Ethel, I am sorry. Excuse me, won't you? I—I have some work to do at the office, and—and I won't be home until rather late, dear. (He leaves the room. In a moment the shutting of the front door is heard, and he is gone into the night.)

W. Wallace Carson.

The Borderland of Memory.

The sweet scenes of memory are the blossoms of which the joys of heaven are the fruit. Memory is the beautiful fairy-land of the soul, where fancy delights to roam in search of the pleasures that are past. The golden moments that winged their flight above our childish sports now rest their wings in the sylvan dells of memory.

We delight to rest awhile from the cares and burdens of the day and hear again the songs of home and childhood as they are echoed and re-echoed among the hills and through

the valleys in the Borderland of Memory. Its brooklets are those that murmured to us in the fields of youth, and its every flower has bloomed by the path of life. Nothing that we admire and love is lost; in memory's vale it lives forever. There no chilling breezes can rob us of the flower's bloom; in this land of dreams there is no death.

"There are scenes from life's fair morning,
That come like the break of day,
Or a beautiful landscape's dawning
When the mists have passed away."

The Scriptures tell us that it was the custom of Isaac, when a young man, to go into the fields at evening time and meditate. We Americans live too fast. We seldom stop in our tread through the dust of the flowers to be and consider the lilies of the field. With an ear keen to catch a business scheme and skin our unsuccessful brother in the blue overalls out of a few of his hard-earned dollars, we do not hear the morning and evening matins of the feathered throng. With an eye single to the market reports, we do not see the sunset glow, or the rainbow reflected from the heart of the lily. These are the things that go to form the art gallery of memory. Every little morning-glory, whose purple bosom is filled with the amorous kisses of the sun, tends to place a new bloom in memory's vale. Every vine, climbing and blossoming, telling of love and joy, can be trained by the hand of recollection to climb and blossom around the doors of the old home that stands in the valley of dreams. The song of a bird, the bloom of a flower, the smile of a friend, the laughter of a babe, will meet us and greet us in this mystic vale of joy.

Let us learn during our college course that money is not all. Away with the idea that gold paves the way through life to happiness. The world's greatest man had not where to lay his head, nor money to pay his taxes. He studied the birds of the air, called attention to the wind-shaken reed, and bade us consider the lilies of the field. All honor to

him who loves the beautiful, and is by form and color touched! To such a one the Borderland of Memory is holy ground.

We delight to enter this fairy-land at evening time and walk a piece of the way home with the little girl who played with us all the afternoon—many years ago. Fancy seems to take us by the hand and lead us down the paths of memory to a bright summer morning, when, with nervous fingers, that loved one pinned a bouquet upon our coat, and we went on to school dreaming of her. Even the dream is with us today. From behind the curtain that divides the past from the present a pair of blue eyes are beaming on us from beneath a wealth of golden curls. Le Bon Dieu, who marks the sparrow's fall, takes every good and perfect gift and makes it live forever in the Borderland of Memory. He who deigns to touch with life the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and makes it burst its prison walls, will not leave negligent the sweet scenes of the past to moulder in the corners of oblivion. If he stoops to give to the rose-bush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another spring-time, he will not withhold from the vales of memory the golden dreams of the past. The birds that sang in the old orchard are singing in this dreamland today. The old bell that called us to the log schoolhouse amid the pines is chiming from the belfry of the school in memory's vale, and from over the hills there comes a merry string of boys and girls with "blue-back spellers." When the church bells chime on a bright Sabbath morn we are carried back to a little church amid the oaks. We unhitch and tie the horse in the shade; then gather around the old spring and quaff its sparkling waters from a long-handled gourd. Again we enter the pew of our childhood, and when the good old parson has finished his sermon we greet in its phantom aisles those whose ashes today are mingled in the voiceless dust of the ages. Oh, how much of the past, the present and the future can crowd into a single hour of quiet twilight contemplation! Glorious

is the world of God about us, but more glorious the world of God within us. Here lies the land of dreams, all glorious with castles in Spain and flowers in Eden.

We have an Eldorado in the Borderland of Memory. Without a dollar in our pocket we can visit this Arcadia that is peopled, pictured and flowered with all that's best from song and story. With the pride of a millionaire we can stroll the dim frontiers of youth, threading our way through the deep-tangled wildwood and wading to our knees in the branch. These are pleasures gold cannot buy. In this mystic vale we can find everything we hold dear—from the dreams of our childhood to the songs of our mother; from the little cabin in the lane to the moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well; from that day you felt the peachy softness of her cheek in the first kiss of love to that night when joy ran a golden thread through the gray homespun of every-day life and you heard a murmured "yes." All those golden dreams hover around you today as you tread the Borderland of Memory. Let us go back occasionally and revisit the castles built in youth, in that land of the beautiful, where the world with its battering-ram of stern realities cannot harm them. D. G. Spencer.

The Victor.

"Laugh with those that laugh, and weep with those that weep."

In the days when harvests ripened,
  Cattle grew, and wine-kegs burst,
Laughed he with the knights and ladies—
  Did he as a hero durst.

In the days of desolation
  Wept he at his comrades' doom.
Many pensive tears he shed with
  Grieving widows in the gloom.

Though it was his fate to miss the
  Heights he cared the most to see,

Still he bore it with such courage
Ruin was turned to victory.

B. N. A., '07.

The Rise of Trade Unions.

The problem of labor is coexistant with the history of the human race. The conditions under which labor has been performed have changed with the rising stages of civilization. There has never been a time in all the world's history in which man did not have to work under some condition or another. Indeed, in every known age there have lived certain classes of people who do little work, yet these classes of people are far in the minority of those millions who live by incessant toil.

The early stages of society had to perform the work of civilization, which was a hard task for the wandering savages. They lived on whatever nature supplied—roots, wild fruits, and sometimes bred animals. In another stage men domesticated animals and drove them about from one good pasture to another. Still another, the clans or tribes settled on fertile lands and sowed crops and bred animals. A tribe would conquer its neighboring tribe and seize whatever food it had, and take the members as slaves.

The slavery of this time was incidental, and the number of slaves did not increase so rapidly as they did when society became better developed. It was forced upon the victims of debts and crimes, as well as upon the victims of war. The slaves did not receive money for their labor, for there was little, if any, money at this early age. They had some rights, but could not organize or combine for mutual assistance. When they had obtained the right to save money, they bought their freedom, and for this reason there were some free laborers.

After slavery there followed what is known in the history of labor as serfdom. Under serfage the laborer was attached to the soil, and when the land changed owners the

serf went with it. This was not so harsh as slavery. Laborers had some freedom in regard to their domestic and private relations. At this time there seems to have been associations of laborers, but they did not yet have the right of combining to regulate conditions, as in modern times. Organized labor could not exist, because the conditions were still fixed by law or religion, and organized labor can exist only under highly developed society. But the freedom from serfdom is the beginning of modern labor.

Within the Middle Ages, and long before modern trade unions were organized there were kinds of associations called guilds. Laborers belonging to the same trade joined themselves into associations and guarded the small market of their home town. The modern trade unions are not their prototype. But the modern unions and the journeymen's corporation which was composed of workers are very much alike. Those workers who were not permitted the join the guilds fomed themselves into associations of journeymen The guilds, because of the enlarging of the market, the accumulation of greater wealth, and the developing of production on a larger scale, surrendered their place to capitalists and wealthy merchants. At the same time the journeymen, seeing that there was no chance of them ever becoming masters, began to form a separate working class, and the associations they formed were the first trade unions. Thus the trade unions began far back toward the Middle Ages. But the laborers were yet hedged about by many restrictions which had to be removed before the unions could establish themselves permanently.

In the early stages of serfdomn the laborers were attached to the soil and had to work a certain number of days, but they were finally permitted to meet their dues in money payment which was called rent. After having obtained the right of renting, at length followed the right of owning land. The workingman little by little gained his freedom; the right of free contract is extended, which alters the relation between the laborer and his work. Under slavery

there was no need of contract because the master owned the material as well as the tools with which the labor was performed. But when the serfs had been emancipated the freedom contract was more sure, and this made it possible to obtain the right to form associations of free workingmen.

Following the emancipation from serfdom, England witnessed a general change in the machines and methods of doing business. Science and art progressed. The capitalist classes began to exist. They purchased the materials for the sale of articles and gave out work to be done in cottages in the different towns. The invention of the spinning jenny, the power loom, the carding machine, the steam engine, gave an impetus to cheap and wholesale production. Labor being a commodity regulated by the law of demand and supply, also became very cheap. The demand for labor was great, but it could now be supplied by women and children, as they could operate the machinery as well as the men, and could be hired for less wages. Men engaged in the sweating work could not compete with the factory operator with his hundreds of laborers, together with the increase made possible by the division of labor. Thus the industrial revolution gave rise to the factory system, and out of the factory system grew the trade unions.

The discovery of America in 1492, sounded the death knell of the fuedal system. The small principalities passed out of the hands of the owners and were united into nations. The large farms and pasturing lands were changed into manufacturing towns. Many writers have made England the picture of a land of violence and starvation during the transition which placed her under the factory system. Men, women and children perished because of their inability to secure work. The people of the farms went to town to obtain work as their lands had been used upon which to found factories and to build towns. They could no longer support themselves upon agriculture and the earnings they had formerly obtained by spinning and weaving were now insignificant. The great surplus of labor resulting from the change

from manufacturing by hand to manufacturing by machine, the heavy tax placed upon those who were engaged in agriculture, the oppressive laws, thrust upon the market many thousands of laborers and caused wages to fall so low that people could no longer live upon them. Low wages, long hours of toil, no time for heathful pleasures or intellectual development—all tended to unpeaceable and wretched conditions for the workers. If the labor of children could be obtained the strong man was thrown into the street to hunt another place, or stray about from town to town until he found employment. Sometimes the children worked in the factory while the fathers stayed at home and took care of the babies and attended to the house work; there being no room in the mills for the old men.

Trade unionism before the middle of the eighteenth century was not important. Previous to this time the laborers were not banded together by a common sentiment. They toiled from day to day accepting the conditions as the best that could be had. Indeed, they had come to believe that the theory called the "Iron Law of Wages," was literally true, and therefore, made no great attempts to improve their conditions. It seems that the laborers lacked the skill and foresight necessary to organize themselves into associations for the purpose of bettering their condition. The first legislation for the benefit of the workingmen was connived through Parliament by a leader of the aristocracy. The bill consisted of laws limiting the age at which children might be employed, the hours of work and the time of work of women and children, and also provided for the sanitary conditions of the worker. Thus we see that this bill embodied some of the very important objects, for which the laborers in some place are still striving to obtain. However, if the laborers had understood how to remedy their conditions, they could not have done so previous to this time, because there were laws forbidding combinations of laborers. Not until 1824 did Parliament pass a bill legalizing the forming of trade unions. This law did not give the laborer

the right to form permanent organizations, but the right to act together in demanding certain terms of employment and in case of refusal, to stop work and strike for better conditions. It was as late as 1871 when the right was given by Parliament to associations to form permanent unions, and this was legal on condition that picketing should not be accompanied by violence. The period from 1844 to 1871 contained some successful and a great many unsuccessful strikes. At this time there were unions of journeymen in the building trades, woolen-workers, silk-weavers, and gold-beaters. But when the capitalists or machine-owning class had established themselves firmly, unionism grew still more rapidly. The workers being assembled in factories and towns in large bodies where they were engaged in the same trades awoke to their common interest. But for a long period, dating from 1756, Parliament was influenced by the "Lassez Faire," and refused to legislate laws regarding industry, believing that industry could best develop when not interferred with by laws. In 1814 employers were freed from burdensome laws, such as freedom of contract, purchasing labor as they saw fit, while the employees could not hire as they wished.

Laborers were frequently punished for attempting to better their conditions by joining the unions. Every way the wage-worker would suggest to raise his wages or shorten his time of work was called unlawful. But notwithsanding all contrary efforts the unions among the skilled workers gained ground. Many unions composed of unskilled workers went down beneath the determined hands of employers. At length the unions thought it well to keep their organizations a secret, so that they would not be watched and punished when they were preparing to strike.

But probably the greatest progress of unionism was begun in 1824, when the law against combinations was repealed. Now, early trade-unionism slips furtively upon the stage, in Dickens' "Hard Times." Now unions sprang up throughout the country, some composed of skilled and some

of unskilled laborers. Also, about this time a new spirit entered the unions. They conceived the idea of combining the unions of various trades, and in 1830 the National Association for the Protection of Labor was organized, composed of textile workers, moulders, black-smiths, mechanics, miscellaneous workers, until the membership numbered one hundred thousand. During the years following 1830 there were many large organizations formed, such as cotton spinners and textile workers. Along with these new organizations there arose much hostility between the union and the employer. The employer finally demanded that the laborer, before entering upon employment, must swear never to join a union. The Chartist Movement began at this time, and it absorbed some of the unskilled trade unions.

The modern trade unions fixed themselves into firm organization for the first time about the year 1843. Previous to this time they had been loose federations without much scope and conscious aims. Now they were developing into strong, firm, and indepedent unions, having a national scope, with much power and responsibility. Other nations caught the spirit of unionism. France passed laws granting laborers the right of coalition. America, too, about the middle of the century, caught the spirit of unionism.

T. E. Dukes, '07.

My Uncle's Niece.

It was what I have since often thought of as the beginning of the end of my bachelor days when I walked into the dining-room one beautiful August morning and heard the startling announcement from my aunt that my uncle's niece was expected to arrive on the early afternoon train, and the still more startling request that I should go to the station, a distance of two miles from my uncle's home, and meet the above mentioned young lady.

How I felt when I heard this announcement, followed so closely by this most unreasonable (to me) request, I have

never been able to explain, for up to that time, if there was one thing of which I lived in mortal terror, it was the coming in contact with any human being, young and dressed in female attire. Nevertheless, I tried to seem glad that we were going to have a visitor, and said, as a matter of course, I should be very glad to go to the station for her, which I knew, and my aunt knew, was as base an untruth as I have ever had the misfortune and the pleasure to tell.

That morning was, I verily believe, the shortest half day I have ever seen. The old clock in the hall seemed to take on new life, for the pendulum got faster with every stroke, and the hour hand seemed trying to keep up with the minute hand. And when the train came puffing into the station, I was sure it was running ahead of time. But it was there, and I was there, looking at several elderly ladies who had gotten off the train, but none of whom looked young enough to be my uncle's niece.

I was just turning round to go home again when the train started, and, to my surprise, I saw a young lady standing on the lower step of the rear platform of the last car and looking very much as if she should like to get off. By the time the last car was going at a fair rate of speed, but I knew from the expression on the girl's face that she did not want to be carried on, so, doing the first thing I thought of, I called to her, "Do you want to get off here?" to which she replied, "Yes."

"Then jump, and I'll catch you," I cried, at the same time bracing myself for the armful which I knew was coming. And it came, and I caught it, but I lost my equilibrium—consequently she lost hers—and we both went rolling on the ground.

I was on my feet again as soon as I could possibly get up, and had helped her to her feet, hardly knowing how it had all come about.

"I am very sorry, ma'am, and I beg your pardon, but I really thought I could hold you," I stammered in apology.

"Oh, that is alright," she replied, dusting her shirtwaist.

"I hardly thought you could do it, but I didn't know what else to do."

"Were you expecting some one to meet you?" I asked, seeing that she looked around as if she were expecting some one.

"I thought my uncle would be here," she replied.

And the then truth suddenly dawned upon me—she was my uncle's niece!

How we got to the carriage, or what we talked about on our way home, I have never known. I only remember that I kept trying to impress on her the simple fact that I had intended to help her out, and not to get her into some ridiculous predicament, as I had done, and that she as often assured me she appreciated my heroic attempt. Well, it might have been heroic, but the outcome was tragic!

The days passed slowly by, more slowly than ever, it seemed to me, when one day my aunt asked me if I would ride to town and get her a bag of sugar. Of course I would. Then might my uncle's niece go with me? To be sure, I should be glad to have her go. And would I care for riding horseback, since she was so very fond of horseback riding? Of course not.

When I went for the horses, I found, to my great relief, only one horse—my uncle's saddle horse—and a little mule called "Flying Jenny." Those were all I could find in the barn, so I immediately proceeded to inform my aunt and her husband's niece of the state of affairs, thinking, of course, I might then be allowed to go for the sugar alone, and in peace.

"But of course you won't care for riding the mule?" was wafted across the lawn to me. Horror upon horrors! My uncle's niece had spoken, so, "Of course not, ma'am; I shall be delighted to do it," was wafted back to her.

My uncle's horse was a fine saddler, and his niece seemed to enjoy the ride to the fullest—and I *seemed* to enjoy it, too.

We bought the sugar for my aunt and started back, but

faster than we had come, for she had proposed a race, and I could not be so ungallant as to refuse. On we went, faster and faster, little "Flying Jenny" fairly lying down in her efforts to keep up with the horse. We had gotten to a little rock hill down which we must go, and my uncle's niece had slackened her horse's gait, but "Flying Jenny" had no idea of slowing up. And she had gotten too fast for me to hold on to the reins and the bag of sugar too, so letting go the reins, I held on to the sugar, and patiently awaited the time when she should see fit to stop. I don't know whether she really intended to stop or not, but the fact is, she did stop. We had reached the steepest and rockiest part of the hill when, all at once, down "Flying Jenny" went. As might be expected, right over her head I went, and very soon afterwards found myself lying stretched full length in the road and partially covered with the mixture of sand and sugar.

"I hope you are not hurt?" asked my uncle's niece, at the same time getting down off her horse.

"No, I think not," I replied, at the same time groaning within me as I tried to move my right leg.

Weeks passed, and there was yet no sign of my uncle's niece taking her leave of her uncle and aunt—and me. She was a charming young lady, full of life, and kept things moving all the time. My easy bachelor habits had somehow or other taken their leave of me; or, to be more exact, I had taken leave of them, and every time I turned around I did something which I thought I ought not to have done. If I walked into the parlor and found her there I took one step too many and turned over a chair, or stepped on a window curtain and tore a hole in it; if I started down the stairs and met her coming up, I invariably fell down the remaining steps; and if I unexpectedly caught her looking at me across the table, I as often burnt my tongue with the coffee or scalded my finger by letting it get into the hominy dish. I wished she would leave us to ourselves, and as often I'd find myself wishing she would never leave.

The days passed more quickly, and now the evenings were

not so long. I found myself thinking about my uncle's niece when I thought I was thinking of something else altogether different.

"My aunt says ask you if you will go to the spring for the milk," she said, as she came suddenly up to me one afternoon. "Certainly I will go," I replied. "And may I go with you?" I could not refuse, so I very soon found myself going down the hill to old rocky spring, in company with my uncle's niece.

The old spring is the most beautiful, but also the snakiest looking place I ever saw. In order that one may get to the clear, cool basin of water where the milk was kept, he must put his head into a place all covered with vines, looking just as if it might be filled with snakes and all kinds of creeping things. Well, I stuck my head into that place, and was just reaching for a jar of milk when all at once something came crashing through that mass of vines and hit right beside my head, or rather where my head had been, for so sure was I that I was about to be encircled in the coils of a monster snake that I was getting out, and was not doing so very ceremoniously, either. I had left my hat in the spring, and I imagine I must have presented a rather ridiculous appearance as I stopped beside my uncle's niece.

"Why, what is the matter?" she asked, as calmly as if nothing had happened.

"Did you see that snake?"

"No," she replied; "I saw a bird, and threw at it. The rock rolled back down the hill and fell through those vines. Is that what frightened you?"

I was mad, and the twinkle I saw in her eye did not improve my condition.

"Do you know, I think I hate you?" I said, looking up at her.

"No, I don't think you do. I think you rather like me," she replied.

She walked over to the spring, got my hat out of the water, and brought it to me.

"Are you ready to go?" she asked.

"No, I don't think I am. I have something to tell you," as I pulled the wet hat over my head.

"Then what is it?" she asked.

"I think I love you."

She remained silent for a few minutes and then turned to go to the house.

"Are you ready now?" she asked.

"If I may continue to love you, I am; if not, no."

"Then come," as she gave me her hand.

And we went up the hill together.

Archie Willis.

Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

"Jesus, lover of my soul"
  Floats so sweetly to the sky.
Same as was the song of old,
  So the notes now float on high.
This the song of battlefield,
  And the humblest little home,
Now of maiden true as steel.
  After hearing, can we roam?

"Let me to Thy bosom fly,"
  Rolls the echo like a sea,
This the only humble cry,
  Tho' I saint or sinner be,
Answ'ring to the call of God.
  Flies the soul into the skies,
Leaves the dust beneath the sod,
  Finds at last its paradise.

When I cease to sail the sea,
  And shall cross the swelling tide,
When no more my ship shall be
  Pirate of the ocean wide,
When the billows o'er me roll,

And the winds above me sigh,
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

F., '07.

Yankee Doodle vs. Dixie.

"I'll have the drawing-room in mine," was my answer to the leader of our party when he asked for my program for the night at Colorado Springs. And off I strolled to find some secluded spot on the veranda, where I might enjoy two heavens—the music of the drawing-room, if any there might be, and the vast Rockies o'erspread with the great canopy of God.

As I proceeded, I passed many couples bound for an especially enjoyable evening at Cheyenne Park, and a selfish desire flashed through my mind—that I should have the entire drawing-room to myself. For the young people were for outing, while their elders preferred the "lower gallery."

Upon reaching my objective point and finding that, for once, the fates had been my allies, I soon selected a favorite seat. There my soul plunged into the wonderful beauty which only God could fashion. I had seen photographs. I had wondered—but the realization—. The half moon was well upon its starlit journey and combining its silvery rays with the golden ones of the stars, formed that beauty best described by the young babe as it reaches out its tiny arms as if to grasp them and bring their splendor nearer.

The great Rockies seemed some petrified animal which God had struck dead as it lifted its limbs to greet its watery covering. Snow-capped Pike's Peak formed its head as it seemed to strive to unfold its flag of truce to the elements as they battled in a magnificent electric storm. And on it stretched—the greatest panorama of American beauty.

But my glory was soon broken by light footsteps approaching.

I was right. Suddenly a girl, slender, tall, and graceful,

came into the drawing-room, and noticing the same scene I was drinking, stopped, and gazing far out upon the horizon, exclaimed: "And yet he says our country is not beautiful. Poor creature!" And she turned to the piano and played with a gentle and exquisite touch that sweetest of Western tunes, "Where Rolls the Oregon."

Suddenly she seemed distressed, and stood upright, gazing searchfully around the room. Then she walked to the door which led to the veranda and, without looking in my direction, proceeded to search for something.

I sat and watched her. Could it be possible for so sweet a face to frame such a sad look? I once thought it was not. How I wished I could help her, but propriety forbade. I waited for a few minutes. Then, saying to myself, "Surely she will understand me," I walked as lightly as I could from my hidden position.

She did not hear or notice me, so deep was her distress, till I was quite near. Then she gave a start as a frightened fawn.

"Pardon me, but you look so troubled. May I not assist you?"

She stood mute for a moment, then said in a soft, clear voice, "Thank you. Though you are a Southerner, and may not appreciate the object of my search. I have misplaced a pin, given me by my grandfather. Its tradition is what I value. He captured it and left it to my safe-keeping."

I began to search.

"Oh, I guess the emblem, but rest assured I know that that flag is safe in the enemies' hands."

We said no more, and both went about our search diligently. How I longed to find it, so as to restore it with that triumphant, assuring question, "Is this it?"

And I was not disappointed. The rays from the soaring moon found the gold pin ere either of us could see it. I picked it up and—I must confess—cruelly withheld the surprise in another selfish desire to enjoy her beauty. I resolved another plan.

"Ah, I was the luckier of the two"—and I held it towards her.

How quickly her girlish face changed, as happiness regained its throne.

"I thank you sincerely. I am afraid I should never have been so lucky. You are so kind and thoughtful. I should never have expected a Southerner to treat a 'Yankee' so graciously."

"And why not? Surely you have the wrong impression of us."

"I am glad to have seen for myself. I have always wanted to visit your sunny clime, but mother has a grudge against you, and always prefers the West."

"I am sorry. Maybe we could change both your opinions. Can't you forget for a while, and let us sit here and enjoy this together. I have a confession to make—I have been eavesdropping—"

"Oh, you are betraying your Southland already!"

"Circumstance is my excuse. I heard your exclamation a while ago, and only wish I could have agreed with you then—that scene before us is beyond all my words. But let me thank you for the sweetest piece of music I ever heard—except one—"

"And that's Dixie."

"Yes, and don't you feel the same about your piece—Yankee-Doodle?"

"That's the sweetest song on earth—"

"And would you object to playing it for me?"

"W-h-y, really I—"

"Now, please do. We'll exchange. I'll play *our* Dixie for you, and you play *your* Yankee-Doodle for me."

"Very well," she assented, "but which first. You know there is a saying that down South the gentlemen are always after the ladies, but up North the ladies are always after the gentlemen. Colorado is nearer South."

"But repeat that maxim again, will you—"

"She did, and with a girlish laugh, sprang from her seat and placed herself at the piano.

"I never thought of it that way before. Of course the men are always after the women—the world over."

Then she began with a more daring touch than before that sweet piece—the dearest of her heart. When she had finished she arose before I could congratulate her with a victorious, "There now; it's your turn."

I seated myself and played the piece I love so well. I could not look up, but I felt her steady gaze, and I hurried to get through. When I finished she did not have the same look on her face as she had had a moment before as she arose from the piano.

"I never heard it that way before. Won't you please play it again?"

I did, and I felt that her very soul was drinking in the beauty of our Southern idyl.

"Thank you. You are the nicest Southerner I ever met. I do wish I could visit that land of flowers, where I could be away from the rush and hurry of New York."

"We are both too selfish. Let's compromise. Do you sing? No. I'm so sorry—but two halves make a whole—"

"But two wrongs won't make a right—"

"Will you sing a Western song with me—'The Golden Gates'?"

We did, and as the last notes died away I felt that we had compromised. And she was not only the captor of a Southern emblem, on a pin, but of a Southern heart.

The next morning as I took my early stroll among the flower garden of the Antlers, I heard floating over the heads of the joyous flowers:

"Where the sunset turns the ocean's blue to gold."

And we had compromised. J. L. N., '08.

Wordsworth---the Poet.

The year 1789 is a significant date in the development of English literature. It was during this year that the zephyrs, blowing across the English Channel, bore on their bosom the first tidings of the French Revolution. The susceptible, impressionable hearts and imaginations of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats were at once inflamed with conceptions of liberty, equality, and fraternity; and as a result of these new ideals on these enthusiastic spirits, the English language is today richer by some of the noblest and most inspired sonnets and lyrics to be found in the history of the race. But this general awakening left untouched the greatest and most powerful spirit of the age. The stern, conservative Northern nature of Wordsworth was not to be turned aside from its observance of poetic appearances in external nature by the affairs of men.

But the contagion of the great ideas which were proclaimed by the French Revolution at last caught him, as they already had so many of the noble spirits of the younger generation. He was not captured all at once by the Revolution; his conversion was the fruit of experience, and came slowly and by degrees. But when he had his mind made up, he was equally unwilling to give up this beautiful delusion. It was the sacred passions of the people sacrificing themselves for freedom, for home, for religion, for the hopes of their infants, for the memories of their dead, that called forth his greatest and highest ardor. His heart was given entirely to his people, and his love was theirs. In those sacred passions he seemed to become conscious of an energy not merely human, but divine. It was in contemplation of the results that he rose from poet to prophet, that the "mortal put on immortality." The noblest products of the Napoleonic wars in the field of pure literature are Wordsworth's ennobling sonnets. They are records of the most impassioned moments in the history of his imagination. He loved liberty with a passionate love, but it was literally founded

upon law. An unchartered liberty tired him, he loved the "rich bounties of restraint." When the Revolution had ceased to be a revolution, but a "wild fool fury," his conscience and imagination alike revolted. He has been blamed for changing his early views, but it was inevitable that a mind constructed as his should recoil against what he considered to be convulsionary and destructive in politics, and above all, in religion. He was repulsed, and turned away in disgust strong and permanent from the military despotism and fever of conquest in which it ended. But why should he be blamed? He gave up politics for the nobler life of the poet, to which politics are subordinate, and for which he found freedom enough in England as it was. His were the politics of the poet, circling in the larger orbit of causes and principles, and careless of the monetary changes of events. His poems on "National Independence and Liberty" come near expressing the "permanent politics of human nature." The passions to which they give utterance, and the principles which they announce, are of no less worth or validity in our own day than they were in the opening days of the century. Wordsworth was to make men free in a higher sense than a political one, by showing all those resources that lie within them.

Wordsworth saw that there were still rich undeveloped poetic possibilities in common human life. He accepted it as his mission to open the eyes of his fellow men to the beauty and truth lying all around them. It required a bold spirit for that time to take the consequences of introducing new subjects in poetry, declaring that—

> "Verse may build a princely throne
> on humble truth,"

and claiming that there was as much beauty, pathos, tragedy and heroism to be found in common life as in the epic, drama, or story from history. But in poetic thought he worked a veritable revolution, opening for poetry whole worlds of thought from which it had been excluded, and his

own verse, when he was at his best, was as noble as it was good. It has the freshness, the simplicity, and the inevitableness of natural spontaneity. It is in the understanding that the great golden veins of his imagination are imbedded. The intensest rapture, the deepest harmony, the most spiritual aspirations of the Romantic Movement are embodied in his verse. It is the union between deep feeling and profoun dthought. His spirit has stamped itself indelibly on the literature of the first half of our century. No later writer can afford to be insensible to his influence. He taught the lesson that real greatness and littleness are not to be measured by fashion and pride.

Wordsworth early learned the lesson of Nature, and became the ceaseless, earnest watcher and communor with her in all her moods. His earliest intimacies were with the mountains, lakes, and streams of his native district. His environments at school fostered a love of Nature in the spirit, and habits of observation in the mind. To such a mind as this, Nature naturally became the food of the imagination. Inspiration came from rock, wave, and mountain. Scenery became a study, sublime scenery a rapture. Nature, with Wordsworth, was an object not merely of romantic passion, but of religious devotion. She was not only his sustainer, comforter, and consoler, but she was something more; to him, Nature was personal, and more than personal —it was the very embodiment and symbol of Deity. At his best, his poems seem more the product of Nature than of man. His gift and genius endowed the characteristic parts of his work with an unexpectedness and impressiveness of originality, such as we feel in the presence of Nature herself. The man who makes the life of the humblest happier, by recollections of the green meadow, and the stream that murmurs the secrets of the mountains in our ears, is our friend.

The message which Wordsworth bore from Nature was wonderful, but his message from humanity was even more profound. It is his love for man, constant from first to last,

that makes him a spiritual power. He was indeed High Priest of Nature, but he was, first and foremost, a philosophic thinker. He, like Milton, early decided he was going to become a philosophic poet, and a *great* philosophic poet. It was his intention to think out for himself the questions concerning "Man, Nature, and Human Life." To this end he set his divine faculty the task to "Console the afflicted, add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier, to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, think and feel, therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous." At all times he has a practical sense of the charge committd to him, and holds himself as much responsible for performing his charge and fulfilling his mission as a prophet. He did not write to please: he wanted to be considered as a teacher, or as nothing. Every fibre of his being was didactic. To animate and invest with imaginative light the convictions of religious, practical, homely, but high-hearted England was his ambition. Verily the meek inherit the earth, in his poetry. In his mind, the poet and critic of human life were equal. His task was great, but nobly achieved.

If poetry is that in which man comes nearest being able to utter the truth, and the essential part of poetic greatness is the noble and profound application of ideas to human life, we are astonished at the amount of real poetry Wordsworth has contributed to literature. What distinguishes English poetry is its energetic and profound treatment of moral ideas; it is at the bottom a criticism of life. Wordsworth's greatness lies in his criticising it so profoundly. His poetry is a powerful and conscious appeal to the craving for deep truth and reality. In it he proclaimed that truth, in all its infinite forms, is the first law of poetry. The sincereness with which Wordsworth feels his subject, and the profoundly sincere and natural character of the subject itself, makes his poems seem to be written by Nature herself, with her sheer penetrating power. It is not content to skim over the vast tracts of life and Nature. He has won for himself

immortality in literature, by a depth of intuition which makes the best minds only at their best hours worthy of his companionship; and by a homely sincerity of human sympathy which reaches the humblest heart. Of no other poet except Shakespere have so many phrases become household words as of Wordsworth. His better utterances have the bare simplicity, the utter abstraction from time and place, the immunity from decay, which belong to the utterances of the Bible.

If ever any poet was destined to be immortal, that poet is Wordsworth. When our impartiality has made all those qualifications and reductions, against which even our greatest poet may not plead his privilege, enough of him is left to justify his greatest fame. There are different grades of excellence in his work, but after all reduction and deduction, his superiority is proven by the great body of powerful and significant work which remains. He has defined and given to us for daily possession those faint and vague suggestions of other worldliness, of whose gentle ministry with our baser nature, the hurry and bustle of life, scarcely allow us to be conscious. If it be the most delightful function of the poet to set our lives to music, yet perhaps he will be even more sure of our maturer gratitude, if he does his part, also as moralist and philosopher, to purify and enlighten; if he define and encourage our wavering perception of duty.

W. S. Floyd, '07.

A Bit of Romance.

"Fifteen:love. Yes, love, it's fifteen:love."

"Oh! you really don't say so."

The ball flew across the net once more. Then her merry voice rang out once again:

"Oh, goody! it's fifteen:all now. And you said you were going to win this game love."

"No, I didn't; I said I was going to win this game, love."

"Oh! come off. I don't believe you are going to do that yet."

Back and forth flew the little white balls across the net. At last she drew up, hot and tired, and threw down her racquet.

"I had a good mind to throw it at you. I know you are just making it deuce so much just to tease me. And my! What a run you gave me that time. Let's stop. I'm all out of breath."

"Suits me all right, and, of course, if the—"

"Don't say another word. You always say something extremely silly after that 'of course.' "

"As I was going to say,—"

"Well, if you are going to say, I am going to leave."

Evidently she was in a teasing mood this afternoon. She had started for the hotel, but he called her back.

"What is it? Any nonsense?" she called over her shoulder, without turning around.

"No, just want to remind you about that tramp we are going on in the morning."

"Oh, yes! I won't forget. How far did you say it was?"

"Mile and a half there, three and a half back."

"Who ever heard of such a thing? How far is it, really?"

"That's the fact in the case. The trail is so steep that, though you can climb down, you can't climb back, and have to go the road.

"One and a half and three and a half—that's five, isn't it? And means about ten. I think folks up here in the mountains must measure distances along a bee line right through the air. And when you go and have to climb up and down and twist all around, you find it about twice as much as you bargained for. But I'm a good walker—regular mountaineer when it comes to climbing."

"All right, we will start just after breakfast. Goodbye until then."

"Goodbye!"

* * * * * * * *

At midnight the young man in No. 128 lay wide awake.

It would seem that he would sleep soundly after such a day as he had just spent. But no, not so. Then his mind must be running in a channel which is very pleasant to him. Yes, this is it. For in his mind's eye he sees a beautiful face which drives all thoughts of sleep from his brain. Oh! such a lovely girl—with a face full of character, and yet with a merry twinkle in her soft blue eyes—and such beautiful light hair! Yes, this is the girl whom he has been waiting to meet so long, the girl of whom Bob, his college chum and her brother, had talked to him so often that he felt that he had known her for several years. He had missed seeing her when he went to New York to work in her father's bank, because she had gone with some college friends on a tour through Europe, and had stopped a long time in Paris to study music and art. That only made him more anxious to meet her, because her father, so proud of his "little" girl, as he called her, used to like to talk about her with him, to whom he had taken quite a fancy. Bob and the old gentleman were such fine men, physically, intellectually, and morally, that he knew she must be an ideal girl. And now, at last, he had met her. And she was a splendid girl, even beyond his expectations, so that he left the old ideal which had gathered round her name for the better ideal—the best, he told himself as he lay there thinking—her own self. And he thought of the tramp which they were going to take together on the morrow, and, strange as it may sound, the old familiar proverb, "History repeats itself," flashed into his mind. And he seemed to dwell for a long time on some pleasing thought, mytseriously connected with that old saying, and also, in some way, with those beautiful blue eyes.

The next day at nine o'clock a young man and a young lady were to be seen slowly climbing down a great mountain of rock. It was a very steep climb, and somewhat dangerous. But at last it was over. They had heard the mighty roaring of the falls for a long while as they were climbing down the rock, and now they could see the water itself. It rushed down a short incline and then pitched over the per-

pendicular rock, one hundred and sixty feet high, and falling on the rock below, sent its spray all around. For several minutes the two young people watched the stream. Then the girl exclaimed in a voice full of music and enthusiasm:

"Come on, let's find the place. Mama described it to me so well just before I left that I know I can pick out the very spot."

"Yes," said he, as he jumped from one rock to another and turned to help her across, "and let's sit in the very, very spot and gaze at the beautiful scenery. See, peak after peak. Look at the restful green of those nearby, and then at the blue of the fartherest away."

"And see those dear little clouds, lying so far below us. We are really above the clouds. But here's the very place, I'm sure. There's the rock on which mama sat, and there is where papa sat at her feet. I'll sit here, and you sit there."

"Yes, I know this is the place. I can just see your mother as she sat there. Your father has told me many a time that you are the very image of her as she was then, and so I can imagine her in her youth and beauty. And your father sat here, with his hat over there where mine is, and his hand grasping hers, see, just so—he told me all about it—and he looked into her eyes so, and said, "I love you!"

"Oh! Don't mock. It's too sacred a matter. Don't!"

And he realized as he gazed into those deep blue eyes that the time had come.

"Oh! I'm not mocking. Don't you see? I'm really in earnest. Oh! I love you, I love you."

And her voice, like an echo of the hills, faintly yet strongly, replied: "I love you, too."

* * * * * * *

Here let me draw the curtain softly for a few minutes, for I don't want you to know just exactly everything that happened. It's too personal a matter.

After a few minutes we may see them again. He is talking softly now.

"Now, indeed, are we above the clouds. Now that I have

this little hand to hold in mine, and your sweet face in which to look and from which to gather joy and courage and strength, oh! Sadie, now I feel that I can face the world with all its troubles and trials and temptations. However dark they may be, your sunny face will guide me through them all."

Marion Dargan, Jr., '09.

The Hart Moss History Prize.

For two years the Hart Moss History Prize of twenty dollars has been offered, with a view of stimulating interest in history and encouraging research. The results have been progressively satisfactory, and there is every reason to expect that the efforts this year on the part of a number of contestants will be the occasion of more and better work in historical study than has heretofore been the case. It cannot be too often impressed upon those who contemplate competing that the chief benefit lies in the contest, and not in the victory. The "successful" competitor, as for convenience we call him, is very sharply and distinctly marked off from the others; but there is no such definite line dividing the competitors when the benefits derived are considered. I have never known a student to regret competing for this prize, for it has always been a means of enlarging the student's outlook and cultivating his scholarship.

Last year the prize was won by a Junior in competition with several Seniors. It is not impossible that a Sophomore, though at a disadvantage in the amount of historical training he has had, may this, or any other year, be the successful contestant. Moreover, the winner last year was not a student in any of the classes in history, and never had been.

The selection of subjects is made with a view to supplying several among which the members of any class might make a selection in line with their current class-room work. The choice is not, however, confined to the subjects announced; but if any student chooses any other subject he must obtain

the approval of the Professor of History. This will readily be given for any subject which is really historical. I am more than willing to assist any student in finding the material with which he is to work.

The subjects suggested for 1906-7 are as follows:

The Aaron Burr Conspiracy.

The Position of Thomas Jefferson in American History.

John Randolph, of Roanoke. (A very interesting subject on which a good piece of work could be done, either by a college student of one more mature.)

The Secession Sentiment in New England, 1903-1815.

The Character and Work of Oliver Cromwell. (Not to be dashed off after a few weeks' scattered reading; a very rich subject if properly studied.)

The Puritan Revolution.

The Democratic Movement in English Legislation During the Nineteenth Century.

The Founding of the German Empire.

The Statesmanship of Napoleon.

The rules of the contest will be as follows:

1. The competition is open to all students in Wofford College, instructors and assistants excepted.

2. Essays must be written in either pen or machine writing.

3. Essays may be of any length. They should contain enough material to evince considerable knowledge of the subject. (Let me warn contestants that mere accumulation of undigested, unassimilated material is not in any way helpful.)

4. Essays must be signed with the name of some historical character. At the time of handing in his essay, the contestant must deposit with the Professor of History a sealed envelope bearing his own name and containing the name of the historical character which he has signed to his essay.

5. A biography of all books, articles, maps or other authorities used must be appended to the essay.

6. Essays will be judged from three standpoints—thor-

oughness of research, independent judgment manifested, and literary style.

7. Essays must be handed to the Professor of History not later than May 23. There will be positively no extension of time. The professor will select the five essays which he considers the best and submit them to a committee composed of two Professors of History not in Wofford College and one person not a Professor of History.

8. If in the opinion of the committee no essay appears to deserve a prize, no prize will be awarded.

D. D. Wallace.

Wofford College, October 20, 1906.

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Editorial Department.

R. N. SPEIGNER, EDITOR.

From the Editor.

We wish to express our heartfelt appreciation for the successful efforts put forth by THE JOURNAL staff in issuing the first number of this magazine, and only hope that we may be able to hold the paper up to the standard set. The editor most earnestly desires the sympathy, help, and cooperation of you all, and may we put our best efforts together, thereby giving our college a good periodical.

Political Campaigns of Today.

When we view the mighty political machines and the manner in which offices of State and the commonwealth are secured, we are led to believe that the day has past when

a man gains an office through his own personal worth and merit. It almost seems that the character and individualism of the person nominated is quite a secondary consideration in the game and struggle of politics. The party is all in all and the successful election of its candidate is the main issue, not because of the candidate himself, but because of advantages secured by his election. Thousands of dollars are expended, and entertainments provided, and great ovations given, in the interests of the several nominees in every campaign. Why are men willing to subscribe so liberally to campaign funds? They hope to gain positions by means of which they may be enabled to get back their expenditures with interest, and they know they will be in the way to reap all the benefits of monopoly.

Again, the campaigns are characterized by the most bitter epithets hurled at each other by the candidates. One seeks to tear down the character of another and injure his reputation. He goes back over his opponent's record and brings up to the view of men all the misdoings and mistakes of his past life. Men often ask if there is such a thing as honest politics. It remains for the present generation of young men to perform the task of making our government pure, and to the college graduate is open the high privilege of becoming a leader in such a movement.

To the Students.

Sometimes we are almost persuaded to believe that the college magazine does not appear to the average student to be "his magazine." And consequently editors have hard times in getting out an issue, and contributions are secured only by the most persistent efforts and repeated requests. Such should not be the case, and we ask you to help us to make this indeed your paper and one representing the college. Of course, you may say that there has been a staff of editors elected to get out the magazine, and why should it concern you. But it is absolutely impossible to do without your best efforts. You may hand in an article which does

not prove good enough to be published, and because of this you stop, and do not try again, but simply because you have tried once you are able to do better next time. If you contribute every month you certainly will hand in something which will "make good," and surely the magazine will be more interesting to you. We wish to urge upon the new men the importance of putting forth their efforts in poem, sroty, and essay. Let us write for our magazine and supply the editor each month with a number of creditable articles from which we can publish a most creditable paper.

The Carnage of Industry.

In this day of hurry and rush, when men seem only intent upon their own selfish interests, when commerce has increased so greatly, when new industries are springing up in such incredible short spaces of time, when the utmost eagerness is displayed in putting plants into operation, and when rapid transit is demanded, lives of men are utterly disregarded and the value of a human soul is lost sight of. Great battles are fought, and the morning paper in great glaring headlines pictures the fierceness and horror of them and gives the list of dead and wounded, whereupon we bemoan the awfulness of war. In every battle many are made famous, and the gallantry shown by them brings forth the praise and commendation of all, and their names go down in history among the heroes of their country. Indeed, they are heroes, but do we ever look around us and find the real heroes of life? Companies are formed and great amounts of capital invested, machinery and all things necessary for operating the concern are purchased, then the laborers, men in all respects like unto ourselves, are hired. If the machinery is broken or worn out, great concern is shown, but suppose an employee is killed or maimed for life by an accident, or he dies from long and faithful duty in fulfilling a task which is too hard, is such concern apparent? Why, no, he is only a man, and by another day some other may be found to take his place. If a mule is killed the company sus-

tains a loss of perhaps two hundred dollars, but men are procured for the asking.

Produce must be carried from the farthest part of the country to the other in the shortest possible time, great feats of engineering carried out, and men sacrifice their lives in attempting these things. Men of every occupation and class in life are slaving their lives away and giving themselves for the interests of the masses. Let us recognize the heroes of our daily life and accord to them the proper respect and revernce. In every paper we pick up we find short accounts of railroad wrecks, great mine disasters, and accidents, and in every case lives of men are the price we pay for the advancement of civilization and industry.

Exchange Department.

CLYDE S. BETHEA, EDITOR.

These first issues! It is true that the first issues have to be gotten out in a hurry, and by inexperienced editors, and because of this we should not condemn or criticise them too severely. But we believe the college magazines for October do not come up to the usual standard. There is a lack of contributions, and, poor editors! they must get out the magazine, so they get up the class day exercises of last June or publish a medal-winning speech. Now, these are good and readable, but they don't go to make up or build up a good college magazine. They have served their day. We are not complaining so much at the editors as we are at the seeming lack of interest the student bodies show in their college paper. Students, get together and give your editors some stories and poems, make your magazine bright and interesting.

* * *

"The Carolinian" is among the best of the exchanges that have come to our table. The essay entitled, "Some Aspects of Present Day Literature" is well written, and shows the writer to have studied his subject with great insight and skill. The local department is especially attractive.

* * *

The writer of the essay, "Nationalizing Influences in the States," which appears in "The Emory and Henry Era" for October, shows careful study, and the essay is written in a good, forceful style. We find several good poems in this magazine, and they add greatly to its attractiveness.

* * *

"The Winthrop College Journal" next claims our attention, and we feel a little disappointed when we find it contains not a single contribution. Was it lack of them, or

were they crowded out by the class-day exercises and the speeches at the dedication of the library?

* * *

"The Wake Forest Student" still maintains its high standard, and contains for October several good contributions. "The Invisible Joe" is a good story, and shows that the writer understands the negro dialect. The poems in this issue deserve mention. "The Wake Forest Student" is full of life and activity, something that is lacking in nearly all of our exchanges for this month.

* * *

In looking over the exchanges on our table, the beautiful and well-gotten-up cover of "The Clemson Chronicle" attracts our eye. We pick it up and turn to the literary department, and find only nine pages. Why so short? The short poems are very good, but we feel a little disappointed, due, perhaps, to the fact that we expected so much.

* * *

We read "The Isaqueena" with much pleasure. The articles were brief, but good. The short stories deserve especial mention.

* * *

"The University of Virginia," a magazine, next claims our attention. This is a well-gotten-up magazine, the stories well deserving mention. "The Man With the Green Eye" is a unique detective story, and well developed, and shows the writer to be a student of chemistry. "The Education of Black Dog" is a pathetic story of the education of the Indian by the government. The writer shows considerable skill in the ending of his story. The exchange department is something out of the ordinary, and is deserving of especial mention.

* * *

The last magazine to come to our table is the "Converse Concept." This issue disappoints us very much, but we trust that it is due to the inexperience of the staff, and we expect much from "The Concept" this year. "This is Not

Leap-Year" is a unique and well-written story. "Paitra Arsa," a translation from German, deserves special mention, as well as the poem "Autumn."

* * *

We will acknowledge receipt of exchanges in our February and May numbers so as to save space.

Clippings.

THE PROBLEM.

I am standing at the blackboard;
  I'll figure till the bell;
I cannot solve the problem,
  And professor knows it well.

I am standing at the blackboard,
  At the setting of life's sun;
I cannot solve life's problem,
  But the Master says, "Well done."

SMOOTH SAILING.

Use to ride a Pony—
Bet I did, eratum!
Now I ride an automobilis
And smoke a cigarattum.

CIRCUS LEMONADE.

Hand me down another glass
  Of that scarlet lemonade;
I need a little bracing
  Since I saw the parade.

Ah! it seems to touch the spot
  And knock my thirst quite dead!
Was there ever such a fluid
  As this lemonade so red?

'Tis the nectar of the gods,
For it aids the sight of men,
And helps to multiply the number
Of the wild beasts in the den.

If you want to see the circus,
And a little more to boot,
Just imbibe the scarlet fluid
Till the stars begin to shoot.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Pretty night, stars so bright!
Diana sheds her softest light.

Brown leaves dancing, brown eyes glancing;
Hearts are feeling Cupid's lancing.

A straying curl—winsome girl—
Sweetest thing in all the world!

O! tender bliss—a stolen kiss!
Moon and stars all wink at this.

Softest breeze, gentlest squeeze!
"Oh, stop, sir! Can't you—Please!"

Face to face—close embrace;
Diana hides her smiling face.

Heart to heart—ne'er to part.
Life is love, and love is art.

Cheerful fire—happy sire!
You have reaped your heart's desire!

What care I for caste or creed,
It is the deed, it is the deed;
What for class, or what for clan,
It is the man, it is the man;
Heirs of love, and joy, and woe,

Who is high and who is low;
Mountain, valley, sky and sea,
Are for all humanity.
What care I for robe or scrole,
It is the soul, it is the soul;
What for crown, or what for crest,
It is the heart within the breast;
It is the faith, it is the hope,
It is the struggle up the slope,
It is the brain and eye to see,
One God and one humanity. —Ex.

College Girl (in dry goods store)—Are you sure this color is fast?

Clerk—Certainly. As fast as the roses on your cheeks.

College Girl—H-m! Show me something else, please.—Ex.

"NOTHING DOING."

We went to Cupid's garden;
We wandered o'er the land;
The moon was shining brightly;
I held her little—shawl.

Yes, I held her little shawl;
How fast the evening flies—
We spoke in tones of "love"
I gazed into her—lunch-basket.

I gazed into the basket;
I wish I had a taste;
There sat my lovely charmer,
My arm around her—umbrella.

Embracing her umbrella;
This charming little miss—
Her eyes were full of mischief,
I slyly store a—sandwich. —Ex.

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

There is so much bad in the best of us,
There is so much good in the worst of us,
It hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

—Ex.

"To love some one more dearly every day;
To help some wandering child to find his way;
To ponder on some noble thought and pray,
And smile when evening falls:
This is my task."

Local Department.

CLAUD N. SAPP, EDITOR.

On October 11th Bishop John H. Vincent opened the Lyceum Course with his famous lecture, "That Boy," which was a source of much enjoyment to both students and town people. With intense interest the audience followed the lecturer through the four stages of a young man's life, made clear and vivid with spicy bundles of humor and pathos, encircled with golden chords of deep philosophy. The next on the Lyceum program is Dr. Leland Powers, who comes to us on November 16th.

In the "Inter-Collegite Bible Study Conference" which met at Clemson College November 3, 4, 5, Wofford was represented by the following students: H. C. Woodley, W. C. Rogers, J. M. Latimer, B. B. Patterson, W. B. Garrett, C. S. Smith, Marion Dargan, and M. Crumm. The boys report a pleasant time at Clemson, and say that much good should result therefrom.

Quite a number of the boys attended the State Fair in Columbia. Among those who went were Messrs. Bethea, Prince, Harris, Sapp, Frierson, Rogers, Dukes, Fripp, and Koon, of the Senior Class; Martin, Orr, and Waldrop, of the Junior Class; Adams, Hearon, and Griffith, of the Sophomore Class; and McDonald and others of the Freshman Class.

IN THE SOCIETIES.

In the elections on last Saturday night the following men were chosen to fill the offices during the next term:

Calhoun Society—I. B. Magness, President; W. D. Frierson, Vice-President; J. C. Watson, First Critic; J. T. Harris, Second Critic; H. T. Bethea, Third Critic; P. K. Swit-

zer, First Censor; L. K. Jennings, Second Censor; P. L. Martin, Recording Secretary; R. B. Stackhouse, Corresponding Secretary.

Carlisle Society—M. C. Foster, President; W. S. Floyd, Vice-President; O. G. Callhoun, First Critic; R. E. Holroyd, Second Critic; J. L. Dukes, Third Critic; J. L. Nettles, Recording Secretary; C. S. Bethea, First Censor; T. C. Whetsell, Second Censor; Fred Bearden, Corresponding Secretary.

Preston Society—C. N. Sapp, President; S. L. Prince, Vice-President; W. W. Carson, First Critic; W. B. Compton, Second Critic; R. N. Speigner, First Censor; Louis Yarbrough, Second Censor; R. T. Abercrombie, Recording Secretary.

The following men were elected from the different societies to serve on an inter-society debate, from which two men will be selected to represent Wofford in the Inter-Collegiate Debate with Furman University:

Calhoun Society—Roy Stanton and L. K. Breeden.

Carlisle Society—B. N. Alsbrook and A. Nettles.

Preston Society—C. N. Sapp and W. W. Carson.

The debate between the societies will come off December 1st.

On account of some of the men who were elected last year to serve on the oratorical contest resigning, and thereby causing new elections to be held, we publish the entire list from the different societies who will serve on the contest, which will come off February 22d:

Calhoun Society—L. K. Jennings and Charley Klugh.

Carlisle Society—C. S. Bethea and M. C. Foster.

Preston Society—C. N. Sapp and W. W. Carson.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Mr. R. N. Speigner, of the Senior Class, and Editor-in-Chief of THE JOURNAL, who, as noted in our last issue, has been confined at his home with fever, has sufficiently im-

proved to re-enter his class, to the delight of his many friends on the campus.

Mr. W. H. Polk, who was called home because of the critical illness of his father, has returned to college after a week's stay, and reports his father much improved.

Mr. Boyle, of the Junior Class, is spending a few days in Columbia this week.

"Fresh." Plyler and his friend were out walking the other afternoon when P— suddenly turned to his friend and exclaimed, "Look yonder, 'Cope,' that's one of 'them' things we were studying about in physics this morning which the professor called an automatic pump, and I will bet that if you look down below it you will find a well." But when they investigated it was only the water tank and the ice-house.

"Fresh." Carnes, on seeing the large display of magazines at the Palmetto Book Store, exclaimed to the clerk: "Claud, what in the world are you all doing with so many catalogues?"

We are glad to note that Mr. S. H. Plyler, of the Freshman Class, who was forced to leave college a few weeks since on account of sickness, has fully recovered, and returned to college.

ATHLETICS.

The contest for the cup, to be given to the class who puts out the winning baseball team, is now tied between the Seniors, Juniors, and Freshmen.

On the 25th of October a meeting of the members of the executive committee of the "South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Tennis Association" was called by Mr. Marshall Moore, of Greenville, in order that they might perfect an organization of the different colleges in the State. The various colleges were represented as follows: South Carolina University, Al-

len Jones, Jr.; Furman University, Marshall Moore; Erskine College, Mr. Brownlee; Newberry College, Mr. Wise; Wofford College, S. L. Prince. The representatives met in Columbia, and the object of the organization is to draw the students of the colleges in South Carolina together through the medium of tennis and to turn more interest toward the tennis game, which is one of the best of the athletic games. The following is a copy of the minutes of the meeting:

MINUTES OF THE INTER-COLLEGIATE TENNIS ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA'S EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The meeting was called to order and addressed by Prof. Riggs, president of the South Carolina chapter of S. I. A. A., in behalf of the S. I. A. A. and Clemson, who was not represented.

Mr. G. M. Moore, of Greenville, was chosen chairman, with S. L. Prince, of Wofford, as secretary of the committee. The motive of the meeting was then stated by the chairman, who has been the prime mover of the organization, and a motion made by Mr. Marshall, of Furman, that we go into an organization was carried.

Then the following motions were made and carried:

That we adopt the rules of the S. I. A. A.

That we have a State secretary, and that Mr. G. M. Moore be elected to this position.

That the representative elected this year be the executive committee for this year, and the tthe committee after this be composed of such men as are elected by the respective colleges from year to year.

That this organization be known as the S. C. I. T. A. of the S. I. A. A.

That the executive committee meet at the place and the time of the regular meet.

That we accept Furman's offer to meet there at Greenville, Furman bearing all the expenses of the respective teams and guaranteeing two well equipped courts.

That we hold a meet on, or as near to as possible, the 21st

of November, to be left in the hands of the State secretary.

Greenville offers two trophy cups through Mr. Moore, to be given to winners in singles and doubles. These cups to be competed for from year to year.

That we accept these cups.

That second and third prizes be provided for.

That we use the knock-out system, using two best out of three as a basis, and that the finals be played three best out of five.

That a team be composed of three men.

That these minutes be sent to the State secretary and be published in each of the college magazines.

That the State secretary send these minutes to all the colleges of South Carolina, and give those not here represented a chance to join.

That these minutes compose the only constitution we have outside of the S. I. A. A.

That we adjourn to meet at Greenville.

G. M. Moore,
Chairman and State Secretary.
S. L. Prince,
Chairman of the Executive Committee.

Alumni Department.

W. DUNCAN FRIERSON, EDITOR.

OUR ALUMNI IN SPARTANBURG.

Chas. Petty, '57, is editor of The Carolina Spartan.

Rev. W. W. Duncan, '58, is a Bishop in the M. E. Church, South, with residence in the city.

J. B. Cleveland, '69, is president of the C. & W. C. Ry. and of the Whitney Cotton Mills, and is connected with various other enterprises in the city.

D. A. DuPre, '69, is Professor of Geology and Physics at his alma mater.

J. A. Gamewell, '71, is Instructor in Latin at Wofford, and is head of our Lyceum Course.

R. K. Carson, '74, is a prominent attorney in the city.

S. B. Ezell, '75, is a prominent merchant in Spartanburg.

J. F. Brown, '76, is a member of the firm of Fielder & Brown, wholesale grocers.

W. E. Burnett, '76, is president of the First National Bank and president of the Wofford College Athletic Association.

J. G. Clinkscales, '76, is Instructor in Astronomy and Mathematics at Wofford.

W. DuPre, '78, is proprietor of DuPre's Book Store.

W. M. Jones, '78, is a member of the law firm of Nicholls & Jones.

A. B. Calvert, '80, is president of the Bank of Spartanburg and Drayton Cotton Mills.

Rev. J. W. Kilgo, '81, is Presiding Elder of the Spartanburg District.

Jas. Cofield, '82, is head of the firm of Jas. Cofield & Co., insurance.

Rev. S. A. Nettles, '82, is editor of The Southern Christian Advocate.

W. G. Blake, '83, is principal of the Converse Street Graded School.

J. A. Chapman, '83, is president of the Inman Cotton Mills.

S. J. Blake, '84, is a prominent physician in the city.

J. J. Burnett, '84, is Master of Spartanburg County.

A. G. Rembert, '84, is Professor of Greek at Wofford.

H. B. Carlisle, '85, is a member of the law firm of Carlisle & Carlisle, and State Senator from Spartanburg County.

J. H. Carlisle, Jr., '85, is a member of the firm of Epton & Carlisle, real estate.

J. L. Jefferies, '87, is a prominent physician in Spartanburg.

S. B. Jones, '87, is bookkeeper in the First National Bank.

J. A. Law, 87, is president of the Central National Bank and also of Saxon Mills.

J. C. Evins, '88, is connected with the Clifton Manufacturing Company.

J. J. Gentry, '88, is Probate Judge of Spartanburg County.

G. L. Wilson, '88, is treasurer of the Southeastern Life Insurance Company.

Rev. W. A. Massabeau, '89, is patsor of Central Methodist Church.

J. W. Nash, '90, is a member of the law firm of Johnson & Nash.

J. L. Fleming, '91, is cashier of the Merchants and Farmers Bank.

G. Rouquie, '91, is bookkeeper for Drayton Mills.

J. W. Daniel, '92, is proprietor of the People's Steam Laundry.

C. B. Waller, '92, is Instructor in Biology and Chemistry at Wofford.

H. L. Bomar, '94, is a member of the law firm of Simpson & Bomar.

D. D. Wallace, '94, is Instructor in Economics and History at Wofford.

Gus M. Chreitzberg, '95, is assistant cashier of the First National Bank.

A. M. DuPre, '95, is Head Master of the Wofford Fitting School.

H. J. Shoemaker, '95, is proprietor of the Palmetto Book Store.

C. H. Barber, '96, is engaged in the stock and bond business in this city.

A. M. Law, '96, is head of the firm of A. M. Law & Co., stocks, bonds, and insurance.

Gabriel Cannon, '96, is assistant cashier of the Merchants and Farmers Bank.

R. A. Hannon, '98, is a member of the law firm of Blackwood & Hannon.

O. W. Leonard, '98, is a prominent physician in Spartanburg.

J. P. McCreary, '98, is one of the leading dentitsts in the city.

H. T. Shockley, '00, is principal of the Magnolia Street Graded School.

J. B. Crews, '01, is news editor of the Spartanburg Journal.

Miss Puella M. Littlejohn, '01, is assistant editor of the Southern Christian Advocate.

B. A. Bennett, '02, has a position in the First National Bank.

J. S. Calhoun, '02, is a member of the firm of White, Calhoun & Cannon, insurance.

S. T. Lanham, '02, is a member of the law firm of McCravy & Lanham.

F. C. Rogers, '03, has a position with the First National Bank.

W. D. Burnett, 04, is a broker in the city.

S. E. Cannon, '04, is connected with the postoffice.

S. F. Cannon, '04, has a position with A. M. Law & Co.

A. C. Daniel, '04, is gymnasium instructor at Wofford.

W. C. Herbert, '04, is an Instructor in Wofford Fitting School.

J. W. Boyd, '05, is principal of West End Graded School.

L. P. Walker, Jr., '05, is head of the firm of L. P. Walker, Jr., & Co., insurance.

J. C. Anderson, '06, is an Instructor in Wofford Fitting School.

J. D. Garlington, '06, has a position with the G. O. Tenney Contracting Company.

J. R. Lyles, '06, is an Instructor in Wofford Fitting School.

Y. M. C. A. Department

THOS. E. DUKES, EDITOR.

THE STUDENT BIBLE INSTITUTE HELD AT CLEMSON COLLEGE.

On November 2d there assembled at Clemson College a large body of delegates from the different colleges of the State in the interest of Bible study. The object of the Bible Institute was to bring the students of the different colleges of this State into closer touch, and to arouse a spirit among the different colleges to broaden out in the field of Bible study. Those who attended were greatly benefited by the uplifting addreses made by Mr. O. E. Brown, of Vanderbilt University, and the Southern Y. M. C. A. secretary, Mr. Weatherford. The outlook is for greater success in Bible study.

Among those who went as delegates from Wofford were H. C. Woodley, J. M. Latimer, W. C. Rogers, C. D. Smith, B. B. Patterson, M. G. Latham, W. Tatum, M. Dargan, Jr., M. C. Zimp, and A. W. Humphries.

A great many young men have already joined the Bible and Mission classes, and it is hoped that others will join. The outlook in this work is very encouraging, and it is also hoped that the young men will continue to take a great deal of interest in the work now just begun. Let us not become indifferent about this work; it is too important a part of our college course to treat it lightly or to let our interest lag. No young man will ever regret spending a few hours a week studying the Word of God.

The ultimate secret of greatness is neither physical nor intellectual, but moral. It is the capacity to lose self in the service of something greater. It is the faith to recognize,

the will to obey, and the strength to follow a star."—Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

"The man who refuses to be of any use to God or man, or the world, is fastening upon himself the doom of eternal uselessness, than which there can be no worse hell."—Dr. J. S. Watkins.

A number of Bands of Personal Workers have been organized and are ready to begin work at once. Young men, we have organized for a purpose. Let's keep that purpose in view. "There are mighty forces of evil on this campus against which we, as Christian men, must throw ourselves with all the power we can command, human and divine. We can't do it by simply talking about these things occasionally in the presence of a band of fellow-students. We can't do it by sometimes mentioning them in our prayers in the Association meetings, or thinking of them ourselves, and then letting the matter drop. It must be more than that. It is individual, personal, private work that is going to count."

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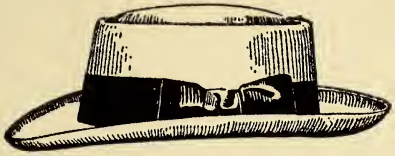

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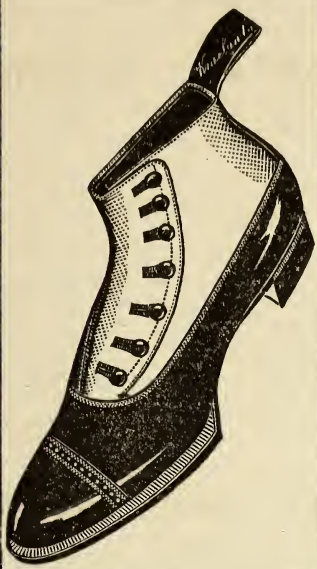

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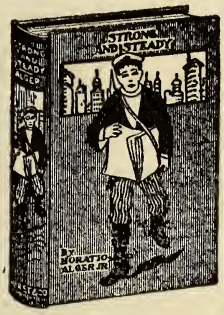

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Wofford College Journal

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M. C. FOSTER, EDITOR.

Winter.

When the icy blasts are shrieking
  Over hill and over dale,
And the tree-tops are all dancing
  To its moaning and its wail.

When the cheerful buds of summer
  In their resting-place are laid
'Neath a bed of golden leafage,
  Which is gently o'er them spread.

When the cheerful beams of sunlight
  Almost seem from earth to've fled,
And the chilly, icy breezes
  Seem the breathing of the dead.

Then we know that balmy Summer
  Followed by the Autumn fair,
From the world has now departed
  And that dreary Winter's here.

B. N. A., '07.

The Professional.

"Yes, Tom old man, I must confess we're in a pretty bad hole, and I can't see how we are going to better our condition."

"Nor I, either," replied Tom, "It's certainly tough luck, just to think if we only had a good backstop, we'd have the finest team in the state."

Nat Wells and Tom Irwin, captain and manager respectively of the Wilson College nine, were seated in a back room of the dormitory, conversing very earnestly. A troubled expression was on the face of each, and it appeared that the feelings of each would have been relieved if they could have secured a few railroad spikes to bite into.

"You see," continued Tom, "if Carl Evins would only—"

"Yes, that's where the rub comes in," interrupted Nat, "it makes me mad to think that we have right here a catcher whom any of the big leagues would be proud to secure, and here he is refusing to play. Of course Stevens is a fairly good backstop, but he just can't hold Jones."

"O, Stevens 'sn't worth a—, well he isn't any good, 'specially in comparison with Evins," growled Tom, then puffing at his cigar as if his time to smoke was very limited.

"But I tell you what we can do," he continued, after a brief pause, "let's go see Evins once more, it's only three weeks till our first game, and we've just got to do something."

"Yes, we'll go," agreed Nat, "but it don't exactly tickle my palate to have to beg a fellow."

"Or woman," broke in Tom.

"O, shut up," snapped Nat, "can't you leave women out and talk sense once in a while?"

Without further words the room-mates left, and hastened to the room of Carl Evins. A knock on his door was answered by a brief "come." The boys entered and found Carl seated by a table.

"Good evening; be seated," he said nonchantly, peering from beneath his eye-shade. Evidently he knew their purpose.

"Grinding, as usual, eh?" accosted Tom very civilly.

"Yes, have to," muttered Carl.

"Well, Carl," began Nat, "if you're not too busy, we'd like to interrupt you for a few minutes."

"Certainly," replied Carl, closing his book.

"To be brief then, Carl, it's just this," continued Nat, "it's three weeks 'till our first ball game, which is with Elson College. We've got to beat 'em, for they beat us twice last year. We've a fine team with the exception of a catcher to hold Jones; you're the man to do it, and we want you."

"But," expostulated Carl, "you see how it is, I just can't. I've played for three years, and I'm very sorry that I can't play this year. You know the last year's no snap any way, and as I had to enter late, I am very much behind with my work. I was informed the other day that baseball and my dip. couldn't coincide. If it were not for that I'd be only too glad to come out for practice.

"O, you'd need very little practice," suggested Tom, "as you played some last sum—," and here he stopped with a sudden jerk. "Well, anyway," he continued, "the new rules don't bar a man who has played summer ball to help defray his college expenses."

"Yes, and it's a good rule too," said Carl, "of course a downright professional should be barred, but I don't consider playing summer ball for money with which to go to school, as professionalism in the strict sense of the word."

"You're right," asserted Tom, "but for the original question: "will you catch for us this year?"

"No, I can't. I hope you won't misunderstand me," replied Carl.

"Well, we're sorry," said Nat, rather coolly, for he thought a man should sacrifice everything for athletics.

Once out of Carl's room, both boys expressed their feeling in worse language, which looks better unseen.

"Here's our proposition," said Nat: "we've got to do something, and it seems that there's nothing to be done."

"Nothing," agreed Tom, then scratching his head for an idea,—"Nothing?" "Say Nat," he cried, "maybe there's something after all. I want you to consider a little proposition."

On their way to the dormitory the boys talked in very

low, but excited tones. Upon reaching the front step they halted. "Yes," exclaimed Nat, "we might do that, but we must keep it on the dead quiet, except from a few fellows whose coin we may possibly need, but that'll come up later. He knows you, and there won't be any trouble in getting him, will there?"

"No," replied Tom, "but we haven't any time to spare; let's go to the telegraph office now."

"Good, but my, won't we put Elson in the shade?" grinned Nat, as they hastened down town.

Four days later there entered Wilson College a peculiar-looking individual who registered as Dick Hughes. He possessed a fine physique, but the less said about his face the better. Its chief characteristic, a continual sneer, matched well his swaggering walk. He secured a vacant room in the dormitory, on the same floor as Carl Evins.

The day after Hughes' arrival he was on the campus talking with a crowd of fellows whom he had just met, among them Carl. Presently the crowd was joined by Nat Wills. Then the talk naturally dirfted to base ball. In a very unconcerned manner Nat asked Hughes if he ever played ball. Yes, he used to play a little, backstopped on a kid nine over in his home town. This seemed to interest Nat very much, so he asked Hughes to come out for practice next day, which he agreed to do.

The following afternoon Hughes went out for practice. He hadn't been there fifteen minutes before he impressed the crowd very favorably. He also made a good impression upon the crowd. "He will put Stevens out of business," "Nearly as good as Evins," "Believe he's a little better," "certainly is a wizard," were the characteristic expressions that went around.

While this was going on at the ball ground, Carl Evins was alone in his room, meditating. "Yes, I know I've seen him somewhere," he kept telling himself. But where it was he couldn't recall. Carl decided to visit Hughes' room-

mate and find out something about Hughes, if possible. On entering he saw that Hughes' room-mate was absent, but decided to wait a few minutes. He started to sit down, but his attention was attracted by a picture of Hughes upon the dresser. He went over and picked it up. On the back side were the words, "Taken in Irkston." A flood of recollections rushed into Carl's mind. "Yes, Irkston, Irkston, that's the place." A sudden resolve took possession of him. "Taken in Irkston," he read. "No, taken in Hughes' room," he added, dropping the picture into his pocket, hastily leaving the room and going to his own.

"Yes, I've seen him, it was at Irkston, and I think he was playing—, well, I won't; I'll just enclose this picture in a letter and find out."

It was just one week till the opening ball game, and Carl was out watching the practice. Hughes now held the position of regular catcher. Carl watched his playing very critically, and could scarcely find any fault with it. "But I wonder how many games he will catch?" thought Carl as he left the ground.

Upon arriving at his room, he found a letter awaiting him, bearing the postmark of Irkston. He hastily opened and read the letter.

The next morning he halted Nat as the latter was crossing the campus.

"Say, Nat, think I'll come out and practice for the nine," he exclaimed cheerily.

"Perhaps we don't need you now," was the cool reply.

"Well maybe you don't now," snapped Carl, "but you will soon."

"Why?" queried Nat, very apparently surprised.

"It's just this way," explained Carl. "I've taken particular pains to find out a few things about the so-called Dick Hughes, whose name you know as well as I, is Richard Houston. To be brief, I found that he's a cut and dried professional, having been playing in the leagues for three

seasons. It may cost me my dip to play ball, but I won't see the name of the college which I love, disgraced in such a manner as this. Now, do you know why?"

A few days later Dick Hughes left college. No one seemed to know just why he left. Various rumors went around, but only three knew the real cause and they were Tom Irwin, Nat Wills and Carl Evins. F., '07.

Oliver Cromwell.

Perhaps there is no name recorded in the history of England, the sound of which suggests so readily the idea of ambition, usurpation and tyranny, as that of Oliver Cromwell. In the minds of many, his methods, used in forwarding the great purpose of his life, have completely overshadowed the purity of his motives and the results of his mission. Sound a note of praise in his behalf and immediately every nook and corner of England will defiantly resound with the mighty chorus of a "King beheaded," "An Ireland Slaughtered" and a "Scotland ignominously subjected." Whether England and the other nations of the earth have dealt justly with the memory of this human enigma, it shall be the purpose of this sketch to point out.

Before entering into the many phased life of Cromwell, it will not be amiss perhaps to state briefly a few facts about his ancestors and early environments, for no two factors do more than these in determining the governing principles of a man's life, or, in short, in shaping his destiny. Until comparatively recent times Cromwell was believed to have been the son of a brewer or butcher, but this is no longer accepted as true, since history has proven that he was descended from the first of English nobility and was, in fact, related to Charles the First, whom he had beheaded when England and Parliament were groveling at his feet. Not long after his birth in 1599 his father, through some misfortune, was forced to move to the stagnant marshes of the Ouse, there to bring up his family in poverty. Here we

have the best blood of England flowing through the veins of one who, by mere chance, was thrown in the heart of a bare wasted country, canopied by fogged skies and washed by muddy streams. The character of such scenes impressed itself upon the very soul of Cromwell, being reflected in the gloominess of his later years. We are not then surprised when Cromwell is pointed out to us as a fanatic, for such generally proceed from sad and unhappy surroundings. The burning sands of Arabia gave to the world Mahomet; from the ice-clad peaks of Lower Germany, there came forth the great Reformer, Luther; from the miry paths of the Ouse, the Protector, Cromwell, was sprung. All of these were swept by some great ideal or purpose in life. That of Cromwell was the establishment of the freedom of conscience, and his whole life, as we shall presently see, was spent in the advancement and accomplishment of his one great aim.

When but eighteen years of age he was called, on account of his father's death, to the support of his mother and sister. Soon after this he was married to a young heiress, as enthusiastic and religious as himself. With his young wife and mother he moved to Huntington, where ten years of his life were spent in perfect domestic tranquility. During these quiet and uneventful years, we have in Cromwell a plain tiller of the soil, distinguished by "his homely English virtues, his strong common sense and independence, his earnest piety and forwardness in all good works." As we take a view at the religious world at this time we see a cold heartlessness and intense selfishness dominating the hearts of men. Being of a sad and contemplative nature, the chief thought of his day, that of religious reform, seized upon his mind, and not being able to overcome this prevailing passion of the times, he, like many of his comrades, was swept into the howling sea of fanaticism. This passion for religious reform, as before stated, found a welcome in the sad and gloomy disposition of Oliver; so we next have him as a leader of a small band of faithful adherents, bound to-

gether in the common cause of puritanic Protestantism, as opposed to Catholicism.

Having remarked briefly concerning the early life of Cromwell and the daily influence and forces that were at work shaping and moulding his destiny, we now enter into that period of his life at which his public career was begun—a period in which there could be seen in the political sky of England, dark menacing clouds of discord, floating in an atmosphere of dissatisfaction and rebellion. The first act that was instrumental in making him known beyond the narrow bounds of his own immediate vicinity, was his election as a member of Parliament in 1629. No one of his supporters at that time was endowed with enough foresight to see in Cromwell a man of great military genius, or one possessing unusual intellectual ability and oratorical power. Naturally then we ask, why was he elected, since he lacked both the qualities of a skilful politician or an eloquent speaker? The answer to this is that Cromwell was the greatest religious fanatic of his party, therefore the ideal man upon whom its choice should rest. It was with great hesitancy, however, that he accepted the proffered office, for he realized his inability to fill the position. When prevailed upon to accept in the cause of religion, he did so reluctantly.

To understand clearly the conduct of Cromwell in this almost predestined position, let us glance hurriedly at the state of England at he period in which he appeared upon the stage of public life. Shortly after this time Henry the Eighth, in a passion of anger against the Church of Rome, capriciously changed the religion of his country. Monks and monasteries instantly became objects of pillage and derision. Faith in the Roman Catholic religion became a crime and its name a scandal throughout England. By this one thoughtless act of a whimsical monarch the Catholic nation was swept from English soil. The King and his councillors, however, after deliberation, reinstated the old religion just so far as it was beneficial to himself and the

clergy and misleading to his subjects. Immediately the Church of England was created and every King since Henry has been compelled to defend the Anglican Church. Henry, in his fit of anger, did not forsee that his act, in itself, embodied to a large degree the principles of the right of liberty of conscience. This idea of religious freedom became in time to be the one thought of England. Consequently those who disliked the new institution set up by the King, rejected it as readily as Henry himself did the Catholic Religion. Innumerable religious parties were soon founded, the strongest of which was the Puritan or Independent Party, with Cromwell as its leader. Charles, the First, Henry's successor, was a liberty-loving King and would have done England incalcuable service had he been called upon to rule at any other time. The act of his father had destroyed the confidence of the people, so they turned their eyes anxiously toward Parliament as their safeguard and deliverer. Charles was conscientious as well as brave and he felt himself duty-bound to hand down to his successors that unlimited exercise of royal authority which the constitution of England bestows upon her Kings. As a result he was looked upon as a public enemy, working for his own and not for the good of his country. The awakening of the people to their religious as well as their political rights in reality marked the beginning of that long and mighty struggle between Parliament and the King, a struggle out of which emanated a stupendous civil war resulting finally in a King beheaded and a country gentleman raised to the throne.

Let us now direct our attention toward Cromwell as a parliamentarian and discover his attitude to the foremost questions of the day. We find that he is remembered not by any great speech he made for the coloring he gave to English politics, but by the modest, quiet and straightforward manner in which he conducted himself. Rarely did he take any part in the great parliamentary debates discussing the critical state of affairs confronting the English

nation. In fact, his voice was heard only when an opportunity presented itself for him to make a plea in behalf of religious freedom or to strike a blow at Catholicism, which, in conjunction with the newly founded religion, was struggling for supremacy.

During this memorable period of Cromwell's career as a parliamentarian, historians differ as to the real aim and motive of his life. Some in portraying his character have given us a mere creature of the imagination, desirous of worldly fame and popularity, while others have approached the extreme, and we have as a result a man corsely attired, whose gaze is forever fixed upon the glittering splendour of a jeweled crown. By reading the private letters of Cromwell to his wife and friends at this time, not a word can be found which shows that he fostered any passion other than his creed, or any ambition aside from his Heavenly aspirations. Between the sessions of Parliament he always returned to his agricultural pursuits, in the meanwhile working to entrench himself more strongly in the religious opinion of his followers. Having read his confidential letter in which he poured out the inmost thoughts and aspirations of his soul, shall we say with his enemies, that he was only using one of his many deceptive schemes to fool his people and posterity when in reality his eyes were turned toward the royal seat? Shall we go further and pronounce his life a veritable chain of hypocracy? Nay, whatever our views have been in the past concerning the Protector, we must henceforth ally ourselves with the unprejudiced and the fair-minded and recognize the true character of Cromwell as is shown by his life and actions.

In the meanwhile the trouble between the King and Parliament was increasing. The royal prerogative was severely attacked and Charles was daily weakening his power by granting unnecessary concessions to Parliament. The cause of disorder was laid at the feet of the helpless King; merciless accusations were heaped upon his innocent shoulders

and he was thought by all to be encroaching upon the rights of the people. The popular mind of the Puritan party was flooded with the idea of religious liberty and its efforts were no longer put forth for the accomplishment of its own selfish desires, but for the establishment of the freedom of religious faith for its fellows as well. This tide of rebellious sentiment was constantly rising, and ere long the inevitableness of civil war dawned upon every mind.

Let us now pass to a more important phase of his life—that of his military career. Since the first election of Cromwell to Parliament he steadily grew in popularity with the masses, as is shown by his second election from a larger and more influential county. His last years in Parliament were occupied more with the thoughts of the coming struggle than with parliamentary affairs. He easily saw in the dawn of this great national upheaval the magnitude of the coming conflict, and knew it would be one of national scope. Preparations for this stupendous struggle were being made on both sides, so we are not surprised when he, understanding the true condition of affairs, left the House of Parliament for his home at St. Ives. There we see him gaining the confidence of the people by his religious fervor and making soldiers out of sectarians. His star loomed upon the military horizon with the suddenness of a meteor; men flocked to him in great numbers offering themselves as sacrifices upon the altar of future racial development. The skill with which he trained his troops made his party feel that the right man was at the helm to steer the Puritan ship of state across the bloody sea of civil discord and contention. Just here historians are prone to believe that Cromwell's purpose changed from that of religion to the acquisition of worldly power and fame—On the contrary he instructed all of his subordinates to preach divine truths to their soldiers as well as instruct them in military affairs. The preservation of the souls of men became more than ever his chief aim in life.

As before stated the wide spread fame and popularity of Cromwell designated him chief of the approaching religious war, which was confirmed by an act of Parliament.

Thenceforth for four long years of internecine war the Royalist and Puritan forces clasped each other in deadly embrace. The hills and plains of England resounded with the noise of battle while her streams ran red with the blood of her own citizens. Nothing daunted those indomitable "Ironsides" of Cromwell, for their souls were possessed with the consciousness of their Master's approval. The genius of Cromwell, displayed in this civil war, attracted the attention of many: in fact, the eyes of every nation were fixed upon him as he led his marshaled host to victory. The King's forces, after four years of hardships and stinging defeat, succumbed to the inevitable, thereby leaving the future destiny of England in the hands of Parliament. During the whole course of his military life, Cromwell showed himself a man of deep emotional qualities and not a military bully, conscious of power. He attributed his success to divine intervention, proving that his religious zeal was as great at this period of his worldly achievements as at any time previous.

Closely associated with the idea of religious freedom is that of political freedom. This new conception of freedom had taken possession of the Puritan mind even before the close of the war. Their safeguard, accordingly, became republicanism, and Cromwell himself finally decided that the salvation of the country depended upon the dethroning of the house of Stewarts and in the founding of a republic. This then was to be the next step of Cromwell, for he was the foremost man in England at tha close of the war. This change should not lower him in our estimation for we must remember that in every great movement the first purpose of revolt is nearly always lost sight of by the demand of the times. Parliament and the people demanded a republican form of government and Cromwell gradually turned toward

republicanism. He firmly believed that a free and full interplay of religious ideas could never be realized under a monarchial form of government, hence his idea of setting up a republic and in sending Charles the First to the block.

Just at this time a reaction set in against Cromwell. With the falling of the axe, which severed the head of Charles from his body, a veil was lifted from the eyes of his countrymen and henceforth he was associated with the detestable politician and usurper. The conscience of England was touched and sympathy for the departed monarch reigned in every breast. Although England was beginning to dislike this man, who had thus abused his authority and reputation by introducing the element of crime in his character, she was forced to accept him as dictator, since he was still the idol of the army, which was in turn master of Parliament.

The King beheaded, the royalists vanquished, Ireland slaughtered, Scotland reduced to subjection, and Parliament subdued, Cromwell had nothing further to desire unless it was the English throne. His next movement, that of appointing himself dictator of England, ought to be sufficient in itself to prove to posterity that he was working for the good of his country and not for his own personal aggrandizement. He himself was loathe to act as dictator but he knew well that he was the only man in England who could rule at this particular period. Backed by the army he could have placed the crown upon his own head, but this was not his object, and, again, he was far too wise to suppose a new dynasty could be founded in England.

As dictator of England, Cromwell wrought wonders upon the political life of that nation. During the short space of ten years, he laid the foundations upon which she was to build her future greatness. Under the magic touch of his hand, she was transformed into one of the leading nations of the world and a wave of prosperity swept over her, greater than any she had ever experienced under her most zeal-

ous monarchs. It would seem that the example set by Cromwell, in sending Charles to the block, would have introduced a state of lawlessness and anarchy in England but, as a matter of fact, truer patriotism never burned in the breasts of a people than in the so-called fanatics of Cromwell's day. By their pious zeal and determination the English nation was placed on a higher plane of internal development than she had been in years gone by. Peace was made with hitherto hostile countries and new territory was brought under English control. The federation of three discordant countries, Ireland, Scotland and England was brought about. Again, English vessels could be seen ploughing the restless bosom of the main, bearing proudly the streaming banners of a glorious nation. Thus we see that Cromwell did incalculable service to England, whereas, had it been his desire he could have reduced that country to hopeless ruin. Although he was the only Protector of England, the principles of republicanism were incarnated in the very life of English politics. Henceforth a King was to rule but the character of his subjects would be different fro mthose of his predecessors. Under Cromwell the popular mind of England was sparkling with ideas of religious and political freedom. The awakening of this hitherto unknown giant, public sentiment, established a new relation between the King and his subjects, for following the awakening there came the cold steps of realization.

During this period of increditable aggressiveness, Cromwell was even more of a theologian than Protector; vain worldly pleasures gave way to things eternal. So closely attached was he to religious ideas, he felt himself the "Elect of God," chosen to govern his people by divine inspiration. This inspiration was in truth, the incentive to all his deeds. Having established religious freedom for his people, his one thought became the salvation of his own soul, for already he was on the decline. His deep-felt sorrow caused by the death of his mother, about this time, coupled with

a slow intermittent fever, was fast bringing the life of the illustrious Protector to a close. During his last days he seemed wholly unconscious of his material surroundings, his chief thought being of his home beyond the stars. A singular coincidence, which has created much superstition, is the fact that he departed as he came, in the midst of a terrible tempest. It seemed as if nature herself was convulsed in her efforts to take the life of the only man who could govern England during the period of her darkest days.

Having taken up step by step the life of Cromwell, it becomes impossible to say that he was insincere. His profound sincerity was in truth the basis of his elevation and the only explanation of his deeds. Had he been more sparing and prudent in his crimes, his name would be placed upon list of the world's heroes and his name hallowed by the English nation. Even now, there is no specific denunciation against his character, but a general disfavor; he wounded the national pride of England by his cold-blooded murders, which alone will forever tarnish his memory. While he promoted the grandeur of England, she is inclined to suppress his glory because of the results of his fanaticism. She cannot help but recognize his work, while at the same time she blushes to be indebted to a man who has left such an unpopular memory. Despite all of his crimes and cruelties, the name of Cromwell means more to each succeeding generation. As time unfolds itself, so does history in its search after truth reveal to the mind of man the true account of heroes long departed. Critics may dissect and bury the memory of one whom they dislike, but truth will some day arise, throw off her dusky shroud and walk the earth in raiments of pure white.

S. W. Taylor, '07.

The Childlike Faith.

Tomorrow I will do some good,
  It now is in my soul,
This I can do to him who needs,
  To him who seeks a goal.

But ere the morrow's sun doth rise,
  To tint the east with gold,
My purpose hoth been blown away
  And sin hath stained my soul.

And when it seems that I could act
  For duty, God, and right,
My thoughts like beams of day have fled,
  And vanished into night.

Once simple truth was on my lips;
  I spoke it unawares.
But, Oh! When now I think of it,
  I drop some silent tears.

For why is now this vision dim;
  This life a load of cares,
When then I had sweet peace with Him,
  And spake truth unawares.

Thanks to Thee, kind Father,
  For the lesson given;
And now by simple childlike faith,
  I'll gain a view of heaven.

H. L. Creech, '09.

Christmas Memories.

A forest of stunted Northern pines, with the ground covered with snow; Santa Claus is driving with a grand sweep along the outskirts of wood; the reindeer leap at the crack of the whip, and there is a sound of sleigh bells in the air. The jolly, good Saint is wrapped in furs, and his great

sleigh is piled high with all manner of toys. Somewhere in the depths of the forest is his palace, where all the year he has been gathering up Christmas gifts. He and his agents have been in all the markets of the world and purchased a supply of playthings adequate to the demands of the thousands of children, with their thousands of wishes—some expressed in notes and some in prayers.

In a few days we will be going home to spend Christmas. Happy indeed should be the young man whose privilege it is to spend the holidays in the home where he first hung his stocking for Santa Claus. You have outgrown the little trundle bed, the custom of looking for Santa Claus, and perhaps your mother's good-night kiss; but I am sorry for that young man who has outgrown the pleasant memories of those early Christmas days. There's something wrong with him.

Don't you remember how about three weeks before Xmas you looked in every old picture book in the house for the blooming countenance of the big-stomached Saint? Oh, how eagerly you read every word you could find about him! Don't you remember, how along about Xmas time you began to be real good? How many notes did you not write? And when the family circle gathered around the hearth after supper—long before Christmas eve—you children consulted, as you sat at the feet of your parents, just where you would hang your stocking—who should have middle place, who the right and left end. Then when you knelt and said "Now I lay me down to sleep," you tacked on a special petition at the end for a drum, or horn, or wooden horse. And after monther's loving hands had tucked the cover close about your neck and she had taken the good-night kiss, you stood in dreamland—just on the borders of the pine forest in the far North; the ground was white with sonw, and from the depths of the forest came the sound of sleighbells; with a bound the reindeer cleared the woods, and you caught a vision of the numerous toys piled high in

the sleigh around the red-faced old Saint. Then the scene in dreamland changed, and there was a shimmer if candle-light, red berries, green, thorny leaves, and you glimpsed a Christmas tree, loaded with gifts. And thus you dreamed and dreamed the nights away. But, oh, that night of all nights—Christmas eve. Would the folks never go to bed and let the fire die down, so dear old Santa Claus could come down without burning his feet? You had been in bed since good dark, and, oh, why didn't those bad fellows stop firing crackers out on the street and go home and go to bed? Didn't they know the reindeer were afraid of fire-crackers? Long before midnight you began to think of getting up and examining the stockings. And in the morning! Oh, what wealth those stockings held! Horns, dolls, cap-pistols, tin horses—just what you wanted! You turned the stockings wrongside-out; yes, Santa Claus had got your note —it was not there. Oh, what a dear old fellow he was! What arch-fiends were those who recently talked in a big conference of doing away with Santa Claus? Who could be so vile as to say it was teaching children false ideas? Well, it doesn't matter who they were. They are not worthy of consideration.

Boys, when you go home Christmas, think about the days when you looked for Santa Claus. I am sorry for you if you have outgrown these pleasant memories. They are the angel spirits of the sweetest moments that ever winged their flight above you. Go out in the yard with the children Christmas morning and help them look for the reindeers' tracks around the old chimney—you have done it many a time when you were little. Read to them anything you can find about Santa Claus before Xmas eve; their little hearts will bound with joy—even as yours did once. Do this and the Christmas of 1906 will be a day in which joy shall run golden threads through the gray homespun of every-day life.

DeLeon Spencer.

The White Sail.

The soft spring breeze blew lightly o'er
  The lake at Commondale,
And as I sat there on the shore
  I saw a small white sail;
The little boat rocked lightly on
  The clear calm mountain lake,
And every shoal seemed to be gone,—

  They all lay in its wake.
The sail came on and still it came,
  And ever nearer drew,
Till I could see its gilded name
  And recognize its crew;
The decks were clean and every lad
  A right good weapon bore,
And I could see that they were glad
  To reach again the shore.
The good ship anchored and I saw
  The proud name "Justice" there,
And right beneath was written "Law",
  And "Both I proudly bear."
The shore was Carolina's own,
  The lake was that of Time,
The shoals were murders, past and gone,
Now comes a new regime.

* * * * * *

Immortal soul, most trusted one
  Of all her glorious sons wert thou,
She loved thee, honored thee, and how
  She leaned on thee, her noblest son!

No danger e'er became so great,
  Never duty so hard to bear,
That thou didst not, without a fear,
  Come to the rescue of thy State.

When the shot and shell were flying
  From an enemy's smoking guns,
When men and boys, all noble sons,
  On the battlefield lay dying;

When a son, riding at thy side,
  Was struck by an enemy's shot,
Thou didst not stop, no, thou didst not,
  But kissed him, left him, and he died.

Oh! Hampton, Carolina's own,
  The noblest of a noble race,
Son of the soil that dost embrace
  And claim thy body as her own:

We love and honor the mem'ry
  Of one so great, that one our own,
And wish that more, not one alone,
  Might but have been as great as he.

* * * * * *

The Autumn winds blew wildly o'er
  The lake at Commondale,
And as I walked the beaten shore,
  I saw the same white sail;
The canvas now had larger grown,
  The texture whiter still,
The lads had mem'ries of an one
  That strengthened their good will.

The ship had weathered storms of rain,
  And wind and sleet and hail,
But proudly she came in again,
  Bearing the same white sail;
The decks were clean and every lad
  The same good weapon bore,
And I could see that they were glad
  To reach again the shore.

The good ship anchored and I saw
  The same proud "Justice" worn,
And right beneath the same brave "Law",
  And "Both I've proudly borne."
The Rubicon is now behind,
  Our brave leader gone,
Carolina must her future find,
  The new regime is on.

Archie Willis, '08.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

An able critic has said: "If you pieced together the noblest qualities of a million human beings the net result would not be a Stevenson." A noble tribute this, and some may think undeserved, but to those who knew him and, perforce, loved him, even such unqualified praise will not seem amiss. Courage, industry, generosity, cheerfulness, spirituality, great-heartedness—these and more found full expression in his life. Like many of the world's choice spirits he died young and full of promise, but his claim for greatness rests, not on what he might have done, but what he actually achieved.

If it is possible to pick out a single quality he possessed that of itself largely accounts for his meriting such enthusiastic praise that quality is his courage. Courage in a soldier under fire brings glory and honor, but the courage of the sick bed, despite its sublimer motive, must seek reward at the bar of God. Stevenson was one of the heroic figures of our race. Physically weak and always battling with disease, he did not lose heart, but with undaunted courage bravely, half defiantly struggled against the fate which he knew must soon overtake him. How hard and bitter the struggle was, how nobly he bore his sufferings uncomplainingly before God and man, and how great a conqueror he came off in the end the world is beginning to know.

From his birth he was a sickly child, and there were many winters that he never crossed the threshold of his father's house. Yet it was seldom that the time hung heavy on his hands, for he had a wonderfully fertile imagination that was always devising some new kind of game. He was ever a cheerful child and took his ill health as a matter of course. Only in the long winter nights, when he was tormented by the darkness and exhausted from coughing did he lose heart and cry out against his lot. Then his devoted nurse would lift him out of his little bed, and carrying him to the window, show him a light burning in another home, where, she comfortingly suggested, there might be another sick little boy patiently waiting for the morning. With such a trying childhood it is more than strange that he never grew old in spirit, but to the last remained a genuine, fun-loving boy. Despite its light heartedness, the spirit of youth is too often crushed by sickness and confinement, and is left hopeless, a pitiable slave to despondency. When a mere child he observed to his mother that one could not be good without praying. On being asked why he replied, "Because I've tried it." From then on he never ceased to testify to the efficacy of prayer, and in his last years composed those noble, inspiring "Vailima Prayers" that the world will never cease repeating.

A descendant of staid Scotch Presbyterians, it would have been passing strange if he had not been deeply religious. True, his religion differed much from that of his father, but it was none the less genuine. He was not a God-fearing but a God-loving man. His was not a blind unquestioning reverence for God, but a reverence born of much doubting. He never went whining to his God for mercy; he did not ask for success and prosperity, but for "courage and gaiety and the quiet mind." No favors do I ask, O Lord, only a fighting chance to do a man's part. Such was his attitude to God. When adversity pressed hard upon him he was not cast down, but with an abiding faith

and bouyant optimism he remembered "the saviour of past mercies and past pleasures", and clung to the hope

> "That somehow the right is the right
> And the smooth will bloom from the rough."

Stevenson's industry has well nigh become proverbial. His letters to his intimate friends were always filled with plans for new work. Ideas came thick and fast. Long before one piece of work was finished he had planned others, and would look forward to starting them with almost childish anticipation. Yet, with his brain full of new ideas, he never hurried what he had on hand, but patiently wrote and rewrote until he was sure he had done his utmost. The artist's love of perfection was strong in him, and he could "go on forever and fail and go on again" sustained by the consciousness that every effort was a step nearer "the great white throne" of his desire. In early manhood Fate had whispered that his time was short and he responded nobly, working in season and out of season, without regard for his health. "Rest?" said he. "I shall rest in the grave."

He was a genuine lover of men. Intensely human himself, what cared he if they "were more or less spoiled in the making" so long as they were loyal, kind and courageous. Sailors, no matter how rough and uncouth they might be, were his favorites, for they too like he, loved "the genial dangers of the sea" and were not afraid to do and dare. Struggling men of various classes found in him a sympathetic friend, ever willing to aid with advice or money. Wherever he went men loved the frank, generous, light-hearted young man who made friends with everybody.

Undoubtedly Stevenson led the most romantic life of any literary man of his day. Away from the accustomed haunts of men, on a far off tropical island, surrounded by a few loved ones and the simple-hearted natives whom half the world thought cannibals, he spent the closing years of his life in exile. There were very few whites there—only

traders who fleeced the dark-skinned islanders unmercifully, and a few government employes. Naturally the natives were glad to have such a man as Stevenson in their midst, and showed him many unusual honors. He was consulted by the leading men of the island on various important questions. Distorted rumor bore this back to the world, and there were many stories told of his purpose to become an island king. His friends knew how absurd such rumors were, but the world was ready and willing to believe them. At intervals his articles would appear in the magazines, glowing with descriptions of blue skies and sapphire seas, tropical islands and dark-eyed women—and how their luxury-loving souls envied him!

Stevenson was a past master in the art of conversation. His teachers all agreed that he was much more interesting as a talker than a student. A born wanderer, a keen observer with an eye for the beautiful, and an insatiable curiosity that led him into many unfrequented places; he was able to interest almost any company. Unconsciously and unobtrusively he took the lead in conversation, and his friends were only too glad to be passive listeners or to say just enough to draw him out. He was always keyed up to the highest pitch, and expressed his opinions with an enthusiasm that revealed the intensity of his feelings. Everything possessed a rediculous side for him and his bright, whymsical humor was ever recurring to enliven all who were present.

In the latter years of his life, when he had finally settled on that far off island of the sea, separated, as he knew, forever from the world and most that was dear to him, he did not grow dispondent. Month after month he sent back to the world messages brimful of hope and good spirits. "Life is far better fun than people dream who fall asleep among chimney-stacks and telegraph poles." Just as long as courage and cheerfulness are virtues in the eyes of a complaining world, so long will Robert Louis Stevenson be

loved by men. The public at large may forget Stevenson the author, though much that he has written bids fair to endure, but it can never forget Stevenson the man.

Abie S. Nettles, '08.

A Woman's Way.

Jerry Hughes was a typical inhabitant of the country surrounding Gardiner, Montana. A giant in size, and of commanding mien, he was selected by the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company as a fit person to drive one of their stages on its weekly trips through the dangerous passes of the Park. More than once had he by his strong arms, quick judgment and acute mind, saved the passengers of his coach from an awful and immediate death over the precipices which bordered the road almost continually. But Jerry, like most mortals, had his weak point. This was his unconquerable desire for rum. He was never in a better condition to steer the coach in safety than when he had taken about three fingers of the vile stuff. Repeatedly he had attempted to curb his appetite for the drink, but each attempt ended in a still greater debauch.

In the spring of 1905 the government appointed Bernard Sullivan postmaster at Gardiner. With him came his daughter Juanita, a lovely lass, whose face was fairer far than the lily of the field, and whose jetty eyes sparkled like diamonds. A mass of blackest hair crowned her queenly head.

She had no sooner arrived in the quaint, queer and curious town than she decided to take a trip thro the Park. As luck would have it, she was in the coach which Jerry drove. It was a case of love at first sight which only deepened when he had conversed with the maid. He spared her no attention, and pointed out to her in a manner which indicated more than mere admiration the Golden Gate, Twin Lakes and the other sights of the Park which increased in grandeur as the journey progressed.

Juanita was deeply impressed with Jerry, though she would scarcely admit herself in love with the muscular and attractive Westerner.

But they had now reached the banks of the peaceful and golden Yellowstone River and were preparing for the return to Gardiner. Here Juanita was patiently sitting upon the banks waiting for the numerous fish which she saw in the crystal waters to bite. Jerry saw her and falteringly approached.

"Miss Juanita," said he, "if you'll try this hook on your line you'll probably have better luck. The black one which you have on your line is easily seen by the fish.'

She accepted it with a blush while he sat beside her on the rock and assisted her in fitting it on her line. Soon she was again fishing.

"Miss Juanita," said he, after a long silence, "you have my heart. You are too young, tender, and beautiful to love a rough fellow like me. But, my love, you have my heart."

Juanita was touched by the words of the first man she had ever loved, but she spoke in a voice which was sweet tho stern and commanded hope even tho speaking words of dispair. "Mr. Hughes, a man's heart should not be trampled under foot. Neither should a woman be careless of her future. Father has requested, yea, commanded, that I should not marry a drunkard. If you will leave off the wretched drink for one year I will consider your request—for I love you."

Jerry's first impulse was to embrace her and plant a kiss upon her marble brow, but she calmly waved him off, and muttered the one word, "Wait."

Both were joyful on the homeward journey—Jerry, because he had won the love of his ideal and was confident in his ability to carry out the condition, and Juanita because she had deserved the love of a true-hearted man.

Bernard Sullivan consented to the promise which Juanita

had made to Jerry, but expressed his doubts as to his ability to carry out his compact.

At the end of each week's journey through the Park, Jerry always called on Juanita. Through all the long summer months Jerry kept his promise, though a casual observer could see that he was laboring under a severe mental strain. Then the shorter days of autumn dragged slowly by.

It was then that Jaunita decided to spend the winter with a school friend in Ewingston.

When Jerry came in on Christmas eve from a perilous drive through the snowy passes of the Park, he was cold and dejected. Dejected because "his lady," as he called her, had left him in Gardiner alone. The saloon seemed to be the only attractive place in the town. There were gathered a crowd of men shouting and singing. Thither hurried Jerry and soon he was as merry as the merriest in the crowd. They entered the saloon and began the old sociable game of poker. Jerry's winnings were large, and somehow unconsciously he found himself drinking a glass of whiskey. This liberated his long captive appetite and soon he was prostrate on the sidewalk. He was in this condition when Bernard Sullivan passed.

Juanita returned in a few days and was informed by her father of what had happened. She would not believe it. But when she had it from the mouth of Jerry himself her grief was boundless. With the eloquence of a great heart he asked her to try him once more, but she refused him, saying that she would leave for the East on the next morning's train.

Jerry was desperate. That morning he and his old companion, Carl Montgomery, left for another trip thro the Park. In the coach were three young men. The horses were new ones and as they began to round the curve at Golden Gate they rushed ahead at breakneck speed. Immediately the three young men jumped out unhurt. Carl

was determined to go to the death with his friend if necessary, but Jerry compelled him to jump.

Jerry's strong hand could not curb the maddened steeds as they rushed headlong over the precipice at the sharpest point of the cruve. He clung defiantly to the reins as he shouted, "Just tell her that I died like a man."

And the previously golden stream at the foot of the precipice flowed on in a crimson grandeur amid the roar of the falls above. B. N. A., '07.

A Dream of Autumn.

The golden leaves are falling 'neath the balmy Southern skies,
And the cool, refreshing West-wind wafts along the mock-bird's cries.
The luscious fruit is pendant on the overburdened tree,
And the russet grain is waving like a vast and golden sea.

The cotton fields extending just as far as eye can see,
Utter plainer than the prophet of the South's prosperity.
The stately stalks of pearly corn lift up their heads on high.
And the sugar-cane is rustling, as the wind goes howling by.

B. N. A., '07.

Alfred Tennyson, the Man and the Poet.

The first part of the nineteenth century is a rich and wonderful period in the history of English literature. Wonderfully rich in thought, abounding in romance, and glowing in love for man, nature and human life. Perhaps no other period in the world's history is quite so full of new ideas, strange new conceptions of man's duty to man and in interest and attention to the outer world of nature. The imaginative minds of the poets were fired by the idea that the world was beginning anew. "A sealed fountain of romance burst forth and flowed majestically down the centruy." The

wonder that predominated the interest and attention of the men of this time is surpassed only by that of the age of chivalry.

Wordsworth, the "high priest of nature" found infinite pleasure in the deep haunts of nature; Coleridge cast a twilight of fancy and supernaturalism over the country; Byron ran up and down the continent acting upon the stage of Europe, and expressing in his characteristic manner, the melancholy spirit of the time. But ere 1830 the voices of these revolutionary poets were hushed, and England was calling for another poet. Was there another who would respond to the nation's call? There was but one man in the nation who could supply this demand and this man was "no less a poet" than Alfred Tennyson.

In Somersby, a wooded hamlet of Lincolnshire, England, lived Reverend George Clayton Tennyson, rector of Somersby, unto whom eleven children were born. It is said "they formed a lively household, amusements being agreeably mingled with their daily tasks."

The fourth son, Alfred, was born 1809. "His father was a man of superior and varied attainments; his mother a pious woman of admirable qualities. From his sweet, gentle mother the poet inherited his refined, shrinking nature." Early in his youth he showed a love for poetry, and soon under the influence of Byron, began to make rhymes. While he was yet quite young "his father required him to memorize the odes of Horace which aided him in cultivating a delicate sense for metrical music." He was a pupil of South Grammar School four years. Then he was taught in a private school under the direction of his father. In 1828 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, leaving in 1831 without a degree. While at Cambridge he formed the friendship of a company of choice spirits who regarded him with warmest admiration, and some of them appreciated his earliest writings. He won the chancellor's gold medal for the prize poem "Timbuctoo." In 1830 he published a volume of poems

which gave him celebrity beyond his set of college acquaintances."

Alfred Tennyson owed much to his wise father. During the period of his daydreaming he was given a moderate amount of study by his father which allowed some time for rambling through the pastures and woods about Somersby and Bag Enderby. This is the period in which he let his imagination go full and free, building many air castles. This is the period in which he gathered material for later life. This imaginative period was not wasted, for in the quiet hours spent alone in the woods and pastures the boy's mind was meditative and free to indulge in fancies which took shape in crude poems." Later in life he confessed how "joyful and free from blame" he was when he walked in the healthful and balmy woods:

"The smell of violets, hidden in the green
  Poured back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
  Joyful and free from blame."

"All of these sharp fancies" came to him, presenting a vivid picture of his youth, and he found sweetness in reflection which acted as a balm for the crucial times of his riper life.

"This period of day-dreaming was followed by one of intellectual activity." Unlike the Poet Shelley intellectually, he did not remain a boy always, but he passed out of the imaginative world into that wider and deeper sphere in which the intellect being supreme, is enabled by means of greater power to probe beneath the surface of things and search out for itself the deeper and more important things which go to make up the full and mature life. The poems written during this period contain a whole world of thought, Such as is in this verse:

"I falter where I firmly trod,
  And falling with my weight of cares

Upon the great world's altar-stairs,
That slope thro' darkness up to God."

It is as deep as the mind of man has ever penetrated. It deals with the great thoughts that underlie human experience. Such are the writings of Tennyson's mature life.

Tennyson is called a second class poet with a first rate gift. The defect, the crititcs claim, is that he has not sufficient thought; hedoes not deal with the thought or mind of man. The same critics, after taking a retrospect, may have added: "Yet he is the author of the greatest poem of the nineteenth century; a monumental work of his age."

Tennyson is greatest as a lyric poet. His first work—"Poems Chiefly Lyrical"—was published 1830. "Not having naturally the rhythmical faculty of Byron or Shelley, he conquered the technical difficulties by painstaking study and labor." The first poem in this early volume bears the undertitle of a "Melody," and in the word Tennyson shows an exact appreciation of his own power. Of the once sweet lady, Claribel, he sings:

"Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
The clear-voiced mavis dewlleth,
The callow throstle lispeth,
The slumbrous wave outwelleth,
The babbling runnel crispeth,
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low-lieth."

It has an imaginative charm, something almost magical in its bewitchment. It is artistic, full of imagery and beauty. The poet possessed an intensely artistic mind, alive to vision and power of beauty; and he polished and remoulded his poems with the interest of making them more perfect in harmony. In this way he has perfected them in melody to a height never before attained in English poetry.

The second volume of poems, published in 1842, contains some of his loveliest lyrics. In this volume is the "Lady

of Shalott," the finest and most artistic poem the poet has written. It has a lovely mystery about it which lends it a charm; a subtility of language which makes it a work of art. The lady, moving gracefully before the mirror weaves the magic net in which she is entangled:

> "But in her net she still delights
> To weave the mirror's magic sights,
> And so she weaveth steadily,
> And little other cares has she,
> The Lady of Shalott."

As a work of imaginative art this poem stands foremost in the language.

There is one quality which distinguishes his view of nature from that of other poets. It is the scientific accuracy of his observation. Nature to Tennyson is not a passion or love, but she is a law. He sees in nature the movement of law, and the fulfilment of purposes which are a part of the universal order. He was under no delusion as to the meaning of nature, for he had accepted the concessions of science. To his mind nature everywhere seemed constant and uniform;a consensus of action and an agreement of oneness. He understood that there is also a moral order to which we belong. We are to

> "Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die."

Such was to the poet's mind the cosmical ideas of modern science, which taken together, have an enlarging and renewing power.

The greatest of his works—"In Memoriam"— was published in 1850. In writing this beautiful eulogy, "Tennyson conferred immortality upon his lost friend and gained it for himself." It is with such experiences the greatest minds are moved to their greatest activities. This poem is the work of a mature mind grappling with the greatest questions that underlie human experiences.

"When Lazarus left his charnal-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave?
Where went thou, brother, those four days?
There lives no record of reply
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise."

If Lazarus had but told his experiences we might have had some knowledge of what it is to die. Again, the poet asks "Why does the God of justice permit evil in the world?" Is this question he meekly replies:

"O, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring."

After all it is but faith, concludes the poet—faith that "Thou wilt not leave us in the dust," for "our little systems are but broken lights" of Him who made us.

Alfred Tennyson is easily among the few great poets of humanity, and a poet of great and varied excellence. The grace and beauty of his verse have charmed and delighted the ear of a wide public. "Wisdom, with one poor poet's scroll, and with his word, she shook the world."

T. E. Dukes, '07.

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Editorial Department.

RAYMOND N. SPEIGNER, EDITOR.

Christmas.

Christmas! And with that word comes the recollection of years gone by and the eager anticipations of childhood. Christmas! And as we dream we live over again perhaps the happiest hours of our existence. Christmas, a time of renewing friendships and making the home-ties stronger, and of better resolves. They have been waiting for us—mother, father, sister, brother, and counting the days and weeks more impatiently than have we. They have been planning pleasant surprises for us, and poor boy! each mother is going to founder him for she thinks he gets nothing at all to eat. All will try to make the holidays as full of joy for us as possible.

We in the daily routine and monotony of college life are wont to grow selfish and think of our own comfort and welfare, forgetting to a certain extent the sacrifices, perhaps,

and the painstaking cares of parents who sometimes deny themselves little luxuries in order to keep their boy in college. What should this season of rest and happiness mean then? We ought to make our homecoming as full of pleasure as we may be able, by entering again the family circle and showing ourselves interested in all domestic affairs. We should not have a tale of woe and trouble to tell, but should brighten the homelife by kind words and little acts of sympathy. That our Christmas holiday may be made most enjoyable to ourselves, we must help others to enjoy it. We hope that when the "exams" are over that we may go home and have the best time of our lives and, come back determined to do better work, work of which we are not ashamed and which will not cause mother and father to regret sending their boy back to college.

⚜

Baptist Association.

During the past week the two largest executive bodies of Christians in the State were in assembly, the Methodist Conference of South Carolina at Columbia, and the Baptist State Association at Spartanburg. It seems that these bodies, always meet in a college town, and it is right that they should. Last year the Conference met here in Spartanburg and was attended and enjoyed by the students, this year we had the pleasure of seeing the Baptist Association in session. We enjoyed the fine sermons and speeches and made many acquaintances. We are glad that some of the delegates expressed themselves as very much pleased with Spartanburg's two colleges, beautifully paved streets, her crowded thoroughfares, and the cordial hospitality which they received. We are always happy to show visitors over our campus and college buildings and we wish them to come more often.

⚜

The Old School Gentleman.

Of that type of men known as the old school gentleman, only a few are now left to us. Hampton is gone, Youmans is gone, and others. Shall we ever find again in the history

of our country just such men? Men who were cultured, refined, and possessed of all the grace, ease, and chivalry of the perfect gentlemen. These men took upon themselves the task of shaping the destiny of our State, of leading the demoralized citizens of South Carolina through the awful toils of reconstruction, and of holding out hope when others saw only defeat and despaired. A monument has been erected to Gen.Hampton by the sons of Carolina by which we in some measure wish to express our appreciation of his life of devoted service to his State, but he is now at rest and we make known our gratitude after he has passed from among us. Let us give all honor and glory to those grand old men who are still left to us, and let us make them feel that we are cognizant of their service and are truly thankful for it. It is to them that we are indebted for our present peaceful citizenship, for solving the problems which we could not have met, and for bringing out and establishing order from the confusion, graft, corruption, and chaos of the reconstruction period.

⚜

Lieutenant Peary.

Lieut. Peary has returned from his ninth attempt to find the north pole, and his own account of his expedition proves very interesting reading, and he is preparing to again make another attempt. He succeeded in placing the American flag at a point thirteen miles farther north than had been reached by any other explorer. Whether Lieut. Peary shall ever reach the pole we cannot know, but we admire his courage and perseverance. Although some do look upon him as foolhardy for wasting his life in a useless attempt to accomplish the almost impossible, yet we must recognize the spirit of the man which will not let him give up. It is this kind of man who makes himself felt in a nation, and a people that has among them this sort of hero characterized by such indomitable will and "never-say-die" spirit, is not on a decline, but its citizens are fired with patriotism and love of

country and are capable to meet and pass through great crises.

Wofford's Lyceum.

Wofford's Lyceum course has been very attractive this season and we are very much indebted to Prof. Gamewell for the good numbers he has secured. And we are sorry that so many of the students have not purchased season tickets, certainly they would do so if they knew what treats they were missing. Men who are foremost on the lecture platform are brought to us at a very small cost and we miss a training and education in itself if we do not hear them. Since Wofford is in this college lyceum, we are enabled to hear the best lecturers, musicians, and impersonators of the day, and it is our high privilege to take advantage of our opportunity.

Immigration in South Carolina.

On November the fourth five hundred immigrants landed at Charleston from the German steamer Wittekind and are now within the bounds of our State, it being hoped that immigration may help to solve the labor problem in the South. It is stated that these immigrants are of the better class, some of them being prosperous merchants in their own country and now have come to try their fortune in America. They are colonizing in different parts of the State and are offering their services to employers. We trust that this is a step in the right direction to procuring satisfactory labor. And if the immigration laws are strictly observed, we think that this movement will prove a benefit, as it will not allow an indolent, uncleanly, worthless, man to become a citizen. After they have been here a while and are accustomed to our mode of life and law they may prove a valuable addition to the citizenship of the State and show wisdom in governmental affairs and help to make up our staunch commonwealth.

Journal Medals.

To express one's thoughts in a clear, forceful style and to be able to tell a story and an experience in an interesting manner is an attainment few of us possess. We do not really have an idea until we are able to intelligently impart it to others, and ease and grace comes to us only by continued effort.

To encourage writing among the student body and to increase the contributions to the editors table, the Journal again offers several medals—one for the best poem, one for the best essay, two for the best short stories, one coming from the Freshman and Sophomore classes, the other from the Junior and Senior classes. We hope greater interest will be shown in our magazine and by trying for one of these medals help us to publish a better paper. Do not think that you are not capable of writing a medal-winning article and that you are wasting time and effort, for in putting forth your best power and in the simple act of trying you receive a training and skill you could not otherwise attain. Try, and try hard, thereby making someone else try harder, so that he who wins may truly deserve to win.

The same rules will be observed as of last year, the contest being open until May the first and the medals being presented during commencement.

Exchange Department.

CLYDE S. BETHEA, EDITOR.

The Georgian.—The first magazine to come to our table this month was the Georgian. It is a well gotten up magazine and deserves special mention. "War Songs of the Confederacy" is nicely written and is an interesting essay. "Mathews, the Advance Agent" is an interesting story and is well written. "A Woman and Her Work" is deserving of much praise. "A Mist" is a neat little poem and expresses well the writers sentiments.

* * *

The Palmetto.—We are attracted next by the beautiful and well-gotten-up cover of the Palmetto, but alas! there the attraction ends and we feel compelled to "unsheath our knife and to take a stab." As a whole the magazine is poorly gotten up. It contains a number of short stories, a few verses, and several essays, none of which deserve mention. There is one story, "Who Won the Game," seems at first very good but when you have finished it you wonder if the writer is not a reader of Tip Top Weekly, and a doubt rises in your mind whether it is original. "The Burglar Santa Claus" is a highly improbable story. "An Amusing Adventure," it is amusing that any one would think it amusing. There are a number of these short stories, but we find them dull and poorly written.

* * *

The Hampden Sidney Magazine does not come up to its usual standard but it is still very good. The essay entitled, "Italy" is good and nicely written. "A Son of the South" is an interesting story and is very well told. "The Ingenuity of Man" is well written and shows that the writer spent time and study in preparing it.

* * *

"The Red and White" for this month is especially good,

if not the best, one of the best that has come to our table. It is filled with good articles and stories. The article on Chinese immigration deserves special mention, it shows the writer to have put much study on his subject and he discusses with keen insight the effect of the boycott on the cotton farmers of the South.

* * *

The Newberry Stylus.—The Stylus for this month is rather short but is good throughout. "Why Farmers Should be Educated" is well written and Deserves especial mention.

* * *

We are glad to note much improvement in the October number of the "Converse Concept." The opening poem, "Ad Civitatem," is very good, and its author must have been inspired by something of the same feeling of patriotism that produced Timrod's "Carolina." Often it is necessary to sprinkle a little water over the pages of an essay, but "The Man Macbeth" is written in a very interesting style. A marked characteristic of this essay is the simplicity of language. The plot of "Pink Rosebuds" is rather old, but the story is set forth in a unique manner. The Current Events Department speaks well for its authors.

Clippings.

Break, Break, Break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O sea,
But oh! as a breaker you never can take
  The record away from me.

For I on a college football team
  For seasons three have "fit,"
And during that reign of brawn supreme
  I have broken as follows, to-wit:

One collar bone, two shoulder blades,
  Two arms, one leg, one nose,

The hearts of a dozen modern maids,
Eight fingers and seven toes. Ex.

He who knows and knows that he knows is a Senior,—follow him.
He who knows and doesn't know that he knows is a Junior—trust him.
He who doesn't know and knows that he doesn't know is a Sophomore—honor him.
He who doesn't know and doesn't know that he doesn't know is a Freshman—pity him. Ex.

CATECHISM OF A MARRIED MAN.

A married man has been bold enough to write a catechism on the marriage question. The questions and answers are unsurpassed in their cynicism. A few are:

What is marriage?
Marriage is an institution for the blind.
When a man thinks seriously of marriage, what happens?
He remains single.
When a man marries, has he seen the end of trouble?
Yes, but it is usually the wrong end.
What is greater than a wife's love?
Her temper.
Do married women suffer in silence?
Yes; they all suffer when they may not talk.
What is a mother-in-law?
See General Sherman's definition of war.

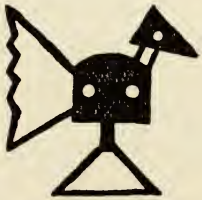
'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet.
'Twas then he first fell into debt,
For Romeo'd what Julie eat. Ex.

"O wad some power the giftie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

Or better yet, make ither swells
To see us as we see oursel's.
—Philadelphia Press.

Oh! the meanness of the Junior when he's mean!
Oh! the leanness of the Sophomore when he's lean!
But the meanest of the meanest and the leanest of the leanest
Are not in it with the greenness of the Freshman when he's green! Ex.

It raineth every day
On the just and unjust fellows;
But mostly on the just, because
The unjust taketh the just's umbrellas.
—Ex.



Alumni Department.

W. DUNCAN FRIERSON, EDITOR.

ALUMNI IN THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE

Rev. W. W. Duncan, '58, is Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, living in Spartanburg.

Rev. J. W. Humbert, '59, is a superannuated member of the Conference.

Rev. A. J. Stafford, '59, is a superannuated member of the Conference.

Rev. A. J. Stokes, '59, is a superannuated member of the Conference.

Rev. S. A. Weber, '59, holds a superannuated relation to the Conference.

Rev. G. W. Walker, '69, is president of Paine College.

Rev. R. W. Barber, '71, is stationed at Pelzer.

Rev. W. S. Wait, '71, is in charge of the Mullins station.

Rev. J. E. Carlisle, '73, is presiding elder of the Summerville district.

Rev. W. S. Martin, '75, is in charge of the Blenheim circuit.

Rev. A. C. Walker, '75, is in charge of the Cameron circuit.

Rev. J. E. Rushton, '77, is preacher in charge of the North Mullins circuit.

Rev. J. M. Friday, '79, is stationed at McCormick.

Rev. J. C. Chandler, '80, is in charge of the Enoree circuit.

Rev. J. W. Kilgo, '81, is presiding elder of the Orangeburg district.

Rev. S. A. Nettles, '82, is editor of the Southern Christian Advocate.

Rev. M. L. Carlisle, '83, is stationed at Marion.

Rev. W. I. Herbert, '85, is in charge of Trinity Church, Charleston.

Rev. J. A. Campbell, '86, holds a supernumerary relation to the Conference.

Rev. J. M. Rodgers, '88, is a superannuated member of the Conference.

Rev. P. F. Kilgo, '88, is in charge of Washington Street Church, Columbia.

Rev. E. P. Taylor, '88, is presiding elder of the Greenville district.

Rev. W. H. Hodges, '89, is stationed at Clinton.

Rev. W. A. Massabeau, '89, is in charge of Central Church, Spartanburg.

Rev. T. G. Herbert, '90, is in charge of Duncan Church, Georgetown.

Rev. D. M. McLeod, '90, is in charge of Grace Church, Union.

Rev. A. J. Cauthen, Jr., '91, is stationed at Batesburg.

Rev. J. D. Crout, '91, is stationed at the First Church in Laurens.

Rev. Peter Stokes, '91, is in charge of Bamberg station.

Rev. J. H. Thacker, '91, is stationed at St. Matthews.

Rev. R. C. Boulware, '92, is in charge of Williamston circuit.

Rev. H. J. Cauthen, '92, is stationed at Yorkville.

Rev. W. B. Wharton, '92, is in charge of the Epworth Orphanage.

Rev. C. C. Herbert, '93, is stationed at Camden.

Rev. W. C. Kirkland, '93, is in charge of Dicton station.

Rev. Henry Stokes, '93, is stationed at Winnsboro.

Rev. M. L. Banks, '94, is in charge of Chester station.

Rev. W. T. Duncan, '94, is presiding elder of the Cokesburg district.

Rev. E. S. Jones, '94, is in charge of the Santee circuit.

Rev. W. J. Snyder, '94, is stationed at Aiken.

Rev. P. W. Wells, '94, is in charge of Trinity Church, Darlington.

Rev. F. H. Shuler, '95, is stationed at Clio.

Rev. H. E. Holler, '96, is in charge of the Chester circuit.

Rev. L. P. McGhee, '96, is in charge of St. Paul's church, Orangeburg.

Rev. J. C. Roper, '96, is stationed at Abbeville.

Rev. R. S. Truesdale, '97, is in charge of St. John's Church, Anderson.

Rev. M. Auld, '01, is stationed at Edgefield.

Rev. A. E. Dryjers, '01, is in charge of Hampton Ave. Church, Greenville.

Rev. R. E. Sharp, '02, is in charge of Van Wyck circuit.

Rev. D. E. Camak, '03, is in charge of West End Church, Georgetown.

Rev. E. K. Hardin, '04, is in charge of York circuit.

Local Department.

CLAUD N. SAPP, EDITOR.

LELAND POWERS.

On the evening of November the 16th, Leland Powers entertained a large audience in Wofford chapel, impersonating the principal characters in "David Copperfield," giving in four acts a dramatic outline of Dickens' great book. This was the second attraction of the Lyceum course.

Mr. Powers proved himself a master of expression, changing voice and manner to suit each character as they took part in the conversation. His representation of "Micawber" was humorous in the extreme, while the audience was held in death-like stillness, and almost in tears, by the way in which he pictured "Mr. Peggoty's" distress, when his "Little Emily" ran away. The audience, generally, had read David Copperfield ,and the evening's attraction was, therefore, doubly enjoyed by all.

Mr. Powers is a most versatile impersonator, and his sketch of "David Copperfield" in four acts, was comprehensive in every detail. He will long be remembered as one of the most charming entertainers that has ever appeared before the Lyceum.

JUANITA BOYANTON COMPANY.

On Monday evening, November 26th, the Juanita Boyanton Company appeared before the Lyceum in the combination entertainment of music and recitations. Notwithstanding the fact that there were a great many other attractions in the city that evening, a large audience greeted this superb company in Wofford chapel, and were more than amply repaid with an hour or two of real pleasure and enjoyment.

The company consisted of four persons. Miss Juanita Boyanton is an elocutionist and reader of the highest type, displaying wonderful versatility in her impersonations and readings.

Miss Ethel Johnson, with the mezzo-soprano voice, thrilled the audience with her touching solos. Her sweet Spanish and Scottish love songs will long echo in the minds of those who were so fortunate as to hear her.

Mr. Pallas Brown certainly proved himself a genius when it came to playing the violin. He could go all the way from rendering a tune on one string to imitating a pipe organ.

Miss Annie Lewis Vivian was piano accompanist. She gave several piano solos and displayed a remarkable mastery of the instrument.

LUTHER MANSHIP.

It was a splendid audience that greeted Luther Manship in his "Tribute to the Faithful Slaves of the Old South" in Wofford chapel on the night of December the 21st.

Mr. Monship is a humorist of much note, and well did he preserve his former reputation before his Spartanburg audience on this occasion. He carried his hearers into fits of laughter with his bits of wit and humor, and then submerged them in tears with pathetic pictures of the loyalty and devotion of the old servant to his 'missus' during the '60's.

It was a glowing tribute he paid to the faithful slave of the old South, that type of negro that is fast disappearing.

Prof. Gamewell is to be congratulated on he high-class lectures and performances he is furnishing the patrons of the Lyceum this season for they are the very best.

The next Lyceum attraction will be a lecture by Dr. Lyman Abbott, December 6th.

ATHLETICS.

On Thanksgiving morning quite a crowd of football enthusiasts, including a number of the fairer sex, journyed out to Wofford Park to see the "Learned Seniors" and "Simple Fresh" line up against the "Knowing Juniors" and

"Wise Sophs" in a game of foot ball, and they were not disappointed, for the two teams put up the real article of gridiron warfare.

Though Wofford does not play inter-collegiate foot ball it was surprising to see the skill and knowledge of the game exhibited by the players. So evenly matched were the two teams, that neither side was able to cross the other's goal and the game resulted in a tie 0-0.

Both teams put up a better offensive game than defensive, and at one time the Junior-Sophs had the ball on their opponents one yard line only to be held for downs. The contest was fierce from start to finish, and when the referee's whistle blew in the last half, signalling a cessation of hostilities, the fellows came off the field feeling as though they had accomplished the defeat of "Vandy" or the Indians.

Switzer and Boyd played good ball for the Senior-Fresh team, while Mullins, Hammett and McLeod were the stars for the Junior-Soph team. There were no accidents and the game has created quite a foot ball spirit among the boys, who hope that Wofford will soon be allowed to play Varsity ball along with her sister colleges.

The two teams lined up as follows:

Senior-Fresh.—Galbraith, center; Manning, right guard; Koon, left guard; Sapp, right tackle; Switzer, left tackle; Floyd, right end; Morris, left end; Anderson, quarter back; Boyd, right half back; Latimer, left half back; Bethea, full back.

Junior-Soph.—McKelvey, center; Morris, right guard; Layton, left guard; Cleveland, right tackle; Orr, left tackle; Herring, right end; McLeod, left end; Mullins, quarter back; Crum, right half back; Keaton, left half back; Hammett, full back.

MASS MEETING OF STUDENTS.

There is considerable spirit among the boys here against the rules of the Southern Inter-Collegiate Athletic Associa-

tion, and as a result of this a mass meeting of the student body was held on the night of November the 24th to consider the withdrawal of Wofford from the Association.

The S. I. A. A. has done much toward purifying and regulating collegiate athletics, to be sure, but there is a point in all things beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue, and it seems to us that the S. I. A. A. has about reached this point in some of its rulings, so stringent have they become. And it now looks as though Wofford will withdraw from the Association unless its rules are materially changed at the meeting of the executive committee this month.

Wofford, however, is not the only institution that is chafing under the iron yoke of the tyrant, Tulane University and the University of Tennessee having recently considered the advisability of withdrawing from the Association. The movement or sentiment seems to be general throughout the South against the rule regarding the playing of summer base ball by college players.

We do not mean to be dictatorial, but in our opinion only three rules are necessary to govern properly inter-collegiate athletics, viz: 1st. That a player be required by the faculty to keep up a certain number of hours of work.
2nd. That he be required to enter within a certain number of days after college opens.

3rd. That the faculties of the respective institutions be required to furnish affidavits to the Association, that to the best of their knowledge no player on the team representing their institution is receiving any compensation for his athletic services.

We believe that the above rules would do more toward cleansing and regulating inter-collegiate athletics than the rules now existing, for it is a fact to be regretted that the majority of the teams in the S. I. A. A. have men on them, who by a strict application of its rules, would be ineligible. They play ball on some team during the summer and on

returning to college in the fall, on account of their eagerness to play on the team, sign an affidavit declaring themselves eligible to play on the college team, thus corrupting themselves and the institution they represent.

In our opinion a man who can make some money during the summer by playing ball to pay his way in college, and returns to college, takes a full course of study and stays there the full term should be allowed to play ball on the college team, call him professional or what you will.

By observing the above rules we cut out the temptation to the player to declare himself eligible when he is not, and thus makes him less liable to corruption and falsehood.

As stated above we recognize the vast amountof good the S. I. A. A. has done inter-collegiate athletics, and we are loathe to break away from its fold, but without a radical change in its constitution we are in favor of a withdrawal, and believe that many of the other institutions are of the some spirit.

At the mass meeting the following committee of students was appointed to confer with a committe from the faculty to see what course Wofford will take in the matter: Sapp, Chairman; Prince, Martin, Taylor and Carson. This committee will report back to the student body who will then take action.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Thanksgiving has come and gone and the pleasant anticipations of a trip home or elsewhere, and of richly laden boxes from home, have become realities and, sad to say, have passed, and we now turn our minds to more serious things, for "exams" are now on, and the lights must burn must burn late and the campus be quiet. The principal topic late and the campus be quiet. The principal topic of conversation now is about them, and may may hear on every side, "Wonder will I pass."

Quite a number of the boys spent Thanksgiving at home. Among them were Messrs. Hammett, Orr, Cleveland, Finch, Major and others.

Mr. H. L. Powell of the Senior class has been attending the Methodist Conference in Columbia the past week.

Mr. H. E. Stacy, of the Freshman class, spent a week in Columbia last month, on business.

Pres. Snyder has been in attendance upon the Methodist Conference in Columbia a few days this week.

Prof. Clinkscales has been lecturing in the lower part of the State this month.

"Fresh" Huey to the clerk at the book store—Can I get a copy of Scott's "Lady of the Last Minstrell?"

"Soph" Griffin—I believe I will go to Charleston and study pharmacy. "Soph" Hearon—Why don't you go to Clemson? That's the school to learn farming at.

Senior B— after being called a "pie-face" by a Converse lady, received the following consolation on a postal:

> "Oh, Wofford boy, 'tis no disgrace
> To be hailed by the name of pie-face.
> Screw up your courage, put away conceit.
> Act manly and acknowledge defeat."

"Fresh" Davidson wants to know how much the fee is to attend the Junior-Senior reception at Converse; will some lady kindly inform him?

Senior Sapp, to "Fresh" Craig—Have you joined the

pressing club yet? "Fresh Craig—No; when do I have to join?

"Shorty" Mullins to Junior Orr, who is 8 feet tall—Is it comfortable up there?

The mail man wants to know whether Senior Bethea is rooming on South Church or Evans street

---

"Fresh" Hazel says he is glad Thanksgiving comes on Thursday this year, for he had four straights on that day.

"Soph" G-l-n on seeing the "pool" in the First Baptist church, remarked to his friend, "Soph" Cr---m; "I wonder why they have a bath tub in the church." "Soph" Cr--m; "I don't know unless they get the idea from that passage in Scripture which says 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness.'"

Y. M. C. A. Department

THOS. E. DUKES, EDITOR.

THE BEST METHOD FOR READING THE BIBLE.

We give place in this issue to a lecture delivered by Dr. Roper for our Bible Rally.

"No man has a right to claim to be a student of literary culture until he knows the Codes of Moses and Christ. It is possible to read the Bible so as to get the masterly method. When you take up your Bible to read think of it as a library of different books. Each is a separate message in itself, each stands out separately, each book is complete in itself.

In order for greatest profit one must read the Bible thoughtfully and with care so as to take in the thought. Read it continuously, without regard for chapter and verse-division. Read it independently and intelligently. Read it and think for yourself. If read independently and prayerfully, it will hold the attention and afford a sweet Christian experience. If one will read the Bible one hour a day, he will master it during his school life."

We have nine Bible classes organized and they are doing good work. This is indeed very encouraging, but we would like to see every young man on the campus connect himself with one of these classes. We trust that others will early see the need of a knowledge of the Bible and will join one of the classes.

We were delighted to have Prof. Gamewell speak to us on the 2nd. His talk was instructive, and we enjoyed it very much.

We are enjoying a treat now in the way of singing. Mrs. Rembert meets with us at our Sunday afternoon services, and has us to meet at her home and practice every Friday evening. She knows how to teach young men how to sing.

Two personal workers met in a private room to talk over

the work of the past week. They were class-mates and bosom friends. They had failed in their work of the past week. The work was indeed very difficult; it required so much energy and tact to approach a friend; neither had sufficient enthusiasm to go about the work. There before them lay the report of the week—a blank failure!

After a few moments hesitation, Alfred started up, his face glowing with infinite enthusiasm, then laying his hand softly upon his friends shoulder, began:

"My dear class-mate, we have begun this work with a great purpose before us, we must not fail in it. Perhaps we have not worked in the right way. Let's try with conscious hope and aim and might to make a success henceforth. Let's ask Christ to arouse our spirits with one grand and noble impulse that we may be urged by it on to success."

With the close of this gentle appeal, they looked into each other's eyes; their very souls seemed to speak words of unbounded joy! Then softly and meekly, by the side of the little table, in the uncertain light of the room they knelt together, each praying for the other's success. It was one of those great moments in their lives of which every person has experienced some time during his life.

They rose up. Their eyes met, but there was no longer defeat written upon their faces. Each saw a strange light in the other's face—a light of hope and infinite love. Through prayer they had surely triumphed. The work of the next week was a marvelous success. It was no longer a burden, but a pleasant privilege. And thereafter they went about it with great enthusiasm and their work was wondrously rewarded.

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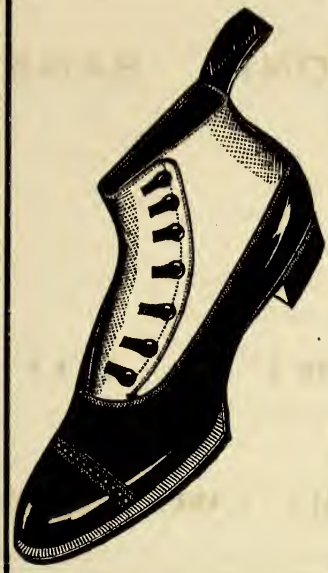

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

M. C. FOSTER, EDITOR.

Rest.

Slowly beneath its golden bars
  Sank the setting sun,
Up in the heaven the twinkling stars
  Brightened one by one.

A tender drapery of darkness
  Spread over the earth as when
A mother tucks her child in bed
  And waits its waking again.

Down from its high ethereal home,
  Into the darkness of night,
The pale and pallid moonbeams shone,
  Casting a mystic light.

Gently from out the star-decked skies,
  They come as welcome guests,
Closing the weary drooping eyes
  And soothing all with rest.

But to those who are weary
  Worn by care and strife,
Rest to the hearts all dreary
  Tired of the pain of life.

M. '08.

What at Old Clock has Seen and Will See.

We will date our letters to our sweethearts 1907 for a short while. How accurately man has divided into years, months, weeks, days and hours the great eternity that this

world has been basking in since Gods knows when. They've got it down so pat that they can tell exactly to the second when there will be an eclipse of the sun, or a dress parade of comets in the centuries yet unborn. They can tell the exact hour of sunrise in all parts of the world, foretell anything except the rise of cotton in the stock exchange, or the outbreak of a new presidential boom, or the completion of the Panama canal

In Rouen, France, is the oldest public clock in the world. The great clock has held its place in that city for 518 years. Beginning in 1389, it has been running ever since. The old time piece had so accustomed the citizens to look upon its sounding the hours as a matter of course, that whe nin 1572 the breaking of a wire prevented its sounding 5 o'clock one morning, the population was in a state of consternation. For five centuries it has marked the hours and chimed the quarters. Quite a period for it to make the flow of time's current. What interesting stories it could tell of the progress of man!

It saw the proud knight lay aside his shining armor and doff his helmet to the booming cannon; and if it ticks another century it will witness the impossibility of war through the improvements of arms and discovery of more powerful explosives. The world-peace will dawn when it is impossible for human endurance to stand before the engines of destruction; and the time will come when war will be a physical impossibility.

It heard the people laugh at the seeming impossible creations of the wonderful mind of Jules Vernes, but it has lived to hear of greater submarine journeys than "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Today it can hear the populace laughing still at poor old Jules Vernes as it visits the carnival grounds where the moving picture artist exhibits a "Trip to the Moon." If it ticks another century it shall hear from the lips of the visitors wonderful experiences of their trip to the moon. In the streets of Rouen great crowds will gather as the old clock marks the time ap-

pointed and buy at a reduced price holiday return trips to the lunar sphere. With a sigh of relief for poor old Vernes the man in the moon will look down at the modest time piece and wink the other eye.

It beheld the first balloon ascensions, and has lived to see flying machines in the French Capitol. If it keeps watch another century it will hear the joyous laughter of the airship passengers as the great "air liners" ply between Berlin, New York, Paris and Chicago. The gay passengers overhead will pull out their watches and take note as the chimes of the old Rouen clock reach them in the thin, clear atmosphere above. Perhaps some thoughtless ones will throw down a banana peel or spit a wad of tobacco on the tower of the aged time-piece.

It has witnessed the laying of the Atlantic cable and seen the old world laced tight in a perfect net-work of wires; and then all this interchange of thought through infinite distance on slender paths of wire outdone by Marconi's wireless messages. If it ticks another century it will see the wireless system extended to the principal stars. Then the American girl, who has been singing so long, "My Sweetheart is the Man in the Moon," can call the old fellow up any night after supper. The newspapers can get the happenings of the day from each planet above and lay the news of the universe at your door early in the morning, and you can read to your family at the breakfast table the doings on Mars and Venus and Neptune. Oh, say, girls, won't it be great keeping up with the fashions and styles of the ladies on Mars and Venus! Of course you won't worry about those planets nearest the sun, for they dress a la Garden of Eden style there.

It has seen the tillers of the soil lay aside the frail implements with which they once scratched the back of the fields and thought they did well when they produced ten bushels of grain per acre. It has seen those fields harried by steam plows and the golden harvests reaped by machinery. If it keeps watch another century it will see the farmer go into

his private office and press an electric button and start in motion machinery that will prepare the soil or reap its produce; machinery that will saw his timber, gin his cotton, shear his sheep, fence his lands, cut his wood and load his truck for market. Another hundred years and the farmer will be a gentleman of leisure, with nothing to do but smoke his pipe and cuss.

It has heard the talking machine retailing the best efforts of the world's greatest artists for the small sum of 5 cents and less. If it ticks on through another century it will find the graphophone in the pulpit preaching, and after the machine sermon has been listened to by an appreciative audience, one of the deacons will slip the wax record off and slip on another, and the graphophone will then take the place of the choir. And the songs and prayers will be made by machines, and the collections taken by machines, and the money telegraphed at once to the heathen in foreign lands, and a message of thanks received for same before the graphophone dismisses the congregation with a benediction.

The old clock has seen the day when learning was locked in the monastries and reading was the accomplishment of but a few. In another century it will behold the children, instead of poring over their books, listening intently while the phonograph reads their lessons over carefully to them. That will be "studying some" in about A. D. 2000. Instead of straining one's eyes over the latest novel and injuring the throat reading aloud to the children the old man will wind up the talking machine, and the family circle will go into ecstacies over the doings of the hero and heroine as speeled off from a wax record.

Say, but won't our grandchildren enjoy reading about these slow days of innocence and ignorance in which you and I live! How they will laugh at the pictures of our cumbersome old automobiles of the twentieth century as they go automobiling down the pike in a fifteen cent machine a hundred years from now. How they will laugh at these good old days of green apple cholic and royal dyspep-

sia, as they partake of their pre-digested foods. In the swallowing of a capsule they will take in all we take in today at a banquet or a Christmas dinner, where we "chew the rag" about our enlightened age, and then chew pepsin gum to get the essence of a pig's stomach to help ours do the work of digesting the adamantine custard and prehistoric chicken set before us.

The old clock at Rouen has seen many lights and shadows flit across the stream of years. It has witnessed the downfall of kingdoms 'neath the crumbling touch of time. Modestly with its hands before its face, it has marked the flight of the hours which has swept the children of men to their rest in the grave. It has heard one generation after another laugh at the ignorance of their fathers and hoot in derision at the noblest thought of its most gifted sons. "Truth is stranger than fiction." Whatever the mind of man is capable of conceiving in imagination the hand will sooner or later produce. Some one talked slightingly of imagination, and Napoleon with indignation hurled back in reply: "Imagination! Why it rules the world!" Whatever the mind is capable of imagining the hand and brain are capable of doing. But the unthinking man cannot be warmed up. He will stand in the light and make a shadow. He will never warm up to the truth any more than a cake of ice on the river will warm up under the benign influence of the summer sun. Whenever the cake of ice reaches over 32 degrees above zero, it simply melts and disappears from the face of the earth—goes back to its original condition. And this is the ultimate end of the man who will not think. When I find men too mentally lazy to operate their "thinkers," or too full of prejuidce to allow their imagination elbow room, it just seems like singing patriotic songs to a deaf mule or a castiron monkey. Such fellows show a painful lack of appreciation of common sense. I want to write for people who think, and are always open for conviction. Writing for fellows who wink at wild flights of imagination is worse than preaching to empty benches or

playing the hand organ in front of a vacant house, or fishing for an extra oyster in a church festival stew.

D. G. Spencer.

Doctor Bill.

It was a foggy morning between two and three o'clock. The thermometer was standing far below zero. The whole city was at rest. The streets were deserted, except occasionally a policeman, heavily wrapped in overcoat and shawls broke the dismal silence by his rough shoes beating on the stone walk. The only lights were from the street arc lights, which were swinging and puttering with the wind.

Such was the night that the over-confident officer of the law, Mr. Dannay O'Brien, was trotting up and down his station between seventh and eighth streets. He stopped, began cursing the cold night and his ill luck, stretched himself and yawned out, "If there is anybody going to do anything, darned if I don't want them to do it."

Midway between seventh and eighth streets is a small alley that indirectly connects with the slums and disreputable district of the city. It was before this that he stopped and leaned against a post to rest. As he dozed and fell asleep in his mind was a sentence that the captain had used in giving the night squad their orders, "Yes, boys," he said, "there has been several fine pieces of work in the burglar line going on that we can't locate, so keep your eyes open."

He awoke with a start. A drenching mixture of rain and sleet was falling. Approaching him from the alley was a man carrying a small rectangular shaped morrocco case. He was instantly down to business, congratulating himself on making a capture. "Halt!" The man glanced at him and said plainly, "Oh, hello, you want to see my passport, do you?" Opening his coat, he handed the officer the card:

Howard J. Wainscott, M. D.
Office: Temple Court.

"All right, doctor," said the officer, handing him the card. "Nasty night to be out." "Yes," replied the doctor, "but gentleman of our profession have to put up with any and everything."

The doctor walked on, leaving the man of the brass buttons saying to himself, "He's a pretty decent sort of a fellow, after all." Had he taken the trouble to open that box he would have discovered that it contained some quite peculiar instruments for a man of medicine; such as, drills, hammers, nitroglycerine, chloroform and neatly packed in the bottom bank notes to the value of $1,562. In fact, it contained eveything that a professional safe cracker is an expert at using.

It was true he was a doctor, having taken an M. D. degree from Jefferson two years before. But he had proved a failure and now kept the office in Temple Court as a blind. He walked on up the avenue to sixth street; turning down here he was soon in the residential part of the city making his way by a round about course to his rooms. An hour before he had drugged the watchman in one of the offices of a large manufacturing plant, securing the money that was now concealed in the little case at his side.

He was dreamily walking along, when suddenly he heard a voice, accompanied by the bang of a door, crying excitedly, "Oh, I wants a doctor. Is you a doctor?" Turning, he saw a huge negro woman running down the steps from a flat on the opposite side of the street. He calmly answered, "Yes, I am the doctor." She then answered after waiting a moment for breath, "Sho', well fo' de Lawn sakes do come in dis house."

He was led into a bed room where a man half dressed was lying on the floor. He soon ascertained that the man was not dead, but a blood vessel having bursted in his brain had caused paralysis and that he had but a few moments to live. It took but a few minutes to give him a hypodermic injection so that he would be conscious before he died. Before he had finished Dinah, the old negro, began, "The mis-

sus done fainted when he done dat, and I had to put her in de other room and she ain't over it yet. Is dat po' white trash goin' to lib?" "No," was his reply. "Well, I sho' is glad er dat cause he done went and treated the missus scandalous, and when de missus told him about it, he got mad and struck her and he—" The doctor stopped her and sent her to look after her mistress and also to give her some brandy when she regained consciousness.

As soon as Dinah had left the room he quickly locked the door and went to the safe, an old-time affair, and in a few minutes had it open. There was nothing in it except some papers which were of no value to him. When he turned around the man's eyes were open and following every motion he made. Then it was that he addressed him, "Doctor, I've heard of grand scoundrels, but yours is a new breed. How does this business and medicine work together?" Dr. the man's eyes were open and following every motion he made. Then it was that he addressed him, "Doctor, I heard of grand scoundrels, but yours is a new breed. How does this business and medicine work together?" Dr. Wainscott looked at him with steady, keen eyes, a slight flush rose to his cheeks before he answered. "I may be all you say I am or worse, but with it all I have never yet mistreated a woman." With that the man said not another word, for his breath was now coming in gasps. He uttered one sentence as the doctor drew a sheet over him, "Doctor, beg her to forgive me, for the last of our money went with today's races."

He stood looking at the body for some moments. A great change was taking place in his life. The man's words had touched him. His thoughts were of his mother, whose hair had long since turned gray. He carefully wrapped the body into a sheet, lifted it and placed it gently on the bed. He stood motionless studying the lifeless figure for some moments, then he turned and opened the little black box again, taking out the notes, he put them in an orderly pile on the table. Opening the door he called Dinah.

When he heard the footsteps at the door he was standing in the center of the room, box in hand, ready to leave. He glanced towards the door—there was a sight that froze his blood. The box dropped to the floor with a crash. His whirling mind carried him back to the days of his childhood —the house among the trees—her home nearby, covered with climbing vines. The crude brickyard of her father down near the road. The crystal spring with the rock edge above where as children they used to play. All passed in an instant. It occurred to his mind that it was a spirit. Then he clasped his hands to his head uttered a cry, "Annie, oh! my God!" and fell to the floor with a death-like thud.

Standing in the doorway clothed in a loose white robe, her dark hair thrown carelessly about her shoulders, partly hiding her face, once fair, but marked with sorrow, was Annie Reynolds, his sweetheart of days gone by.

Two years before Dr. Wainscott had returned to his little Southern home to claim her as his bride. He had gained first honors at Jefferson all for her, but everything had changed, even his sweetheart. Her love for him was dead. She was in love with a summer visitor, the fellow who was now dead. This had driven him from bad to worse.

When Dr. Howard J. Wainscott, alias Dr. Bill, awoke he was in total darkness. He struggled to his feet, held his hand for a moment to his feverish forehead, then began slowly walking around the room—suddenly his hand grasped iron bars, then it slowly dawned on him—he was in prison.

Today Dr. Bill, as he is called by his prison mates, is serving a twenty year sentence in Sing Sing, honored by his fellows. Daily from a litle Southern home comes a letter written by the sweetheart of his childhood, who is patiently awaiting his return.

Tim Williamson.

An Evening Dream.

The sun had sunk, the evening glow
  Sat empress on her throne
And just above the ebb and flow
  The first pale moonbeams shone;
I gazed upon an island scene,
  An old colonial home,
Around whose walls the ivy green
  Had climbed up to the dome.

This mansion with its thick old walls,
  And great verandas wide,
Its vine-clad roofs and spacious halls,
  With many a room beside,
Had long been the home of the brave,
  Whose was an honored name,
Whose sire slept in a soldier's grave,—
  His sons had won true fame.

As I stood there silent, alone,
  And looked upon the sea,
With the Atlantic, white with foam,
  Rolling all about me,
I was in imagination,
  Transferred to that ago
When America, proud nation,
  Was not what she is now.

I saw her then, or thought I did,
  Some colonies, no more,
And they so small that they were hid
  By the trees on the shore;
But though they were so small, these clans,
  And few in number, too,
Their men were as brave as Spartans
  And their wives were as true.

I saw her struggle and those men
  Fight for her liberty,

I saw them win once and again
  Some glorious victory;
I fancied that I saw her rise,
  Through all the years that're past,
From what she was, those Colonies,
  To this she stands at last.

While I had stood there lost in thought
  And blissful reverie,
The shadows of the night had brought
  A stillnes o'er the sea,
But not the quiet born to remain,
  Nor of the sea's own form,
For now there flashed, and now again,
  The lightnings of the storm.

Though it flashed and kept on flashing
  I saw it not, or knew,
Till the waves that now were slashing
  The rolling ocean, grew
To look like mountains, as it were,
  That I was on the shore,
For I walked in the past, not here,
  And saw what none had seen before.

I saw a mountain battle-field,
  A field of death and blood,
For neither side had deigned to yield,
  And there had Life's stream flowed;
The dead lay scattered all around,
  E'en to the mountain's head,
And everywhere on bloody ground
  The dead lay on the dead.

'Twas evening time, the sinking sun,
  Now low behind the hills,
Cast shadows o'er many a one
  Of the brooklets and rills,
On whose moss-grown but rugged banks

The wounded soldiers lay,
There drinking down with grateful thanks
The waters reddened by that day.

As I stood there, awed by the course
My fancy had led me,
The storm, which now was growing worse,
Was coming o'er the sea,
But I still thought me in a glen
Near to this battle-field,
Where all alone beside a stream
A man lay dying on his shield.

I bent o'er him, but he would not
Be raised from off the ground,
He pointed to a reddened spot,
Then to the gaping wound
From which his life blood was flowing
Like water from a spring,
He'd defeated, without knowing,
The soldiers of the King.

He bade me to and I sat down
To hear what he would say,
He raised his head up from the ground
And bowed it then to pray;
The prayer was this, "For another
My prayer ascends to Thee,
God bless my boys and their mother
At home out in the sea."

One faint struggle and he was still,
He had fought his last fight,
And he lay 'neath a bloody hill
Dying alone that night;
He moved so that upon his shield
Would rest his weary head,
And with one sigh upon that field
The young father was dead.

I saw no more, for now the storm
  Was almost upon me.
The clouds were black and had no form
  And they reached down to the sea;
I saw, for a light dimly shone,
  Through a large window bare,
That I was near the house of stone,
  And that others, too, were there.

I went up to the great hall door,
  And knocked and knocked again,
For the sea was now one mighty roar,
  Mixed with the falling rain,
But despite the noise which was made
  By wind and rain and foam,
An old man opened it and bade
  Me welcome to his home.

I followed fast my hoary guide
  From one hall to another,
Where, as they stood, each side by side,
  I recognized his brother;
I saw in these, not men alone,
  But heroes, strong and brave,
Who on no field were ever known
  To fear a soldier's grave.

They lived alone, one brother said,
  Alone with their mother,
For their father had long been dead
  On some field or other.
They did not know where he had died,
  Nor did their mother know,
Nor did they know how he had died,
  Nor who had given the blow.

I asked of them their father's name,
  But neither spoke at all,
They pointed to a close veiled frame,

Hung on the Doric wall.
I drew aside the time-worn screen
And there on canvas stood
The brave young man whom I had seen
Dead on that field of blood.

"We know not how," they said, "nor where,
Our brave young father died,
We knew not him, for but one year
Aft mother was his bride,
'Twas then we both as twins were born,
And on that self-same day
The notes came from a patriot's horn
To call him far away."

But though they knew not how he died,
Nor when, nor where, nor who
Was lying dead there by his side
They knew that he was true
To his country and to the right,
And so their hearts healed;
And true he was, for in the fight
He'd fallen on his shield.

Archie Willis, '08.

The Descent of Whitewater Falls.

From my earliest boyhood I have been very intemperate in deeds and prone to perverseness. While yet a mere child I had subjected myself to many peculiar circumstances. If, for instance of my perverseness, I came near a lake I was suddenly seized with the intense desire of drowning myself in its placid waters. I could never stand on the brink of a precipice without longing to leap off and experience the sensation of falling. That which I ought to do displeased me, while that which I ought not to do I found pleasure in doing.

As I grew older my love for adventure, intemperance

and perverseness increased. It was on such an excuse as this that I set out to descend Whitewater Falls. I had often been to the falls—which were no great distance from home—and could never stand and look into the yawning chasm without being filled with inexplicable awe. I thus made up my mind to start at the top and go to the bottom—whether I reached there dead or alive. Accompanied by my friend John Demotte, I set out for the falls, carrying with me all I thought necessary for making the descent. Upon immediate examination I found at the head of the falls a huge boulder. To this I fastened a windlass and frame containing several hundred feet of strong hemp rope. Two small wires ran parallel with the rope, one fastened to the top, the other to the bottom. The wires were connected to a small dynamo attached to the rock. At the end of the rope where I was to be in descending I had a button so arranged as to complete the circuit by simply pressing on it, somewhat on the style of the modern electric door bell. When the button was pressed the circuit was closed and the windlass was then made loose. In order to check the rope from unwinding all that was necessary was to let go the button, thus breaking the circuit. The contrivance was simple in its mechanism and would have worked admirably had I not let go the button when I reached mid stream. The water was so swift and carried me with such speed that I scarcely knew what to do. However, if there is one thing that can be said to my credit—it is my presence of mind. Realizing my immediate danger, I managed to reach the button and press it. I had no sooner done so than the rope was brought to a dead standstill and I was jerked several feet backward. On recovering from so sudden a shock I discovered to my amazement that I stood on the brink of a precipice from whence the water made a clean leap of two hundred and fifty feet. My head began to swim; I grew sick, and a fainty spell came over me. Once I almost let go the rope. The water was rushing and roaring around me. I could hear nothing but the deafening roar of the

falls. I was at a loss what to do—if I let the rope loose it would mean certain death, while my strength was fast giving out. Just here I noticed a cleft in the rock and managed to reach it. I sat down and began to devise some means of egress, but to no avail. I could not see Demotte and knew that he could not see me for a great sheet of water excluded me from sight. While thus I sat hating myself for beginning such a hazardous undertaking I heard a great rumbling noise even above the roar of the falls. It sounded as if the mountains themselves were falling—on it came, getting louder as it drew near. Alas for me! I knew full well the source of the trouble. The huge boulder I had fastened my contrivance to had in some remote time been washed down from the mountain to the present site at the head of the falls. The weight of the rope, my weight and resistance to the water had been sufficient to start it from its unstable position. On it came—what thoughts were mine! What fancies flashed through my distorted brain—would it miss me or not. With one great tremendous crash it struck the rock above me and plunged into the abyss below. A feeling of joy passed over me. I was safe again. Alas! in my first fright I had tied the rope to my waist! Suddenly the rope tightened and with one quick jerk I found myself falling headlong into the chasm. How awful the peculiar sensation of falling. Yet in that brief duration of time many thoughts rushed through my brain. Pictures loomed before me. I saw my home, my friends and loved ones. Suddenly I struck something; all became dark and cold. I fancied myself dying, my body smashed on the rocks. Not so; where the water strikes the foot of the falls it forms a great pool. I had providentially landed in this and though quite unconscious, Demotte, who having come up, succeeded in bringing me to. As soon as I was able we started for home, I thanking the good Lord for his merey, and rejoicing in the fact that I had descended Whitewater Falls. M., '08.

The Beginning of Organized Labor in America.

At the present time it is quite a common occurrence for one to pick up a daily newspaper and read on the headlines something concerning the actions of labor organizations. What they are trying to effect for their welfare, what purpose they have in view and how that purpose may be realized. This is true only in recent years. Organized labor has not always existed and it has been only in the past century that it has become so noticeable to the common observer. Indeed, today there are many who scarcely know of the existence of such organizations, planned by and for the welfare of the workingmen, so quiet and silent are the changes of the social world about is.

It is thought by some historians that as early as 1792 there was in Philadelphia an association of journeyman shoemakers. But it was a long time after that date before organized labor could be said to exist in the United States. Indeed, it was quite a while before there was any need for such organizations. The cause for organized labor must first appear before a remedy is set up to meet the difficulties arising from labor. The United States in 1792 was yet a vast country of unsettled and uncultivated territory. The problem of that time was how to increase the wealth of the community rather than how to distribute it. The first settlers of the United States spent their lives in subduing the wilderness, in trading with the Indians, raising corn, wheat , tobacco, and building ships. The work was rough and the labor unskilled. There was no wage system in the South, where slavery existed, because slaves who neither possessed anything nor belonged to themselves could not hire. There were two classes of free people in the South: one called the aristocracy, who owned slaves, and the other called "white trash," because they did not hold slaves. If the slave was hired out to work, the sum paid for the work was rent and not wages, and it was paid to the master and not to the slave. The relation between master and slave

was not like the relations between employer and employees, but the relation between owner and property. In the North previous to the Revolution there were also two classes of people: the working class, and those who lived from the product of other men's labor. The laborer was ignorant and unskilled and received just enough wages to provide him in food, lodging and very common clothes. In Massachusetts at the beginning of the seventeenth century the nominal wages of a common laborer were not above 50c. per day, and a day meant from sunrise to sunset. But labor associations did not exist in colonial times because then it was a battle with nature and not with the employer. Organized labor did not begin in America until after the Declaration of Independence, and none of much importance before the beginning of the nineteenth century.

After the Revolution the labor problem was the contest between the labor of freemen and that of slaves. In 1793 the cotton gin was invented, which made slavery very profitable, and for this reason the South fostered slavery. The North cried out against slavery in the bitterest words, and finally succeeded in whipping the South and abolishing slavery. Yet during this period there was free labor in the South. But the population was widely diffused, the interest of agriculture predominating, no labor associations were organized. Industry was on a small scale and the workingmen were not sharply separated in feeling or interest from their employers. The workingman thought of becoming an employer himself, or he might secure at little expense a small farm. Agriculture does not lend itself to organized labors so well as manufacturing or mining. In the North there were lots of immigrants and competition between laborers was well pronounced. The wages of the ordinary unskilled laborer were far from satisfactory. A man might be imprisoned for debt while working for wages at 75c. per day. The laws respecting the rights of property were scrupulous and exacting, while there was great indifference regarding the rights of poverty-stricken debtors. During this period the

workingman was still liable, in the absence of lien laws, to lose his wages by the failure or fraud of a contractor. He was also liable to arrest for striking or combination. The conditions were so bad just before the year 1825 that many laborers began to seeks protection, and failing to receive aid from the government, some organized communistic societies, while others formed local unions. But after the first quarter of the nineteenth century there was a rise in wages and a gradual evolution of the American workingman towards a higher standard of life and labor. This general improvement continued up to the Civil War.

The spirit of unionism was abroad in most civilized nations at the middle of the nineteenth century. The industries of these nations were in a high stage of development, the division of labor was possible, commerce between nations flourished, large scale production and a diversified industry—all made a complex civilization, and competition sprang up between nations as well as between laborers. Under these conditions the laborers were exploited; they had no privileges, no advantages for education. Consequently, the workingmen, under a deep sense of wrong, rose up, and through the help of association asserted their rights. Thus there were founded in all countries where industry was highly developed, strong, permanent associations by the laborers for the regulation of conditions in the interest of their class.

The close of the Civil War is an important date in the history of American trade unions. During the war wages were by no means satisfactory; prices rose to a great pitch while wages inceased very slowly. Many laborers experienced much suffering in tiding over the crisis. This is the period in which many of the national labor unions in America were founded. The Knights of Labor was organized, and was the first labor association to gain national prominence in the United States. Then the American Federation of Labor, which is now the greatest labor organization in the country. The locomotive engineers organized un-

der the name of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the international union of bricklayers and masons was founded, and in the following decade many of the national organizations now existing in the United States were founded. Within this period the unions also became much stronger, and their purpose became better known, and more highly respected. There was a general improvement; the men were more intelligent; the management of the organizations was more skillful, wages had been increased, hours reduced, conditions reformed, and legislative concessions obtained from the national, state and municipal governments.

The opinion of the public regarding trade unions is not always right nor is it in many cases altogether just. When organized labor was in its embryonic state, men who called themselves prophets declared that it was impossible to unite men in associations to improve their conditions. Many claimed that those loose federations which then existed would soon disappear, and pass into history. But time has proven that these prophetic visions were false, that through the many adverse conditions organized labor has flourished and become more fixed as the stages of evolution passed; and today it is firmly established in most far-advanced countries. Indeed, today the influence of organized labor is becoming potent in the affairs of the country. It is feared by some that trade unions are tending too towards socialism, but is a wrong idea; on the contrary, they have resisted the efforts that have been made by socialists to attract their attention towards socialism. Their object is not so ambitious as it is heroic. But it is generally believed that labor organizations will have increased influence upon the government and will continue to secure fair and reasonable laws, beneficient to workingmen. Really the trade union movement in this country can make progress only by identifying itself with the government. In the past much of the progress made by trade unions in improving the conditions of the laborers has been due to the political action by unionists. However, it is not to their

future welfare to sell their privileges and independence to obtain a few offices from the government. At present trade unionists do not think it a wise plan to organize a third party, but by remaining neutral between the two great parties they can obtain help from either of them.

Whatever opininons there have been concerning the establishment of trade unions, in this and all other countries, the most intelligent judgment now points to a great success for the trade union movement. Why should not such a movement succeed? It has done more for the laboring class than many other reforms. It has undoubtedly improved the conditions of many a poor unprotected wage-worker. It has placed the worker in a position where he is more nearly on an equal ground with the employer in demanding terms. The ignorant wage-worker is represented in making bargains and labor contracts by a far-sighted leader, who is as intelligent and as well informed of the conditions as the employer himself. It has done much to protect the laborer in the time of a crisis or in a period of employment. It has enabled him to find employment for his labor which he is unable to store up and withhold from the market. He has been helped by concerted action, on the part of himself and his friends, to dispose of his labor at a higher value and under more favorable conditions. He has by obtaining a reduction in the hours of work found time in which to improve his education and prepare and train himself for his labor. In many trades the time of work has been shortened, the remuneration increased, the sanitary conditions improved, the ideals of the laborers raised, and the opportunity for the education and enlightenment of the workers has been secured through the direct influence of organized labor. Does it not seem then to the unprejudiced mind that it is only fair and just to humanity that this movement should continue, that the conditions of the labering class should still have further improvements, that by the uplifting of the common wage-earner humanity

at large is benefited, and gradually raised to a higher civilization? T. E. Dukes, '07.

Friendship versus Love.

"Well, at last it is over and she actually said that she would marry me," muttered Harry Seymour as he walked down the steps of a swell looking house on Elm street. He buttoned his coat tightly around him and pulled his hat over his eyes as he hurried down the walk and up the street to the campus. All the way to his room he hugged himself in his glee and kept telling himself that he was the most fortunate man in the world.

Reaching his room he threw himself into a great chair before the glowing fire and lit his old briar pipe, from which he puffed clouds of smoke to the ceiling. Seymour could never think as seriously as when he was puffing away at his old briar. So tonight when the smoke began to curl from his pipe, he naturally thought about the night's experience and wondered how he had ever gotten up enough nerve to ask Blanche Wilson to marry him. He went over the whole scene time and again. How, when under the spell which her eyes and smile had cast over him, he declared his love for her, and he found himself telling her, with a boldness which surprised even himself, how he had made the object of winning her the one ambition of his life and that he could not live without her; and then he had asked her to be his wife. When her answer came, slow and hesitatingly, how he had almost shouted for joy. Then there was a period of one whole hour which was perfect bliss for him.

Over and over again he went over the scene in the parlor, and thicker and thicker grew the smoke above his head. At every puff of smoke from his pipe he seemed to see the form of Blanche standing before him with bowed head and a blush on her cheek as he declared his love for her.

He was suddenly brought back to earth again by a loud

rap on his door. "Come in," yelled Seymour without taking his feet from the top of the mantel where he had placed them on sitting down. Seymour always had his feet at some elevated position when thinking and smoking, so little wonder he had them as far above his head as he could possibly get them on this particular night.

The door opened and Tom Jones, Seymour's chum and classmate, walked in. "Hello, Harry, what's up? Must have something on your mind. I never saw so much tobacco smoke in one room in my life. I had to look twice to find you. I must say, those are two nice ornaments you have for your mantel."

Seymour and Jones had been the best of friends ever since they came to college together for the first time. This friendship had strengthened as they passed through their sophomore and junior years. So now as they were seniors, it is little wonder that they were rarely seen apart, and that every sorrow and pleasure was shared between them.

It was a subject of much comment how two men of such different natures could be such great friends. Seymore loved athletics an dwas captain of the baseball as well as football team, but he did not like to study. It was mainly through the efforts of Jones that he had managed to reach his senior year. While Jones, on the other hand, took no interest in athletics, and was rarely ever seen on the field, even when a game with a rival college was being played. When he did come out to witness a game, it was by the hardest begging and persuading on Seymour's part. But on the other hand he loved books and had stood at the head of his class since he had entered college. He had won every scholarship and essay medal that had come his way, so that the boys all said that he could get almost any medal in college that he wanted.

So when the door opened and Jones walked in, Seymour greeted him in his usual good-natured way with, "Hello, old chap. Come in. Congratulate me," said Seymour, without

replying to his chum's questions. "Congratulate you, why sure; but what on?" said Jones, extending his hand.

"What! Did you not know that I am engaged?"

"Engaged!" cried Jones, "to whom?"

"Why, to Blanche, of course."

"To B-la-n-c-h-e!" stammered Jones, as he clutched the back of the chair for support.

But Seymour was too busy puffing rings of smoke at the ceiling to notice the deathly pallor which quickly overspread Jones' face, or to see him totter and grasp the back of the chair for support.

"I indeed congratulate you, Harry, and hope that you two will be happy together. Be good to her old chap."

"Why, Tom, what is the matter?" said Seymour as he turned around and looked at Jones as he stammered out these words. "Are you sick?"

"Yes," said Jones, as he moved toward the door. "One of those fainting spells came over me, but I am all right now. I think that I will go to my room and go to bed."

"Let me help you, old man," cried Seymour, jumping up.

"No. I am all right now. I will make it without help, thank you."

"No! I don't need any help," he said, almost rudely pushing Seymour from him, as the latter insisted on helping him to his room.

Jones staggered to his room. How he got there he never knew. He did not go to bed. Instead, he sank down into a chair by the table and leaned his head over on the table, resting it on his arms. How long he remained in this position he neither knew nor cared. The fire went out and the room became chilly, but he heeded it not. He had his battle to fight, and to fight alone.

"No!" he cried in a perfect frenzy, "she shall not marry him. I will kill him with my own hands first. Is this the way Seymour shows his friendship, by stealing from me the love of the only girl that I ever loved? It cannot be, it cannot be," sobbed he.

But gradually this fit of passion wore off as he thought more and more about it. He went over all of their past college life—their friendship, and how they had stuck together through thick and thin. He had met Blanche Wilson in his freshman year and had often tried to get Seymour to go around with him to see her, but he would not consent to go until the latter part of his junior year, and since then he had been a regular caller.

"I was a fool," he moaned, "not to see before now that they loved each other. Did not Seymour talk about her all the time; and she in turn would talk to me about Seymour? Fool!" he hissed through his teeth, "What a fool I was not to have seen it."

And thus the battle was waged through the long hours of the night and the early ones of morning. So when the old clock in the library steeple struck six the next morning, Jones had not moved from his seat, but the battle was over.

"Yes," he said, raising his head from his arms, "I expect that she has chosen the better of the two of us. Seymour is worthy of her, I am not. I believe that she loves him and would be happy with him. I will be a true friend, but neither of them shall know what it cost me."

* * * * * * * *

It was the last day of commencement, the day on which they were to receive their diplomas and bid farewell to the old college where they had spent four happy years together, that as Jones and Seymour were walking down the walk from the chapel, Seymour suddenly turned to Jones and said: "Jones, old man, we have been chums ever since our freshman year, now as we have our diplomas I have one more favor to ask of you." As Jones said nothing he continued. "Blanche and I have set the first of September as our wedding day, and I want you to be my best man."

"I am sorry," said Jones, with a catch in his voice, "but you see—er—"

"Oh, but you must. I would not feel as if I were married if you were not my best man."

"All right, Harry, as it is you, I will promise," said Jones, as he turned away to keep Seymour from reading the anguish that was too plainly written on his face.

J. L. Addington, '08.

The Dying Day.

The sunset's afterglow is streaming
  Adown the bleak fields of the West;
The brook down the mountain is gleaming
  With purple and gold on its breast,
  With a ripple of joy on its breast;
  And in twilight shadows is dressed,
The forests of old, as if dreaming,
  Murmurs a good-night to the rest.

Solemn shadows lie in the hollow,
  And list to the night as it comes;
Day wanes, and the breezes that follow,
  Bear on the enchanting perfumes,
  Bear it on with a blush to the moon,
  Whose faint rays penetrate their gloom,
With a whisper, that on tomorrow
  Some prodigal will wander home.

The deeds of the past rise before me;
  I view the past life that is sped;
I think of the darkness around me,
  And the past ambitions now fled—
  Of the high hopes now forever dead;
  And a love for the day that's fled,
Comes as the calmness of peace o'er me,
  For the hopes of my life are dead.

Ed. R. Mason, '08.

Yamatotakeno Mikota, a Hero of Romance.

The story of Yamatotakeno Mikoto, or Prince Yamatotake sounds like a fairy-tale, though it may well be said that he was a real person and that many of the things told of him actually occurred. According to the history it is evident that every ancient nation has its legendary hero, who performed wonderful tasks, dared fearful perils, and had the strength of more than a man.

Prince Yamatotake, born in the year 71, was a son of Keiko Tenno, the twelfth emperor of the island empire in the far East. He was exceedingly handsome, manly and graceful in form, and of fair aspect.

In his youth he was sent to put down a rebellion of fierce Kumasos in the island of Kyushu. One evening, in order to enter the feast of the enemy, the prince disguised himself as a dancing girl. When he presented himself before the sentinel, his beauty of face and form prevented him from the dangers that might have come from the soldiers of all doubt, and as the sentinel led the seeming girl to the presence of the chief of Kumasos and his guests at the feast, the visitor began to dance with such winning grace that they were all captivated. When the dancing was over the seeming damsel waited on the chief in serving Sake, or wine, in such manner that he had to drink until he became drunken and helpless. The yielding girl then seized the opportunity, suddenly changing into a heroic youth, slew him on the spot. The dying chief upon finding out who the seeming girl was, said: "Thou shalt henceforth be called Yamatotakeno Mikoto, or "Prince Yamato, the Warlike."

Thirteen years later there was a rebellion of Yedos in the eastern part of the empire, and the young hero marched with an army to subdue them. As he passed by the shrine of the Sun Goddess, in Ise, on his way to the front, the priestess presented him with the sacred sword, one of the three holy emblems of the realm—the other two

being a mirror and a ball. He left his own sword under a neighboring pine and proceeded.

Though he was armed with the magical blade, he found it a very difficult matter to bring these savage foes to an open fight. Fleeing from the army of the young hero into the mountains, they fought from behind the trees and rocks, their method of warfare being to inflict damage upon their enemy with as little as possible to themselves.

As the army of Yamatotakeno Mikoto pressed them very closely, they set fire to the tall dry grass. By the aid of the wind, the roaring waves of flames at one time seemed likely to destroy the entire army of the hero. Then the Yedos yelling their delight, looked and saw the imminent peril of their enemies. But in the meantime their exultation was changed to dismay. For at this moment of danger the Sun Goddess appeared to Yamatotakeno Mikoto and suggested that he draw the sacred sword—Amano Murakumo. So he cuts the grass around him according to the suggestion of the goddess. Before the magic blade even the flames of fire were powerless, and the advancing flames turned back toward the enemy and soon the host of rebels were consumed. From that time the name of the sword has come to be known as Kusanagino Tsurugi, or "Grass Mower."

On coming down from the mountain after the complete victory over his foes, he embarked with his followers to cross Harima Strait, which is always tempest tossed, and a safe crossing is never to be secured. On account of his ignorance of the fact he looked for an easy and rapid progrss, but in the midst of the strait there arose a terrible storm, tossing the boats in such a way that death seemed inevitable. The hero was familiar with the ways of gods and in an instant he was convinced that Neptune, the god of the sea, was offended by his contemptuous remarks about the ease of passage as he embarked.

There was but one way by which the wrath of the god might be appeased—the sacrifice of a victim. The hero

then said to his followers with seriousness, "Who is willing to give his life for the rest?" Instead of one of his followers volunteering, the question was answered by Tachibana, his young wife, of indescribable beauty, who was in the boat of her lord. With a hurried farewell, she plunged into the wild waves, which in a moment swept her far away. It must have been an acceptable sacrifice, for the storm then ceased and the sea became calm.

Prince Yamatotakeno saw nothing of his wife except her wooden comb, which floated ashore, and was afterwards placed by him in a shrine as a precious relic of his devoted wife. This shrine still stands in the city of Tokyo.

As the hero sailed along the shore, having been looked upon as one sent by the gods, he subdued many tribes without a blow. Taking their leaders as hostages of their good conduct, the hero turned his way toward the capital from whence he started three years before. He was now on the land. As he gazed upon the magnificent view of the Bay of Tokyo, perhaps the most beautiful scene in the empire, the memory of his beloved wife, who had given her life for his, came back to him. He uttered with sad accents: "Azuma, azuma," or "my wife, my wife." The broad plain in which the hero then stood is still remembered by the name, and the term is frequently used by poets of the empire referring to the very plain.

The hero next came to Huki mountain, where he met a hostile spirit, who disputed his way, and seeing the spirit transformed into a colossal serpent lying on his path, he leaped over it and pursued his way. But the mountain's breast grew darker and darker until he lost his path and fell. Fortunately, he at once saw the bubbling of a healing spring, a drink of which enabled him to walk. On he went, though feeble, until he reached the pine tree, under which was his sword, having been left there three years ago.

He expressed the joy of his heart, as he picked up the sword, in a poem which may be translated as follows:

O Pine, were you a man,
I should give you this sword
For your fidelity.

The hero was now sick unto death, the cause of which being his breathing the poisonous breath of the tremendous serpent. He made the report of his victory and adventure to Keiko Tenno, his father, who at once sent a messenger with words of comfort. But alas! he was no more to be seen of men. His spirit is, however, said to be with his wife's, in the shrine in which the precious relic of his beloved wife is preserved.

B. Muraoko, '09.

The Cry of Progress.

Progress! Progress! All things cry,
Progress, nature's golden rule.

All through our glorious Southland today the universal cry is progress. It is the first word which reaches the ear of the young man when he makes his debut into life; it is the last to pierce the ear of the old player when the last act of his life drama is o'er and the curtain of destiny is drawn. When and where did this all-absorbing cry originate? The answer comes, wafted thro' the ages, "It is God's will." But is it God's will that we should move so rapidly in one train to the neglect an expense of another? While we are developing and utilizing every one of our forces toward accumulating knowledge, and wealth, are we at the same time exerting those same means for the development of the inner man? Should we turn aside from these things, which belong to the world, and are sought by all men, and explore the unknown dells and eaves of our inner selves, we would be surprised to find hidden there precious golden gems of thought and talents which we have admired and praised in the other man but unthought of as existing in ourselves. One of the world's greatest philosophers has

said, "Know thyself." While seeking and obtaining that which men have given you, seek also for that more precious—given you by Him who made you. Train and develop these together, allowing each to absorb from the other the sweet nectar of life. Has it not been very truly said that life is not worth living without self-examination? Indeed, it is the most difficult "examination" we have to pass, for there are only two judges—God and you—and both are just. Great will our reward be, when the recitations of life are over, all it's battles fought and won, to stand in that school-room where no work unfair is seen and no harsh word spoken, and hear our master read the marks of life, and you have made "Distinction."

In the progress of the age, the babe is taken from the cradle and its training begun in the schools before its star of life has yet risen above the eastern horizon. The childhood of which we are wont to think comes to it only as a dream. When it should be allowed to drain the cup of life's sweetest honey it has only a draught. The man of tomorrow will look back upon his college days as a part of his childhood. Has God willed it so that the morn of life shall break ere the witches and goblins of childhood's imaginations have retired to their secret places of hiding? In glorious nature, God hath poured around us the honey-sweet wine of life—the balm for the wounded spirit and sweet relief from burdensome cares—yet so few stoop to drink from this sparkling fountain. Hath progress deprived the honey of its sweets? 'Tis not thus, it still waits for you. Then while the progress of the day takes up the mighty waves of the ocean and leads them through mainland, and nothing seems too great for the work of man, take life at the flow and after the tempestuous storms have broken, you shall come sailing in with the tide, bearing upon every feature the imprints of success.

Crawford A. Easterling, '09.

An Epitaph.

Stranger, pause and think a moment
  O'er these bones beneath the sod.
Here a sinner lies a-sleeping,
  But his soul has met its God.

Life to him was e'en as dreaming;
  Gaily lived he while he could,
But his life has now departed
  And he cannot as he would.

Stranger, pause and think a moment,
  Ere that fateful day doth tell
Whether thou shalt dwell in Heaven,
  Or shall tortured be in Hell.

B. N. A., '07.

The Gypsies' Secret.

"Massar Jim, I'll know dat boy whereber I see him, I don't care whereber it be," replied Uncle Simp, staring eagerly at the five-year-old boy playing with his sister on the dam. "You know, Massar Jim, wheneber I lobe a boy, I sho' t'inks a heap ob him, and I sho' lobes dat boy ob yours. Dare's a certain featur' 'bout him dat's so 'cernible ~~umible~~."

Mr. Plowden had then called to Angie to come inside the mill, and was soon followed by Uncle Simp.

The mill was an old wooden building, surrounded by large oaks, covered with an abundance of moss. But in front of the mill-house did not lay a clear and beautiful pond, like the ones found in parks, but a neglected one, with numerous dead trees towering upward in it and hundreds of logs on its surface. On these the turtle sunned himself and the fish-hawk perched to catch the passing fish.

This place couldn't be lonely, for there was melody in everything. The songs of the red-birds and thrush never ceased, and the water gliding over the large water-wheel

seemed to play sweet tunes. The squirrels were at home there, and even the timid rabbit was often seen. The bull-frog would break the silence every now and then with his coarse voice, while the wood-pecker sounded forth his notes on the hollow tree.

On the dam you would see negro boys with their faces smeared with meal, and pinches also on their ~~faces,~~ knocking tobacco tags, while Uncle Simp was grinding their corn.

Angie had now gone inside the mill-house, and Jim, Jr., in his mischief, ran out into the woods to hide from her. He had the misfortune to reach the road just as a train of Gypsies were passing, consequently he found a new abode.

Years had passed, and not one word of information could be learned as to the sudden disappearance. Mrs. Plowden had been dead only three months before Jim, Jr's., disappearance, which only added more grief to the bereaved parent. Even Uncle Simp didn't seem to be the same jolly old negro, for he always called Jim, Jr., his boy. Suggestion after suggestion was proposed to Mr. Plowden, but years had passed, so he thought his son dead.

One evening while Jim, Jr., was watching the Gypsies approaching, returning from the neighboring town with supplies, to his surprise he saw that they had a beautiful little girl with them. It was early one morning, a few weeks later after the preceding scene when Jim, Jr., and this little girl were sent to get some wood, that Jim, Jr., suggested a plan for them to run away. But where were they to go? The girl said she knew the name of the town where her home was and her father's name, but said she was kidnapped while at her aunt's house. Hence they set out to find her home.

They had gone about two miles when they were overtaken by a buggy with a single occupant. They asked of him in what direction was Waldo, the name of the town they wanted to find. He said he could not direct them exactly, but that he would pass within a mile of the town.

He seemed very glad to have company with him on his long twenty-mile trip.

The sun was just above the distant trees when he bade his young friends adieu, and as far as he could see them they were making their way to town. They first met a negro, whom they asked did he know Mr. Clifton, and he said he never heard of such a man. This discouraged the sobbing children. They didn't despair, but kept on. Now they were nearly in the heart of the city, when they asked of an old white man, "Where does Mr. Clifton live?" He said in the large white house just around the corner. In a minute a bunch of rags rang the door-bell. The door was opened by the maid. The little girl didn't say anything to the maid, but turned to Jim, Jr., and said, "Tum on."

Mr. Clifton was in the family room reading a newspaper, while Mrs. Clifton was sick in bed. Mr. Clifton didn't even stop reading to look who was approaching, but supposing it was the maid, was astonished to hear a faint voice cry out, "Is dis you, papa?" Mrs. Clifton was out the bed in a minute, and once again the grief-stricken parents were happy. Jim, Jr's., name became Horace Clifton.

Several years passed, and Horace was sent to college. There he made a brilliant record and graduated with honors. When he returned home he was made secretary and treasurer of the Clifton Real Estate and Insurance Company. This position he carefully filled, and soon proved the man they desired.

On the evening of Horace's twenty-fourth birthday he was asked into Mr. Clifton's private room. Mr. Clifton told Horace that he was so deserving and honest that they had decided to start a branch office in Orlando, and that he was appointed to manage it. Horace thanked Mr. Clifton and left the room.

The next afternoon Horace and Louise Clifton went out riding. It was while a few miles from town that Horace said to Louise, "I am not your brother, as you know; but I have tried to be one to you, as you have been a sister to me.

Louise, I love you with all my heart, and if I only knew my parents and could obtain my name I would ask you to become my wife."

"I appreciate your love for me, Horace," she replied, smiling. "You know I would like to become your wife, but such is the case."

The time came for Horace to go to Orlando. He hated to go, but he knew it meant a lucrative position for him.

The second night Horace was in Orlando he was invited to a party at Miss Mildred Oliver's. Something seemed to say to Horace, "Beware you don't meet the girl you will love better than Louise!" Horace was anxious to meet all the girls of the city, so he went.

In the parlor of the Oliver mansion sat several couples awaiting the arrival of the others. Angie Plowden broke the silence by saying, "Ora, didn't you say you invited Mr. Clifton?" Which received an affirmative answer.

There was a rap at the door and, sure enough, it was Mr. Clifton and the rest of the party. The last girl Mr. Clifton met was Miss Plowden, whom he immediately began to converse with. The pleasant hours soon glided by, and it was time to go.

Horace had now been in Orlando five months, during which time he called on Miss Plowden very often. Many a time did they row on the pond and stroll on the dam, which years ago used to be their playground. The question which arose in Horace's mind had to be settled—which was he to drop, which to marry.

* * * * * * * *

"Jasper, you lazy Gypsy, tack dat board down good; I wants dis yer table plumb; I'se gwine ter see dat you does yer share ob dis work. Besides, you knows dat Massar Jim wants tings fixed right fer dat picnic. Ye know one thing, Jasper, I don't belieb you is a Gypsy, 'cause you jabs jest like a' old cornfield nigger. Ain't you a leader ob some kind ob a nigger club around yer? If you is you better know I'se a white nigger, dat's what I am, and I will make

Massar Jim make you skee-dattle away from yer," said Uncle Simp.

"Ber Simp, I beliebs you dislikes me somehow er nudder. Why, I thought you know'd I was a white Gypsy," replied Jasper.

"Yes, dat's what you er, show, dat's what you er. You know what my honest 'pinion ob you am. I tinks you a scoundrel," replied Uncle Simp. "And Massar Jim am onter some ob yer tricks 'round dis yer place ob his. I guess det will stand de crowd, for dey done got yer now, and we got ter put out nets yet before dinner fer to ketch fish for de fry ter night. Jasper, what kin is dat odder Gypsy 'round yer to you? I beliebs you am not on good terms wid him."

"He's no kin ob mine, and I am glad ob dat, sure I am," grumbled Jasper, as they made their way to the boat house. "You needen talk so big ter me either 'bout being runned away frum yer. I has a secret dat will win yer place fer me when I tells it ter Mr. Plowden, dat's what it'll do."

Seven o'clock seemed as if it never would come to Angie. Horace didn't attend the picnic, but he would be at the fish-fry at seven. He would be accompanied by his foster-sister from Waldo. Those who gathered at the mill to pass the pleasant hours in hearing negro stories and feasting were Mr. Plowden, Angie, Mr. Clifton, Louise Clifton, a young man from the town, Uncle Simp, the two Gypsies and a few negroes.

One hour and a half passed, when the negroes finished their stories, and now they called on the Gypsies for theirs, while the party was feasting.

The elder Gypsy was the first to begin. He said he didn't have a story to relate, but he was going to tell something on the other Gypsy (Jasper) that would make them all laugh. He began: "That yonder Gypsy is a bad fellow. He has a plan made up to ruin Mr. Plowden. In other words, he is a ring leader of some incendiaries and ~~negroes~~ rogues."

The other Gypsy (Jasper) began to sneak back into the

rear, while they all laughed heartily except Mr. Plowden and Uncle Simp. They had their eyes steadfastly fixed upon him. Then Mr. Clifton called Jasper back and told him to tell a joke on this one. He cowardly and shamefully came back and addressed Mr. Plowden thus: "I am a bad fellow, and dat odder Gypsy am too. I wants you ter run us both off from yer as soon as I tells dis on him. It will make you furious, and den you will rejoice when I winds up. Dis yer secret ob mine I wanted ter keep concealed until I did some mean trick, and den I would tell it ter you and you would pay me out. But now it will run me off, and dat yonder scamp too."

All were eager to hear it, and not a one could keep still except Uncle Simp, and he looked madly upon him, as if he was only lying.

Jasper continued: "Dat Gypsy," pointing to the one just finished speaking, "a good many years ago stole a small white boy while he was playing in the big road at the end ob de dam."

Mr. Plowden, Angie and Uncle Simp gave a scream, but was soon quieted by the Gypsy's proceeding in his story. "This boy stayed with us a short while, then he and a little girl we had stolen also left us, and we never found dem again."

Mr. Plowden, Angie and Uncle Simp were grief-stricken, Mr. Clifton and Miss Clifton were dumbfounded, and the other Gypsy brushed quickly through the door and made good his flight. What was the young gentleman from the city to do? He merely stood and stared. However, Angie broke the silence and sobbed, "Oh, that was my lost brother, my lost brother!"

Immediately Sophia Louise Clifton was in James Plowden, Jr's. (known previously to her as Horace Clifton) arms, and after a shower of kisses from her cherry lips, the story was revealed, while the vigilant and smiling moon peeped over a shifting cloud down upon them in their happiness.

J. LeRoy Dukes, '08.

Wofford College Journal

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Entered at postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter.

Editorial Department.

R. N. SPEIGNER, EDITOR.

The New Year.

Once again we can start anew with the ushering in of the new year. What rich privileges and opportunities to make time count for most present themselves! Surely it behooves each one to realize this and to again determine to make a new start. The resolutions and promises of last year have in most cases been broken perhaps, and so will some of our new resolves be broken, but we can at least begin with good aims and purposes in view. In reviewing the past and in searching the inner self, trying to find out what has been accomplished, a sense of disappointment and discouragement comes to him who has not fully done his duty, and instances of wasted hours and duties unperformed make themselves painfully evident.

A long time of hard monotonous work is before us and

we dread to take hold again, but the sooner we are in harness the sooner we grow accustomed to the load. Although these daily recitations and duties may seem as drudgery, let them become tasks of pleasure and let each one of us get the most possible therefrom. Here's hoping that this new year may be the best in the history of the college and of each individual; that every one will determine to begin again with a renewed sense of duty and that commencement will come bringing to each man the knowledge of duty faithfully and conscientiously performed.

Railway Disasters.

The recent wreck near Washington in which sixty were killed outright and many more injured, again illustrates that public safety is very insecure and much endangered. Wrecks are getting too common and frequent, and something must be done at once to prevent them. Various committees of investigation have found the cause in many cases to be physical inability of employees who have been worked overtime and who are in need of sleep and rest. A bill is now before the state legislature which says no railroad employee shall work over fourteen consecutive hours, and we certainly hope it will pass the house. If the railroads do not correct this deplorable condition very shortly, it seems to us that the government should be given control of public travel. If all roads would adopt the block system and double track their lines, many accidents could be avoided.

Thoroughness.

Thoroughness in everything is greatly to be desired, but we often are found lacking in this respect. This is seen in the manner in which most students prepare their class room work. We read over the text assigned and quit, not looking up references and comments on the lesson which we are sadly in need of knowing. Again, in the literary societies is found an example of hurriedly prepared

work. It is a fact that the class room work takes up almost the whole of our time, but we could put a little more interest and work into our society duties. Thoroughness in the little things makes us ready to do our life work in a creditable and thorough way. In being thorough we establish a systematic way of going at things and are able to get all possible out of them and we find and know what is not evident in a casual looking over or precursory examination.

⚜

Bishop Coke Smith. Another of Wofford's distinguished sons has passed to his reward. Bishop Smith was greatly beloved by all who knew him, and his departure of this life has borught sorrow to many hearts. He accomplished much for his Master in life, and truly his recompense will be great. Such lives as his are inspirations to men, and his spirit will live on, ever exerting a wholesome and uplifting influence. He began life, after graduating at Wofford, in the South Carolina Conference. He served various charges in this State and others, and at times he was a member of the faculties of Wofford College and Vanderbilt University. And at the time of his death he occupied the highest position his church could give. Wofford is proud of her sons, and truly they help in a great measure to shape the destiny of Church and State.

⚜

The Legislature. The legislature is now in session and many important problems are before this body for settlement. We have implicit confidence in our representatives and know they are working for our good and welfare. Among the bills to be brought up are those concerning child labor, compulsory education, railroad rates, and the dispensary is again an issue. The bill prohibiting the shipment of whiskey into a prohibition county has passed the Senate and will likely pass the house of representatives.

S. C. Manufacturing Association.

It was noticeable that among the many subjects brought up and discussed by the members of the South Carolina Manufacturing Association which met in Spartanburg a few days ago, that compulsory education was given much attention. This subject was urged upon each member and they are trying to see a bill to that effect passed in South Carolina. They realize the importance and absolute necessity of having their work done by labor which has at least a common school education. The passage of such a bill would effect a great many within the state, especially as many new mills have been established recently. Also they favor the marriage license law. Employers are now appreciating the fact that the cheapest labor is not the best and that the more capable a man is intellectually why the better class of workmanship he can give, and that there is more satisfaction to each side when both labor and capital are well organized and carried on.

An Apology.

The editors of The Journal wish to apologize for the lateness of this issue. but it could not be helped. The editors were not in college when the material should have been handed in to the printers, and consequently this delay. We promise to be more prompt in the future. And we wish to ask the editors and contributors to begin sooner, so we can go to press exactly on time.

Exchange Department.

CLYDE S. BETHEA, EDITOR.

Christmas has come and gone, but we can hardly realize it is gone for in reviewing the exchanges lying before us each one has something to remind us of Christmas and most of these reminders are good. Taken as a whole we believe the December issues to be away above the average, and this is as it should be, for who is it that cannot write something good on themes that Christmas time presents to us?

We hear from the distant hills of Tennessee a yapping. The experienced and keen scented critic of the Southwestern Presbyterian University Journal has found a Journal gotten out by inexperienced editors and we are the editors; he has found a Journal that is a plaguarism and our Journal is it; he has found a knocker and we are it. Now we determined when we took up the duties of this department that we would not notice any criticism of our Journal, whether we thought them just or unjust, and we expect to stick to this determination, and do no retaliating or replying, but review every magazine justly according to our view point, and we expect every exchange to do the same by us. If our Journal deserves to be criticized harshly from your standpoint, criticize it harshly, and rest assured we will take it in good faith and try to profit by it. But "something has gone wrong" with the exchange editor of The Southwestern Presbyterian University Journal or something has never been right, we can't tell which, for his criticism differs from nearly all our other exchanges, and not being content at expressing his views of our Journal as a whole, he attacks our department and accuses us of knocking the Converse Concept. This causes us to take his criticism as personal, and not as a just and unbiased one of our magazine as a whole. He seems to be, as we understand it, trying to hit us for our criticism of the Converse Concept, but he goes

about it in such an awkward way that he hits The Concept harder than we did, for he expresses his view point of our Journal in almost the exact words we used in criticizing the Concept, then says, "The Converse Concept and Wofford Journal look like twins." We do not feel offended at being compared to the Converse Concept for it is one of the best exchanges that come to our table, but after comparing our November issue with the October issue of the Converse Concept he says, "We don't know which copied the other." It is evident that if our magazine came out a month later than the Concept, that if copying was done, we did it. We think the gentleman hasty and that he overstepped his bounds as an exchange editor, and we ask that he retract his charges of plaguarism and that we are knockers, and that he offer us an apology.

We anticipated a good number of the "Wake Forest Student," and on reading the magazine we found our anticipations more than realized. Each department—fiction, poetry and essay—is well represented. "Christmas" and "His Christmas Story" are both timely and well written. The number of essays in the "Student" is large and some of them are very readable, notably "Darwin—The Saint of Science," and "Compulsation." "The Promise Was Kept" is a story with a well worn plot and a melancholy ending, and would admit of many changes. The editorial on fraternities is one of the strongest papers we have had the pleasure of reading in some time, and the subject is of special interest to every college student. On the whole we wish to congratulate the editors of the "Student" on their well gotten up magazine.

Five pieces of fiction, two very short poems and two essays composed the literary department of the Davidson College Magazine for December. Wake up Davidson and let your light shine! "Driftwood" is quite an interesting story of the Mississippi river, and the article on "Railway

Rate Regulation" is a well written and strong one. We were almost tempted not to read "Plutarch's Lives," but we summoned up our courage and waded in, and found that it might have been a great deal worse. We feel sure that the writer of "A Poet" is a real poet.

Naturally we expect a university magazine to be above others in all things, and the University of North Carolina Magazine does its best in the December issue to measure up to our expectations and we must own it did not fall far short. The fiction, of which there is not too much, is not of the usual hackneyed order, and the magazine contains two excellent essays, "Hon. James Yadkin Joyner" and "Aspects of Contemporary Fiction." The editor hits the nail on the head in his article on the "Slump of Poetry." He wants to know "Just what it is in our modern college life that is so fatal to poetry?" and we echo the question—and judging from the poetry in the December issue something in particular must ail the University of North Carolina.

"Christmas in Germany," which appears in the Trinity Archive for December is one of the best if not the best of sketches that appear in any of our exchanges. We can almost imagine ourselves in the fatherland surrounded by Karls and Gretchens, and with a stein of beer in our hands drinking the health of Old Kris Kringle. "Christmas with Irving and Dickens" is rather prosy and better suited for class room work than publication, but it has the Christmas spirit in it, and suggests much. The best sketch in the magazine, and by far the most interesting, is "Shakespeare's Christmas." The writer is evidently well posted on "local color" in England in 1598 and puts forth his ideas in a strong style.

The last exchange to come to our table is "The Criterion," The Columbia College Magazine. This issue de-

serves especial mention. It is well gotten up, filled with good essays and articles. We read with much pleasure the description of the mock marriage in the local department and predict for the editor a position of society editor on some of our great papers.

Clippings.

TO A MOCKING BIRD.

Sweet messenger of songs and love
That comes from heaven above,
To this world of care and pain
To sing the songs of love again.

Breathe upon me, thou minister of peace,
Some of thy hidden love of grace,
That to this world of sin and pain
I, too, may sing of love again.

The maiden at seventeen,
  Bewails her chaperone,
And wonders if she'll ever be
  Found entirely alone.

This maiden fine at thirty-nine
  Is utterly alone;
And now she'd give her head to live
  With one dear chap-her-own.

Little grains of powder,
  Little dabs of paint,
Makes a girl's complexion
  Look like what it ain't.

IDENTIFICATION.

In a police court two lawyers became very much excited over a legal argument. Matters went to such a pitch that they began to call each other names.

"You're an ass!" said one to the other.

"You're a liar!" was the quick retort.

Then the Judge said: "Now that the counsel have identified each other, kindly proceed to the disputed points."—Tit Bits.

A POET.

To see the glorious sunset and to feel
A throbbing joy down deep within the heart
To listen to the thrush's gladsome peal
And to the soul its happiness impart;
To in each woman see a goddess move;
To see in nature love divine enthroned;
And to its standard pure and dear to cleave;
To do these things;—to be a poet born.

A PSALM OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Tell me not in care free numbers
College life is but a dream,
For the man is flunked that slumbers—
Exams. are not just what they seem.

Life is real! Life is real!
Grades of A are its best goal.
"Do not hurry! Do not worry!"
Is not said to student's soul.

Not enjoyment, and not pleasure,
Is our destined aim and way,
But to study—study—study—
Is our task from day to day.

Exams. are long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though we have crammed
Still, like muffled drums are beating,
When we go to be exa'med.

In the student's field of battle,
In the stress of college life,

Be not dumb like driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife.

—From the Ottawa Campus.

IN DEFENSE OF THE SEX.

Men wouldn't go to sleep in church, either, if they had to hold their heads up in order to keep their hats on straight. —Ex.

THE SILVER LINING.

I met the maiden I adore
Upon the avenue;
She wore a stunning tailor gown,
A dream of gold and blue,
A chap I hate was at her side,
And both of them, alas!
Were so absorbed in merry chat
That neither saw me pass.
I watched them enter a cafe,
Where oft we used to dine;
My fancy saw them vis-a-vis
Across the fruit and wine.
But one reflection gave a coat
Of sugar to the pill:
This time it was the other man
Who had to pay the bill!

A FRESHMAN'S REASONS FOR STUDYING ON SUNDAY.

"If a man is justifiable in helping an ass out of the pit on the Sabbath, how much more justifiable would the ass be in helping himself out."—Exchange.

"Now, an heirloom means something that has been handed down from father to son," explained Aunt Sue to her young nephew. "Well," replied the boy thoughtfully, "that's a queer name for my pants."—Exchange.

WHY?

Why is a woman afraid of a mouse
  Is a mystery to me, I declare.
Why is a woman afraid of a mouse,
  When she weareth a rat in her hair.

—Ex.

Local Department.

CLAUD N. SAPP, EDITOR.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

Decidedly the best Lyceum number of the season was the lecture of Dr. Lyman Abbott, on December the 6th, on "Leadership."

The speaker was introduced by Dr. Snyder in his unique and characteristic way, to one of the largest audiences present at any lecture of the season up to date.

His theme was true democracy of government, democratic in the ownership of wealth, democratic in education and democratic in religion. In the treatment of these different phases of his subject the speaker showed that a master mind was dealing with the great practical problems of the day.

The lecture throughout was on the high plane of thought characteristic of the noted author, editor and speaker, and everybody was charmed. It was a great privilege the student bodies of the two colleges, as well as town people, enjoyed in hearing a man who has been so long in the public eye, and who has done so much toward influencing public opinion throughout the nation.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Now that the holidays are over and most of the boys are back from a pleasant visit home most of us seem a bit blue, and naturally so, for after a two weeks' stay at home, during which time we had all the kindness and good things of the home lavished upon us, suddenly to be cut loose from "loved ones" and have our attention turned to the cold, hard facts of text-books is not calculated to produce a smile. But experience has taught that the student must adjust himself to these changed conditions and only let the privi-

lege of this pleasant vacation and stay at home serve to arouse new ambition and higher ideals.

Elections in societies, for the January-February term, resulted as follows:

Calhoun Society:—J. C. Watson, President; J. M. Latimer, Vice-President; P. K. Switzer, First Critic; W. D. Frierson, Second Critic; Roy Stanton, Recording Secretary; J. B. Magness, First Censor; L. K. Jennings, Second Censor; R. B. Stackhouse, Corresponding Secretary.

Carlisle Society:—W. S. Floyd, President; O. G. Calhoun, Vice-President; C. S. Bethea, First Critic; A. R. Walden, Second Critic; J. L. Dukes, Third Critic; R. E. Holroyd, First Censor; H. M. Cox, Second Censor; B. France, Corresponding Secretary; C. E. Bethea, Recording Secretary.

Preston Society:—W. W. Carson, President; S. W. Taylor, Vice-President; W. B. Compton, First Critic; R. N. Speigner, Second Critic; H. C. Woodley, First Censor; Louis Yarborough, Second Censor; W. B. Garrett, Recording Secretary.

Messrs. C. N. Sapp and W. W. Carson will represent Wofford in the Inter-Collegiate Debate between Wofford and Furman University, they having been chosen at the Inter-Society Debate held December 1st.

Quite a number of the Clemson cadets were on the campus the past week on their return to Clemson, among them were Messrs. Rhea, Keele, Wall, McFadden, McArthur, McWhirter and McMillon.

Dr. Snyder delivered a fine address before the Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon, January 6.

Alumni Department.

W. DUNCAN FRIERSON, EDITOR.

WOFFORD MEN ON THE BENCH.

HON. C. A. WOODS.

Charles Alexander Woods was born at Springville, Darlington county, July 31st, 1852, attended school at Darlington until 1862, when he entered Wofford, where he graduated in 1872. After graduation he worked in his father's store and taught school, meantime studying law until June 1873. He then studied law in the office of Woolsy & Dargan, in Darlington, until September, 1873, when he was admitted to the bar. In December, 1873, he moved to Marion and opened an office. For a time he was in copartnership with the late chief justice, Henry McIver. He practiced law until January, 1903, when he was elected Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina.

HON. C. G. DANTZLER.

Charles Glover Dantzler was born at Orangeburg, S. C. He was prepared for college at Mt. Zion Institute, Winnsboro, S. C., and Kings Mountain Military School, Yorkville, S. C. He then entered Wofford College, graduating in 1875. He then began the study of law, and soon afterwards was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of law in Orangeburg. He was for 6 years a member of the House of Representatives from Orangeburg county. He was elected Judge of the First Judicial circuit of South Carolina in 1902, and was re-elected in 1906.

HON. G. W. GAGE.

George William Gage was born in the Meadow Woods of Union county, about 10 miles from Union, February 4,

1856. Was prepared for college by his parents and the family governess. He then entered Wofford College, where he graduated in 1875. After graduation he entered the banking house of Geo. W. Williams, and remained until April, 1878. He then began the study of law, and that fall entered the law school of Vanderbilt University. Here he took the Bachelor of Laws degree in 1880, and was also awarded the Founders medal. Began the practice of law at Chester, October, 1880. Was a delegate to Court Convention in 1895, and was elected member of the State legislature in 1897. Was elected Judge in 1898, and re-elected in 1902, and 1906.

HON. D. E. HYDRICK.

Daniel Edward Hydrick was born in Orangeburg county, August 6, 1860. He attended the neighborhood school, and for a short time was a student in the Columbia Male Academy. He then entered Wofford College at the age of 16. Later he graduated from Vanderbilt University. For 3 years afterwards he was principal of the Darlington Male Academy. He then began the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1886, and began the practice of law in Spartanburg. In 1897 he was elected to the legislature to fill an unexpired term, and was re-elected in 1898. Was eleected State Senator in 1900 and re-elected in 1904. In January, 1905, he was elected Judge of the Seventh Judicial circuit of South Carolina.

HON. G. E. PRINCE.

George Edward Prince was born in Abbeville county, S. C., on January 24th, 1856. Was prepared for college in Williamston, S. C. Entered Wofford College in 1872, and graduated in 1876 as valedictorian of his class. Was professor in Williamston Female College three years. Then studied law and was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of law in Anderson, S. C. Was for several years

attorney for the city of Anderson. Has been for several years trustee of Wofford College also Lander College. Was a member of the Court Convention of 1895. Was a member of the State Legislature from 1899-1902, and was again elected in 1905. In 1905 he was elected Judge of the newly created Tenth Judicial circuit of South Carolina.

Y. M. C. A, Department

THOS. E. DUKES, EDITOR.

Y. M. C. A. RALLY.

The first meeting of the college Y. M. C. A. for the new year was a rally meeting Sunday afternoon, January 6th, 1907, led by Dr. H. N. Snyder. The meeting was well attended and the boys were amply repaid, for Dr. Snyder's address was unique in every sense of the word. As one of the boys expressed it, "he is so original in all he says."

After reading the 24th and 25th verses of the 27th chapter of Matthew, Dr. Snyder opened his remarks by saying: "I want you to build a house with me this afternoon." Speaking of the material for the foundation the speaker remarked: "Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said, 'truth is a cube, it fits square and stands firm.' Falsehood is round, it fits almost anywhere but is unstable and fits no place.

"I was riding in the smoker of a Pullman recently and talking with the chief engineer of the corps of bridge inspectors, whose duty it was to go about and see if the bridges were well built. 'This is very careful work,' said I. 'What kind of a man do you need—what qualities must he be possessed of who builds bridges, where thousands of tons of freight pass over, and thousands of passengers' lives are risked?' 'First, he must have two qualities,' says he. 'He must be honest and skillful. But of the two, I'd rather have one less skillful and strictly honest.' Truth and honesty are foundation stones.

"The first room is Duty. It is said that one word was predominant in Napoleon's life—it was glory. Out of all his dispatches relating to his splendid victories flashed the sublime word, glory. He sought glory in the battlefields of Spain. There he met a slow, stern old Englishman, whose watchword was duty. After severe conflict with

him, he changed his mind about seeking glory in Spain, and went up and down Europe winning the victor's praise and making his name a synonym of terror. Bye and bye Europe got tired of one man getting so much glory, so she sent over to England for that stern leader, whose watchword was duty. 'Come over and help us!' her cried, and duty and glory clashed at Waterloo. Duty always wins. Make duty your watchword.

"The next room is the work room. A Japanese was questioning a tourist in his land. 'Come to buy cargo?' 'No.' 'Come to see friends?' 'No.' 'Come to die?' 'No, I have only come to see.' So I ask you this afternoon why are you here? What are you going to do? Will the world be any better for your having lived in it, or are you like the tourist in Japan—just come to see. Pretty good sort of an old world. Nice place to be. Just dropped in to see. Make this New Year of 1907 a year of good, honest, hard work.

"The next room is Love. Make it a big room, and fill it just as full as yu possibly can. Make it tender and sweet for those that are bound to you by the strongest ties. I'd make as many friends as I could. There is no joy half so sweet as the shared joy; no sorrow born so well as the shared sorrow.

"Then there is the hallway, and in it the steps, going—I don't know where. The first step is difficulty. It is hard to climb. At first I stand back, but there might be something good up there; so I climb. The next step is persistence. 'Oh, this is hard,' I say; but anything worth having is up those steps. Tennyson scratched off a little poem one night of about sixteen lines. Next day a magazine sent him a check of $1,500 for it. 'Enormous sum to pay for an hour's work,' you say. Some one asked the poet how long it took him to write it; his answer was, thirty years. You step into an artist's studio in New York and you want your face put on canvas. You ask how long it will take. 'Oh, four or five days,' is the reply. And you begin figuring how much the work will be worth, say at about $1.50 or $2.50

per day, for you think, well, I'll just pay him now. But when you ask the artist the price, his reply is $10,000. In astonishment you ask: "I thought it would only take four or five days! Four or five days to put the paint on canvas and let it dry; but it took forty years of hard toil to be able to do it. So you change your mind about having your face put on canvas, and wait till you get back to Spartanburg and get a photographer to strike off half a dozen for $1.

"The fourth room is service. A poor, ragged news butcher on a Pennsylvania passenger train came through the coach shouting 'Chocolates!' He stopped in front of a rich man and tried to sell him, but he pushed the lad away roughly. Unconscious, he fell to the floor. When the train reached the station he was taken home. The rich man followed; his conscience smote him. They took the boy into an humble little cottage, where his widowed mother ministered to him. It developed that the boy in the early morning delivered papers about the city; later in the day he made the news butcher's run on the train, and in the evening clerked in a store. Here was a lad doing the work of three , earning money whereby he kept a sister at a school of stenography and short-hand; a brother in an electrical engineering school, supported a widowed mother and had sent money across the water to pay the passage of his grandfather and grandmother to America. That is manhood indeed. No soldier's courage equals that bravery. In this battle of service no drum, or screaming fife or waving flag to cheer him on.

"The last apartment is the watchtower of the house. It is a quiet place. Up there in that watch-tower is the ideal of yourself—not what you are, but what you would like to be. And in this apartment is a quiet corner, where you can be alone in communion with the maker of your soul. Go to that corner with the Book. Read and meditate. It is the secret place of prayer.

"A house of light, with fine, rich rooms in it, resting on

a sure foundation, is what I wish for each of you to build on this year."

Of course, the above is not a full text of Dr. Snyder's admirable address. These are only a few notes taken on one of the best literary treats it has ever ben our privilege to enjoy. The boys were simply charmed. Some remarked on leaving the hall: "Why do we send off for a lecturer to appear before the lyceum, when we have in Dr. Snyder a better speaker than the lecturers that come to us?" One young man even went so far as to say he equalled Bob Taylor for eloquence. To say the least of it, it was one of the best talks we have ever heard, and doubtless will stand head and shoulders above any lecture we will hear during 1907.

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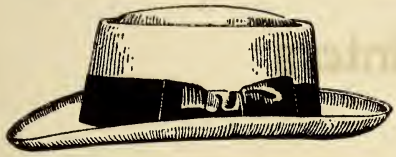

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February, 1907

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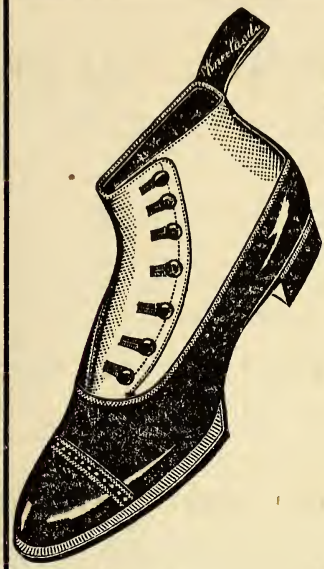

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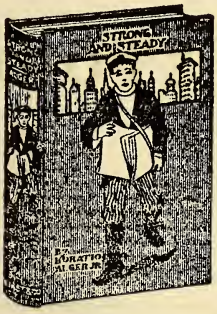

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Feb, 1907

Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

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To The Past.

Sometimes you'll think of the bygone days
Hastily fading in dull red rays,
Sometimes with a feeling of intense pain,
You'll long for its sweetness once again.
Sometimes when the moonbeams purple all,
And lillies bloom on the garden wall;
When the deepening twilights perfumed musk,
Is wafted on thro' the coming dusk—
You will long to see that face so fair,
So pure, so true midst the silvered hair;
And gaze into those luminous eyes
That e'er made your life a paradise—
The joy, the hope of that happy calm
Shall linger with you as heaven's balm,
Till, dreaming, you wake to clasp but air,
And feel o'er again your life so bare.
Sometimes you'd give the wild hopes of praise
For one of those vanished bygone days;
For only one touch of that strong hand,
To sometimes grasp you and help you stand.

E. R. Mason.

The Social Badge of American Life.

By J. Archie Willis.

The members of almost all societies and orders have in their possession some badge or other on which is engraved the motto, or some symbol representing the motto of the

organization to which they belong. They wear the badge not so much that the people with whom they come in contact may see and admire the ornament, but that they may know and be known of their brothers.

There is one badge, not commonly so termed, but nevertheless a badge, on which is engraved the emblem of power. The needs of the American people once demanded it and it was brought into existence. It was necessary that it should be born in order that the power which its emblem represents might aid the commerce, the trade and the general prosperity of our people. That badge, no matter what might have been the motive which brought it forth, is now the social badge of American life. Its emblem is the eagle, the badge, the dollar.

The man or the woman into whose possession this badge has come, does not wear it in the lapel of his coat as the ordinary fraternity pin or society button is worn, but deep down in their pockets, packed away in safes and banks, and buried in the soil of our country will you find this badge. The difference between it and the ordinary badge you see worn on the coat of your friend is that one badge of his order entitles him to as much power, to as much respect and to as many privileges as would a million of the same kind, while such is not the case with the social badge of American life. The more of these a man has managed to accumulate, the more power has he gained, the more respect is he entitled to, and, in the eyes of American society, the greater man is he. American society is not asking the kind of man, the type of character, nor the ability of the man she admits into her circles; the only question she asks is "Does he wear the badge?" In too many instances it matters not what kind of man he may be, but if he wears the social badge of American life, and can give proof of the fact, American society opens her arms to him.

There was once a time in the history of our country when the one thing American people desired most was freedom, and none other than her patriotic sons and daughters

could enter her best social circles. Following that there came a time when, above everything else, they desired most to preserve their liberty, and none other than those who had done or were willing to do something in defense of the freedom which had been gained, could enter American society. But, sad fact though it is, we believe that more than any other one thing today, the American people desire to become rich. Conditions are such that unless a man owns a certain amount of money or that which can be turned into money, that unless he can give proof of the fact that he is entitled to wear the nation's social badge, it matters not how patriotic he may be, nor how statesman-like a character, American society does not welcome him. The men of worth and merit are not the men to whom she opens her arms, but it is those who have either inherited or, by some means or other, have managed to accumulate a certain amount of money. The god of grasping, of gaining the upper hand, and of accumulting money is one of our American gods before which millions of her people bow. It is the god, the recognized god, sad fact though it is, of fashionble American society.

More people, we believe, speaking of the individual American, desire to gain wealth, to accumulate great sums of money, and to become the heads of great corporations, thus entitling themselves to be placed among the wearers of our national social badge, than any other one thing which could be mentioned. The masses of our people are seeking for the lower rather than the higher things of life. And why is this? Every result must have a cause, and many indeed are the causes which have brought about, as one result, this state of affairs. Now, it is the opinion of some that one of the things which has helped to bring about the present state of affairs has been the great number of immigrants of every race and type that have been allowed to come into this country. And, as another has said, one of problems has been and is the making of foreign paupers, criminals and others who come to us as immigrants, fit citi-

zens. In some cases, in many, let us say, we have succeeded in making of these, especially the better class of those who come to us, good citizens of enlightened America. But the masses of them care for nothing under the sun save money and come here for no other purpose than to get rich; and when we remember the large proportion of our population who are foreigners, that twenty-six million of our people were born of foreign parents, then it is we realize that our foreign population has helped to bring about the result in question.

But do not understand that we believe this has been the main and principal reason of our dollar becoming our social badge. We only give as our opinion that this has been one of the causes which has helped to bring about the existing state of affairs. It is a universally recognized fact that we the natural born and descendants of natural born Americans have learned to love money, not for the good we can do with it, but for itself and for the social position to which it entitles us. And not only do we as individual Americans love and hoard money, but our nation, our government also has learned to love the dollar. We know we are prone when any one mentions the present state of affairs, to repeat the familiar and often quoted phrase "Christian America," but the truth is, we believe, we have disguised ourselves to others until at last we awake to the fact that we have disguised ourselves to our own selves. Whether this be true or not, no one will deny the fact that our government, republican as it is, has not the same high ideals which once characterized it, and we must remember that "Not failure, but low ideals is crime."

Our national ideals once were high, no one will dare doubt or deny that fact, but can we truly say the same high ideals have been preserved? A nation's ideals can be no higher than the ideals of the individuals who constitute that nation, and we say it unhesitatingly, the ideals of the American, the individual American, are not what they once were. We see it in the lives of our public men, in our pri-

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

vate citizenship, and in our homes. A love of freedom and toleration sank deep into the nature of our forefathers, but the love of power and domination has taken the place of those better and more worthy motives which it was the duty of their children to inherit.

It is true, we believe, that a great majority of the young men of our country just entering upon their life's work, go in quest of our great American idol, modern idol, if you please, and at the same time leave in the distance, leave behind them with no thought of letting it accompany them, the greater and finer side of their natures. If every one just entering upon the threshold of young manhood or young womanhood would but pause and think, weighing fairly the question of his or her own being, as compared with the mere bulk of coin which we have learned to covet so much, the ideal of American life would be higher, its standard would stand for more, and instead of our country fostering multi-millionaires, made rich by unfair means, her stars would be men made after the fashion of her statesmen of a century or more ago. But we never stop to think, the stability and greatness of character we never compare with the other, the lower ideal. To become rich, to become a man of wealth and influence, and tower financially above our fellow beings is our highest ambition. No dream of ever becoming a statesman and rendering our country some great service ever enters into the dreams and plans of our country's youth. The brains of the men who should be the leaders of our republic are cankered, and that being the case, what are we to expect of the generation of young men that is to model its ideals and ideas of life from the example that is being set forth today by the supposed great men of the country?

The question seems to be when the American youth starts out into life, not what I myself can become, but how much can I roll into one mass, place it out before the world and call it mine? We never seem to realize that that is the lowest possible ideal to which one could aspire. We can

cause no more money to be coined than would have been, no matter how rich we may become, but we can render our country better service by developing our higher natures to the same extent that we develop the inside linings of our pocket-books and temper the inside steel of our safes and banks. But even though this fact stares in the face every one who steps within the bounds of maturity, we go right on seeking to accumulate great sums of money just as if the money king, the American social ideal, was, too, the ideal of all eternity.

Somehow or other, no one person can be blamed for it, it is a part of human nature, we are satisfied with ourselves a great deal sooner than we are with what we have managed to attach to ourselves. That seems to be all, and in many cases with our modern American it is all. Some seem disinclined to believe this statement, but they cannot deny that the American people have, as a whole, lost those deeply imbued principles of right and justice which characterized the American people of one hundred, of seventy-five and even of fifty years ago. We have begun to realize this fact, we believe, even though we have not as yet taken any decided step toward a revolution. Some have begun to realize that after all riches are not our all in life. And why should they not? It makes no difference whether he owns one dollar, ten millions, or ten thousand millions, no man's grave will be any broader, any longer or any more comfortable because of his money. No man can climb two mountains at the same time, and it is just as true that no man can devote his whole time, mind and soul to the accumulation of wealth and at the same time become a patriotic, liberty loving citizen he owes it to his country to become. And it follows, as the night the day, that what is true of the individual, is true of the nation. If the ideals of the individual American have, as a rule, been lowered, just so much have our national ideals fallen below their once high standard.

We can not afford to allow our national ideals to be low-

ered by any standards set by social circles or fashionable societies. We owe it to our forefathers, to our country, which stands as a living monument to their memories, and to our posterity to preserve the same high ideals set by the patriots and their families of a century and more ago. They labored and fought and died to erect those high ideals on which we look with wonder and admiration, and which were nothing other than the simple products of great, noble, patriotic lives; and if we allow the stars and stripes to float over a nation, over a people who are the descendants of the architects and builders of this nation, and at the same time over a people who have allowed their national hero to be changed from the battle-scarred veteran and the statesman to the common money king, the blood they spilt will be to them as bitter gall.

When a man's temperature is lower than it should be, that man needs a remedy, for if it is allowed to keep going lower, he is on the road to certain death. And it is just as true that when a nation's ideals are lower than they should be, are changed from their former high standards, that nation and that government needs a remedy; some reformation is needed, else that nation is on the road to certain destruction. Time and time again it has been true and history repeats itself.

Our country is sick. We know the nature and the name of the disease which ails her, but the question which confronts us as we stand face to face with this great national problem is, "What can be the remedy?" When a physician begins treating his patient he first tries to find out what caused the disease, and before we can apply the remedy for our country's ailment we must first find out what has caused our dollar to become our social badge, the millionaire our national hero. We give again as our opinion that one of the causes has been the demands of our fashionable social circles that those who enter their secluded realms should possess a certain amount of money. Now, as to what has caused the change in the demands made by society

we do not know, but it has been caused, to some extent, we believe, by the reign of peace that has blessed our country for the last few years, and the lack of wars and trying times to inspire in the breasts of our people a love and admiration for statesmen and heroes. But the times and the customs have changed and with them our national ideals have changed, and only a revolution of the existing ideas of life and its real meaning can save us from the fate of all the nations that have dared to go the way in which our feet are set.

Money getting in itself is no harm, and the man is sluggish who does not try to lay by for himself and his children something of value, but we should not, in our eagerness to outstrip our fellow man, wholly change our ideals of life and the ideals of our government, and do honor to the already too much respected Social Badge of American Life.

The Traveler.

I once awoke in an unknown land,
  The night was dark and cold;
I cried: "I know not where I stand,
  Oh God, but help my soul!"

And then two roads before me ran,
  I knew not which to take,
For I had not a chart, nor plan
  To guide me from mistake.

The one was hard and rough and steep,
  I scarce could make it out,
The other was long and broad and deep,
  It seemed like an easy route.

"Come go with me," a voice replied,
  "I'll lead thee to thy quest,"
And high above the gate I spied:
  "This way the palace—rest."

"Mine opiate wand I'll let thee keep,
To still thy throbbing breast,
Thou shalt but live to eat and sleep,
There in the halls of Rest."

Then spake to me a sterner voice:
"Thy duty never shirk;
For happiness make me thy choice;
Come seek the temple—Work.

"My path is steep and hard to climb
And few may reach the goal,
Where work is but the thing in time
That can content the soul."

I glanced up at the darkened sky
And saw a brilliant light,
A distant star had caught mine eye
To guide me through the night.

I knew the land was that of Life;
The roads we meet each day;
The one so hard and full of strife,
The other ease and play.

The star is but a high ideal,
Leading up to the goal,
Where work is just, honest, and real
Contentment for the soul.

F. B. Morgan, Jr., '08.

Almost Fatal.

Billy Wilson was reveling in ecstatic joyfulness. And well might he be supremely happy, for he had won the heart and hand of his ideal of beauty and accomplishment. Nell Howell was a typical maiden of the South, and the merry sparkle of her eye only suggested the passion and emotion of her nature. She and her sister Lillian were two of the merriest and most attractive girls in the small but

lively town of Clifford. Lillian had lost her heart to Alfred White, an adventurous young knight of the twentieth century, who was seeking his fortune in the gold fields of Alaska. Three years ago he had left her, promising to return when he had made his fortune. "Then," he said, "we can live in bliss and avoid the mad struggle for existence which usurps the time of so many unfortunate lovers."

'Twas Christmas night, and Billy Wilson and Alfred White were rapidly walking down a street of Clifford on their way to the Howell mansion. Alfred had returned that morning from Alaska where he had made a rich strike, and he was now possessor of inestimable wealth. Gaily they chatted as they walked along, each congratulating the other on his success at love making.

Soon they arrived at their destination, and were met at the door by their lady loves. Nell and her lover withdrew to the parlor for a chat so that Lillian and her long-absent adventurer might have a confidential conversation in the sitting-room.

Gaily progressed the conversation for an hour or more between Nell and Billy and "soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again." After one of the occasional lulls in the conversation Billy incidentally remarked, "Dearie, how is my photo keeping shut up in your locket?"

"Fine," she answered, handing him the handsome locket which he had given her on her last birthday.

Billy nervously opened it, for he felt forebodings of evil, and, upon discerning the photo contained in it, exclaimed, "Another man's picture! Alfred White!" and seizing his hat, rushed from the house.

IN THE SITTING ROOM.

Alfred White and his betrothed were revelling in joy, and he was relating to her his varied experiences in the frozen North. Many times had he narrowly escaped death by starvation or cold, and all for her sake. He unclasped

the locket from around her neck. He had given her this the day before he left to seek his fortune. Eagerly he opened it, for he wished to see how much he had changed since he left—what privation and exposure had done for him. "My God!" he exclaimed when he had opened it, and without another word he dashed the locket to the floor and left the house.

He almost ran over Billy Wilson in the hall, and wondered why he was leaving so early. But then he remembered that it was Billy's photo he had seen in Lillian's locket, but he paused for a moment and hissed in his face, "Villain!" Billy turned like a tiger and hissed in return, "Traitor." And at the gate they parted as enemies, each thinking the other had stolen the love of his betrothed.

The next day Billy was the recipient of the following letter from his lady love:

"My dearest:—Your conduct last night surprised and pained me. It was partly due to carelessness on my part, but was mainly due to a lack of trust and faith on your part. The locket which I wore last night belongs to my sister Lillian and contained a photo of Mr. White to whom she is engaged, as you probably know. Her locket is an exact duplicate of mine. Probably you purchased mine at the same place Mr. White got Lillian's. The lockets were lying side by side on the dresser, and as we were in a hurry to come down when the bell rang, she picked up mine and I wore hers. I hope this explanation is satisfactory. When are you coming again? As ever, Nell."

And Lillian wrote a similar missive to Alfred White by the same post.

Thereupon Billy and Alfred hunted each other up and, after due apologies for the harsh epithets of the night before, repeated in unison, "What fools these mortals be."

On the following New Year's day a double wedding was celebrated and four happy hearts were made to beat as two.

B. N. Alsbrook, '07.

The Carolinas' Greatest Need.

What we, as Carolinians, need today is not so much an increase in our population and wealth, nor an extension and enlargement of our commerce, but the crying need of the day is an educated citizenship. Every sane and fairminded man will admit that this question deserves our preeminent thought and most careful consideration at this particular time. I say at this particular time because, today more than ever before in our history men are realizing the fact, that at least a common school education has become an absolute necessity in order to cope successfully with our fellow men.

The States recognize their obligation to every child born within their borders and have incorporated in their constitutions provisions for the education of all their children; but this is not enough. Experience has proven that there are a class of people so selfish to their own interests, so eager for gain, and so careless of the rights of their children that they force them to grind out their young lives in the confines of factory walls or in the cotton fields. If one scene can be sadder than another, it seems to me 'twould be to see an ambitious child, helpless in its early youth, looking up to a merciless father for an opportunity to shake off the grasp of illiteracy, and receive it not. Who can imagine a more pathetic scene than this? For denying the child of an education is worse than ordinary robbery. It robs the child of its seed time, and therefore limits, mars and blights its harvest. No gift of gold or lands can ever atone for such a wrong. It is a personal injury, inflicted upon the helpless, and by a hand that above all others owes blessing and not blighting.

It is with this class of people that the State must now deal in trying to secure an educated citizenship. Every effort has been made to induce them to give their children a chance in the world, but all in vain. So it seems that a compulsory system of education is the only solution of the

problem. South Carolina will discuss this question at its present legislature, and it is to be hoped that North Carolina will agitate it also. We know not South Carolina's excuse for not having this compulsory system, but North Carolina claims that she is not yet ready for it.

The question immediately arises in one's mind, when shall she be ready? In regard to material advancement, natural resources, and manufactures, she stands second to no State in the South, but she must needs blush with shame when she remembers that 19.5 per cent. of all her white people over ten years of age cannot read nor write their names. Special school taxation and compulsory education may not be within themselves a panacea for the evils of illiteracy yet where they have been tried the former has been the fairest and the latter the surest way of obliterating this evil from among our people.

What have we lost by reason of our failure to provide an educated citizenship? To this question a comparative statement could be submitted which might offer a startling answer, but for the present I refer you to the reports of the last census. Read them; study them, and you will conclude that neither natural resources nor any other blessing of like nature make a great State, but that the trained men and women are the essential factors. An educated citizenship placed on barren lands, amid bleak winds and the tedious winter storms will soon make the world tributary by their skilled hands and brains and prosperity will be theirs. Place an ignorant, untrained people in a land where nature is most plenteous in her bounty and the resources of nature will remain undeveloped and opportunity will never knock at their doors; for there is no wealth except in the human mind.

It may be odious to Americans for another country to be pointed out as an example to them, but we might well learn a lesson from old Scotland. Three hundred years ago Scotland was perhaps the rudest and poorest country that could lay claim to civilization. The name of Scotland was

uttered with contempt, but Parliament passed an act for the establishment of district schools, and what happened? An awakening and an improvement such as the world has never seen took place in the moral and intellectual character of the people. Soon, in spite of the rigor of the climate, in spite of the sterility of the earth, Scotland became a country which had no reason to envy the fairest portions of the globe. Wherever the Scotchman went—and there were few parts of the world to which he did not go—he carried his superiority with him. If he was admitted into public office, he soon worked his way to the top. If he took a trade, his shop was the best on the street. The cry was, that wherever he went he got more than his share, that mixed with Englishmen or mixed with Irishmen he rose to the top as surely as air rises to the top of water. What had produced this great revolution? The Scotch air was still as cold, the Scotch rocks were as bare as ever, all the natural resources of the Scotchman were what they had been, but the State had given him an education. This education was not, in every respect what it should have been, but such as it was it had done more for Scotland than all the richest of soils of the most congenial of climates had done for England, her contemporary.

We have learned that we cannot in a free government like this have part of the people educated and part not. It would be inconsistent with the homogeneous republic. The ignorant and untrained will be subject to the educated class. The former may talk about their rights and independence, but these are a myth. They are slaves to their passions and prejudices to which it is only necessary to appeal. The highest development in any democracy is only possible when all men and women are trained to exercise the talents with which they are endowed, and the white people must not lose sight of the fact that it is the labor of a country that produces its wealh, and therefore, the education and elevation of the children of the laboring classes is a proper charge upon the property of any country; but

some will say that we are too poor; then, I reply, the way to get rich is to educate all the people intellectually and industrially, so that they may be able to successfully apply labor to the development of our many resources in the creation of wealth and prosperity. Who will say that the object is not worthy the struggle?

After seeing our great need of an educated citizenship, we must admit that the only way to secure it is through the medium of free public schools, open to all, supported by the taxes of all the people, where every child regardless of its condition in life or circumstance of fortune may receive that opportunity for training into social service which the constitutions of this and other great States, and the age, demand. Though the State may fulfill the requirements of the constitution by providing adequate school facilities, yet she has a right to demand and should demand that all the people take advantage of this opportunity placed before them.

From time immemorial our leaders of national thought have made a plea for universal education. Educate the people was the admonition addressed by Penn to the colony which he had founded. Educate the people was the legacy of Washington to the nation which he had saved. Educate the people was the increasing exhortation of Jefferson, and I quote Jefferson with peculiar interest, for after giving almost his entire life to the shaping of our political destiny, he climaxed his magnificent career by founding the University of Virginia and by establishing in his native State a permanent system of free public schools.

H. E. Stacy.

An Ideal.

The golden rays of the evening sun
Were playing upon the white-crested waves,
And the full, round moon had only begun
To come up from a thousand watery graves;

No grander scene was ever seen before,
  And grander scene than this could never be,
(No music sweeter than the Ocean's roar)
  Not grander than the sunset in the sea.

The moon's pale light, no longer pale, was red,
  And Ocean's waters looked no longer blue,
But each wild billow looked as if some dread
  And bloody monster changed the water's hue:
The sun sank lower, and his golden rim
  Now bathed in the foam of a golden sea,
And lower sank he till his face grew dim,
  And dimmer still as he sank in the sea.

And as the shadows of the night fell low
  Upon that wild, uneven beaten shore,
My life-boat rocked on the ebb and flow,
  In one long restless course forever more:
I cared not if it turned and came to land,
  Or if it drifted in the open sea,
Nor did I seem to care if it should strand
  Me on the billows of Eternity.

The waves rolled high and fell, and came again,
  And the shadows of the night falling o'er
The moon-lit mounds of spray, it seemed, would fain
  Have hidden all and chained me to the shore,
Had I not carelessly, unconsciously
  Drifted until the last white star had gone
And left me stranded on the open sea,
  Pilotless, simply drifting, and alone.

My ship rolled on and rode the waves till morn
  Had touched the eastern sky with streaks of gray,
And ever onward till the newly born
  Had thrown upon the world the light of day;
And then some good sea-nymph arose from out
  Old Ocean's depths, and with her own fair hand
Unreefed the sail and turned the boat about,

And led me again to my native land.

But when we reached the rugged, rock-bound coast,
She quickly turned and o'er the waves had gone
Again, ere I could call to her, and lost
Within myself, I, restless and alone,
Untied my boat and sailed the seas again,
Never sleeping, ever watching for one
Whom I had seen but once and loved; but vain
Was it: I could not go where she had gone.

J. Archie Willis, '08.

"In A Uniform of Blue."

It was a time of sorrow. The South was wrestling against the power of the North. Several of the States had already seceded. War clouds were brooding overhead. The North suspected, and prepared for war. The South rebelled, and there was a call for volunteers.

Quickly the news spread. "War declared, need of soldiers" was proclaimed in every Southern town. Loved ones parted. Many loyal Southerners looked their wives or sweethearts in the face for the last time. Vacant chairs remained about firesides to be forever vacant.

Robert Brunswick had heard the call. Could he refuse it? No, he loved his sunny land too well to allow it to be devastated without even offering his services. He saw Syril Lanier coming. Could he leave her behind? His loyalty failed him. If it was his duty to go, he couldn't see it that way. His temperament wasn't a ~~Tanerfane's~~ Sunny Home's—the triumph of ambition over love—but vice versa.

Robert had just spoken to Syril when his father arrived on the spot. Capt. Brunswick, in his teasing way, asked, "Syril, will you miss him when he's gone?" Robert's countenance fell; his heart beat fast. He knew his fate.

"Father," he replied, "I'm not going to war."

"What! Not going to war? Are you a traitor? Sir, you

will leave with Company F, Second South Carolina Regiment, in the morning."

"Oh, father, I can't fight! I will be killed. Don't force me! don't force me!"

"Little did I think I would raise a coward son. You forget I served my country as a volunteer during the Mexican War when I was younger than you by several years. Of course, there will be much predidation among the young volunteers when for the first time lead whistles by their heads, but the Southerner is brave, and above all he is a man, in the highest sense of the word."

There was an awakening in Robert. Dusk found Capt. Brunswick on his way northward. The next morning at break of day the war drums sounded and Robert answered roll-call.

* * * * * *

It was as dark as pitch without; not a star lighted the jet black heavens. The death-like silence was broken only by periodic rustling of the leaves as gusts of wind came and went. Far, far off in the boundless darkness of night now and then a deep rumbling could be heard, like the rolling of a cannon-ball across a wooden floor. The huge monster of darkness for an instant would open his fiery eyes, and by occasional light the dark outlines of trees could be seen, against a pitchy background; and in their midst, as if hiding from the searching glare, the outline of an old Southern home. But night, with all its uncanny allies, was merciful, concealing under its ebony cloak the waste and desolation which war had brought upon and about that Southern home, once so majestic and proud.

The large sitting-room was dimly lighted. In its center was a plain table, from which a candle shed the light. Beside the table in a great arm-chair sat a gray-haired man, clad in a well-worn uniform of now doubtful color, but from its environments it is safe to say that it had once been gray also. Upon the old man's lap, with her black hair resting against his shoulder, was his son's sweetheart, and

her homespun dress accorded well with the old man's uniform in wear and color. At the other side of the table sat the veteran soldier's wife, dreaming of her absent son. In her hands were two knitting needles, and in her lap a ball of cotton thread. Now the needles would ply as if they were automatons, now her hands would drop into her lap, and she would look across at her husband and ask some question, how he had fared, what clothes he needed, what would the future bear for them, or if there was any news of Robert.

The Captain said that he had heard of Robert but once, and if what he heard was true, he was deeply grieved with his son's outcome. He continued, "Robert has of his own free will and accord chose to don the "blue coat," and to aim his rifle at the breasts of his own father, kindred, fellow-citizens, and countrymen, and I cease to claim him as my son, if this is true."

Tears came to Mrs. Brunswick's eyes, while Syril buried her face in Capt. Brunswick's lap. Mrs. Brunswick, however, replied, "don't be hard and inconsiderate, love; he's still our boy. This report is false, I know. I fear he has been killed." With this Syril and the old lady burst into tears.

Outside the monster is gradually approaching, and the imps of darkness roll their bowling balls louder and louder, as the game progresses. Large drops of rain, like so many shot, begin to fall upon the roof. Faster and faster they fall; more brilliant are the monster's eyes as he for a second raises his heavy lids, then a crash and the old house trembles to its bottom foundation.

Almost inaudible above the din of the storm without sounds the clattering of a horse's hoofs coming at full speed up the road towards the house. Then it is heard no more. A few minutes pass, and there is a sound of footsteps upon the porch and a loud knock at the door.

"A night messenger bringing me orders for procedure from the general, I suppose," replied Capt. Brunswick, as

he kissed the inquiring face, which looked so anxiously into his, and arose to let the messenger in.

A shadow passed over the old lady's face as she laid her knitting upon the table and arose from her seat. The front door opening into a large hall was opened, and the old man bade the newcomer enter. Then there was a silence. The two women became anxious and started towards the hall, but stopped suddenly as if fixed to the spot. "Father," they heard a voice say, and it was a voice whose identity could not escape their ears. In the next moment there stood before them the tall, commanding figure of a soldier boy, no longer a boy, but a man.

"Robert!" they gasped, and were about to rush to him, but with a gesture full of foreboding and anxiety he checked them. Somehow his uniform of blue seemed as strange and out of place as his voice seemed strange and anxious.

"Quick! mother and Syril," he whispered, "hide yourselves. I haven't come back to stay. They are after father, hurry and hide or death will be your fate. Father, you stay here, I will pretend that you are my prisoner. The Confederates have been informed. They are on the way. The Federals will be here in a minute. Quick!"

At this the mother and girl immediately withdrew to an adjoining room, while the old man sank into a chair. Many emotions were passing over his rugged and sad countenance. "My son a Federal, and I his prisoner."

In a minute a gun beat upon the door, and Robert opened it. Into the hall streamed a squad of men and their coats were blue.

The leader started to arrest Capt. Brunswick, when Robert came from behind the door. The soldiers immediately drew back and saluted.

"Colonel," replied Robert, "this is my prisoner. Go tell the General to keep to the left hand road, and he will reach Orangeburg at daybreak."

They again saluted and withdrew.

When they were well away, Robert turned to his mother

and sweet-heart, who had in the meanwhile come out from their concealment, and kissed them; then approached his father with outstretched hand, which his father gladly clasped.

"Father," Robert replied, "I thank you for not revealing my secret to the Federals and by so doing you saved your life and household. Ere the sun is an hour high the Confederates will have met them, for I sent the Federals into the trap."

Early the next morning there were a few shots, then an outburst of cannon, and the battle was on.

The next day the name of Robert Brunswick, the great Confederate spy, was on the tongue of every one, who made himself famous at his home town through his magnificently wrought intrigue against the Federals.

J. Leroy. Dukes, '08.

Why Wade Hampton Was Not Returned to the Senate

A few weeks ago I stood at the monument recently erected to General Wade Hampton on the state house grounds in the city of Columbia. As I walked around it and read the names of the battles of the civil war in which he distinguished himself, brought honor to his State, and renown to the Southern soldiery; I felt proud of him and said, "He truly was great." But as I gazed on the monument erected to commemorate his deeds for his countrymen, and as I thought of the service he rendered his fellow-citizens in the years following the war, his great deeds as a soldier paled into insignificance. My heart swelled within me as I thought of the work he did in regaining white supremacy in South Carolina. I felt grateful to the God of heaven for having raised up such a leader for the people of my State.

Surely there is not an old Confederate soldier or a white man who was living in 1876 or the sons of either in all South Carolina who does not feel grateful for the life of

Wade Hampton. Surely there is not a man within the bounds of this State whose patriotism is not made stronger by hearing of the deeds of this hero.

One great incentive men have to do great deeds is that their names may live in the hearts of those who are to come after them. There is a higher motive than this: that a man's life may be spent in doing the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of people. In accomplishing this, different men have different views as to what are the best methods of reaching the desired end. When we lay aside our prejudice we can easily see that both are honest in their purposes.

Unfortunately our great leader turned a deaf ear to the demands of the majority of the people of South Carolina for reform in the government in 1890. He seemed to distrust the masses of men when it came to their taking a leading part in the affairs of State. He believed in the rule of the rich, well born and able. His views were those of an ante-bellum aristocrat, and rulership of the favored few.

In 1890 there was a movement on foot in South Carolina for reform. There was a spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction among the people of this State as to the political methods of the ruling faction. At this time we had no primary elections for nominating the officers of the State. All nominations were made in a State Convention to which delegates were elected by the various county conventions. It was openly charged that no delegate could be elected who was not in accord with the politicians of Charleston and the statehouse officers. The people demanded that the delegates to the State convention be elected by a primary, where all the people would have a right to say who should go. To this the state convention would not agree and those opposed to the "ring" as it was called decided to hold a convention in the City of Columbia. This has since been known as the "famous March Convention." This convention was dominated by B. R. Tillman a farmer from Edgefield county who had never held office up to this

time. Tillman sounded a note of warning to the ring in the convention of 1880. At this time there was a manifesto issued which set forth the grievances of the farmers and also those who were not of the Charleston "ring". In this March convention the name of B. R. Tillman was suggested as a suitable man for the regular Democratic convention to nominate as the candidate for Governor. He agreed to make the fight and canvassed the State speaking by invitation in the various counties. His efforts were to have men elected from different counties to go to the State convention who were in favor of what was afterwards known as the "Reform movement." The ring politicians soon saw that unless they could do something to turn the tide that Tillman would be nominated for Governor. A meeting had been arranged at Aiken and the "ring" politicians invited General Hampton who was then a U. S. Senator to be present and make a speech. They knew that the people had great love for Hampton therefore the "ring" leaders wanted him to be present and answer Tillman. The admirers of Tillman in Aiken county had made great preparation for his reception. They had a large wagon, drawn by four white horses, and decorated with flowers and fruits of the field, and when he arrived they asked him to ride in their conveyance, to which he agreed. The men were admirers of General Hampton as well as of Tillman and they knew that Hampton was in the town stopping at the house of the ring leader of the old regime. They drove to this house and asked Gen. Hampton to ride in their wagon with Tillman, which he refused to do. The meeting was held in the grove and the people seemed to be very enthusiastic admirers both of Hampton and Tillman. When Hampton arose to speak he was received with the enthusiasm of 1876. He had not gone far when he began to attack Tillman and his followers and advised the people to repudiate him. The farmers disapproved of this and openly stated to General Hampton that he had no right to make such a fight or to

interfere in a matter that in no way concerned him. So they refused to hear him speak. Hampton came out in interviews and speeches in which he bitterly denounced Tillman and all he stood for.

Up to this time no one thought of opposing the return of Hampton to the U. S. Senate. His election was considered a matter of course. The farmers became thoroughly aroused as to the abuses of the agricultural interests by both State and national government. The "Farmers' Alliance," a powerful organization throughout the South and West demanded certain legislation for their relief. To these demands General Hampton was opposed. Tillman was overwhelmingly elected Governor, and the Legislature was with him almost unanimously, the Farmers' Alliance having a majority in both houses composed of their members. When the Legislture met, a part of its work was to elect a U. S. Senator. Governor Tillman was waited upon and asked to accept the place, but he positively refused upon the ground that he had just been elected Governor pledged to certain reforms and he would remain until those were accomplished. The Alliance held a caucus and decided to elect no one who was not in sympathy with their demands. Hampton was openly opposed to them and the caucus had to choose between a man from Greenville and J. L. M. Irby. Irby had managed the campaign which elected him, and having been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, he was chosen as the Alliance candidate and elected. There was unanimous regret on the part of the Legislature that Gen. Hampton had to be defeated. But his reelection would have meant the death of their demands, and they knew it, so they stood true to their convictions. General Hampton accepted his defeat as a natural result of his opposition to Tillman and the Alliance. It was measures, and not men, for the very men who put him out of office were great admirers of Wade Hampton.

Dreamland.

A youth was standing by the fount of life,
  And gazing far into its azure depth,
His selfish and only thought in the strife,
  To follow, he should laugh as others wept.

He saw himself a stately man and tall.
  By many held in honor, all in dread,
Before him towering empires trembling fall;
  Their flag disgraced and furled, his raised instead.

An aged man far down life's golden stream
  His face was sad, for him there was no joy,
A wasted life was his, now but a dream
  Of things he'd do were he but still a boy.

—F. '07.

The Voyage of the Norsemen.

The story of the European voyage to America prior to 1492 is of interest to all, because it carries us back in history where we may catch the first faint glimpses of our native land. These are the days when the hardy Norseman pushing ever farther into the unknown Atlantic finally grounded his boat on the shores of America. Some authorities regard these stories as valuable, while on the other hand, others claim that Columbus, who made a voyage to Iceland in 1477, there learned of the Norse discoveries and based his great venture on their travels.

Before the middle of the ninth century we see very little of the Norse pirates visiting the coasts of Southern Europe. We may note that these voyages began to be a common occurrence about the last quarter of that century. They were the outcome of the successful attempt to establish a strong central government in Scandinavia. Harold Fairhair was on the Norwegian throne, and in 872 he crushed the power of his feudal underlords who were almost independent, and placed this throne on a firm foundation. But

many lords or Jarls, as they were called in their own tongue, still refused to acknowlege Harold as overlord. They called their followers into their ships and became pirates.

Some of the Vikings or pirates settled on some of the most Northern of the British Isles. Others pushed in to the Atlantic, and by 876 Iceland had been discovered and its population numbered more than 50,000.

In that year one of the Vikings, Gurmeorne, was driven west by a storm. Before the fury of the storm had abated, his ship had come to the unknown coast of Greenland. Here he wintered and the next year he returned with news of his discovery to Iceland.

A century passed before there were any more discoveries. Then in 986, Bjarm Heljufson, while sailing from Iceland to Greenland made an accidental voyage to America. On account of a fog he could steer only by guess work. After several days sailing they saw a flat coast before them. This was not Greenland for the coast of Greenland is mountainous. Heljufson did not land, but turned about and sailed for Greenland. Thus he was the first European to see the American continent.

News of Bjarm's discovery came to the ears of Lief, the son of Eric the Red. He determined to explore the land which Bjarm had discovered, and in 1000 he set out from Brattahlid with thirty-five men. After sailing several days they came to a coast covered with large flat stones. This they called Helluland. It is now known as Labrador. The coast being inhospitable the explorers sailed to the south.

On their southward journey they stopped about Boston, it is supposed which they called Markland. Then they sailed south two more days, and there wintered. Here they found an abundance of wild grapes, and on this account they called the place Vinland. The next spring Lief returned to Greenland with a cargo of lumber.

In 1004 the first fight between the American savage and the European took place. Thorald, a brother of Lief, sailed

to America for lumber. While there he and his men fell in with a party of savages, and Thorald was killed. His followers then returned to Greenland.

Several voyages were made between 1004 and 1012. The most important of these was the voyage of Thorfrim Karlsefui, who, in 1007, brought a colony to America. In the course of the year the first American child of European parents was born. This was Snorro, the son of Thorfrim. The colony was unsuccessful, and in 1010 the colonists returned to Greenland.

In 1012 the Norse voyages of discovery and colonization ceased, though Norse ships often came to Vinland for lumber. For centuries Europe knew nothing of the voyages of Lief and his associates, but recent research gives the Norsemen the honors they deserve and place them first on the list of the explorers of America.

F. Warren Dibble.

The Gift of a Day.

Down from the green and ivied walls of mem'ry
I plucked the blossoms of my happy days,
And went to live in some lone vale, where smiles
And tears were one. "'Tis here," my sad soul said,
"That I may drink in peace the dregs of mine
Own melancholia."
Here, in sooner days
Had those, with mighty pens but weakest hearts,
Stirred Europe with the pictures of a sad,
Melancholy life and roamed and cried aloud.
Against these did my heart rebel, for they
Had gloried in their own misfortunes. I
Should go, but never should I ask the world
To share my sorrow with me.
And thus I
Went. I entered, and had half reclosed the
Gate, when a soft, clear voice caused me to stop

And gaze about. "Kind friend, sweet friend," it said,
"Stop, give me just a word, you know not what
You do. He who sent your sadness, did not
Wish it cherished thus so long. Nature does
Not bare herself, and show a desolate,
Sad heart, for more than one dreary winter—
God does not wish man's sorrow cherished long.
Each day, laden with its burden of joy
Or sorrow, comes and lays it at your feet.
It is for you to choose the gift you will
Receive, and let the rest pass on. Cast out
My friend, your gift from that sad day, and
Let the world a brighter face behold. I
Can do no more, but think you well before
You act." And then I heard no more.
A smile
Parted my once sad lips, as I replied,
"I will return, and take my stand as thou,
My friend, to guard the gate and warn the men
Who seek to do as I have done."

J. L. N., '08.

Why Angus McLean is Called a Hero.

After the rattling clash of arms and the sound of drum-beats had faded away among the echoes and those brave men who so nobly defended the cause of the South both on the battlefield and where'er duty called them had once again come to know the joys of a home, there was yet a call for heroes just as brave. Every one was reveling in the great cry of peace, a great civil strife had reached its end and as the cloud of warfare and bloodshed rolled away to let a sorrow-stricken people bask in the warm rays of a sun whose every beam cast a halo of peace all o'er the nation, there was brooding in one of the Southern States a trouble which was to add yet more to the great load of sorrow which these people had undergone. In Robinson county of

North Carolina there had settled a class of people who were and are still known as Croatans. Some have said that they were descendants of the lost Virginia colonists but whether this be true or not, they were believed to be a mixture of Indian and paleface. Their settlement was known as Shuffletown. Taking advantage of the crippled condition of the people living in that community, they committed many robberies, murders and atrocious deeds. In vain did the officials try to prosecute them and relieve the people of their fear. Such were the deeds of the "Lowry Band," led by the murderous outlaw, Joe Berry Lowry, that no man dared venture forth after nightfall.

However there was a young lad who was brave and cunning enough to seek revenge. The brother and sister of Angus McLean had been murdered in a shameless and blood-curdling manner before the eyes of this terror-stricken, heart-broken mother, and Angus had barely escaped their fate. For days he was too much overcome by grief to settle upon any plan of revenge. To his dear old mother, whose raven tresses had long since been turned to silvery gray by the loss of her husband in the war not many years before, this was a death blow and she too soon followed her children. Left alone in the world with no one toward whom he might turn for comfort, the supreme and only thought in Angus' mind was revenge. It was his only motive, the all for which he lived; the very birds of the forest; in anguish, seemed to cry for revenge. All of his relatives told him that to enter Shuffleton meant death to any white man, yet his cry was revenge. After many efforts he persuaded about twenty men and boys to follow him into this village of Croatans. They waited for a dark night which would aid them in their purpose and when one night the clouds were driving fast from the east and a slow drizzling rain had already begun to fall they cautiously made their way toward the little cabin of Joe Berry Lowry. Secreting themselves in the nearby woods they waited for Angus to approach the house and ascertain whether or not

the leader of the Lowry band was at his home. This he did and when he returned, forming a circle around the house they began to close in, feeling sure that this time Joe Berry Lowry should pay the penalty for his murders. There was no sound except of laughter from within and every one felt sure that they would capture him unawares. Closer and closer they came, yet Joe Berry Lowry made no move. They came to the house, and bursting open the door, Angus, followed by several others, rushed in. Joe Berry Lowry was nowhere to be seen. Diligent search failed to find him, yet there was no possible way to escape to be found, and Angus was sure that he had seen him lying before the fire. Their scheme had failed and Joe Berry Lowry was still the leader of the Lowry band. Later it was found that he had escaped by means of a tunnel which led from beneath his cabin to a little cave on the bank of a small stream about one hundred yeards away. Beneath his bed this wary outlaw had fixed a trapdoor through which he could enter the tunnel and in case of emergency make good his escape into the woods below. By this means he had escaped Angus McLean and his litle troop of followers.

Yet a brave heart like Angus McLean constantly urged on by the stinging pangs of revenge never knows the meaning of the word fail. Constantly looming up before his eyes was the scene of his younger brother and only sister dying from blows dealt them by this murderous gang

Angus dared to enter this little Croatan village; this time without partner and at the risk of his life. Life was worth little to him with this burning cry of anguish ever bursting forth from his soul. The very thought of fear was overwhelmed by this, his supreme motive. Stealthily and very cautiously he crawled toward the cabin. In crossing a log he broke an old limb with a crash, then it was his cause seemed lost. Joe Berry Lowry opened his cabin door. The glare from the burning pine-knots thrust itself far into the darkness. Standing there, this cunning outlaw

scanned the undergrowth trying to detect the cause of the noise. At the sight of his master the sleepy old yard dog stretched himself and began growling. During this Angus lay close beside the old log, his heart beating a tattoo against his side. Death now seemed to rise immediately before his eyes, for should Joe Berry Lowry give the alarm he could never escape this notorious band. Determining that the noise had been made by a falling limb or some animal, the Croatan closed the door. This time he allowed the old dog to come inside and lie beside the fire—and throwing himself lengthwise in front of the fire he began playing a jews-harp. After some minutes waiting Angus again inched his way toward the cabin door. The die was cast; this time meant success or death. He had now come close enough to see the shining black head of his victim through the cat-hole in the door. Closer yet he came until he was within two or three feet of the door. Then, lying in position to make sure of his aim, he placed his gun barrel through the cat-hole and fired. The bullet struck Joe Berry in the back of his head. Springing to his feet, he whirled, faced the door, and fell dead at the feet of his wife. The leader of the famous "Lowry Band" had met his fate, and the others soon followed. Quick as a flash Angus made good his escape. This story has often been told to visitors and to the children of Robinson county, and the name of Angus McLean will always be remembered as that of a hero. "E.," '09.

Some Facts Abaut Fairfield County.

Fairfield county is one of the oldest counties in the State, and its existence can be traced as far back as the time when our forefathers were figthing against oppression in order that they might have the rights and privileges of free citizens. Fairfield county was named just about the time when the friends of liberty were growing despondent and despairing, thinking that the time for American

armies to surrender to the British was near at hand. Fairfield was named by an invader on the rights of free citizenship, and therefore by a man hostile to the best interests and welfare of a community. Just after the battle of Camden, Cornwallis retreated to Winnsboro, where he spent quite a while in camp. As he went through the fertile country viewing the beautiful fields and stately dwellings the thought came to him that this would make a splendid battle ground so he gave it the name of Fairfield. Near Winnsboro is to be seen a stone pillar of an old barn which Cornwallis on his march through the country in 1781 burnt. It was made of brick, and was a structure of immense size and once before this while he was in the county he had sheltered his horses under its roof. This barn as well as a dwelling, a church and some other buildings was built by Mr. Amos Kinkaid, a man of foreign birth and immensely wealthy. The brick used in constructing these buildings were hauled on wagons from Charleston some time prior to the Revolution.

These houses, after a lapse of a century and a quarter, are still to be seen, without any visible mark of decay or dilapidation.

At Blackstock, there was an engagement of no little importance in which Tarleton was defeated by General Sumter November 20, 1780. The American loss was very small, but General Sumter was so severely wounded as to be rendered unfit for service for several months.

The next date of special importance to the people of Faifield is 1793, the year in which one of the greatest inventions known to man was put before the people for his service and benefit. The invention of this great machine changed the wooded forests and unfertile plains of this Southland of ours into broad and productive fields on which is raised millions of bales of cotton used to make clothing for almost all of the human race. I speak now of the cotton gin. It is generally believed by people that Eli Whitney was the inventor of the cotton gin, but this is, neverthe-

less, a mistaken idea. The cotton gin was really and truly invented by Mr. Hodges Holmes a man under employ of Mr. Kinkaid who has previously been mentioned. Holmes was suddenly called down in Georgia on some business pertaining to cotton raising. Mr. Holmes had been gone only a few days before a nice looking handsomely dressed young man rode up to the door and asked if Mr. Holmes had not made a machine for cleaning cotton. Her reply was in the affirmative, but said that her husband was not at home and she had been instructed to let no one in to see it. Whitney said that he was just riding through the country when he heard of it and for mere curiosity and no purpose in view whatever he would like to see it. She finally consented, gave him the key and told him that she would let him see it provided he would tell no one about it

Mr. Holmes knew that his machine was perfect in every particular as he had successfully used it a number of times and was only waiting in order that he might procure the necessary funds to take him to Washington that he might receive a patent upon it.

Whitney had made a machine before this, but could not get it to work satisfactorily, and it was his purpose on seeing this machine to remedy the defect in his own in order that he might receve the glory and honor of placing such a useful and labor saving machine before the people. Whitney looked at the gin, saw what the trouble was with his, drew a model of it and hastened to Georgia. On arriving at home he remdoeled his gin, got it to working satisfactorily, and at once left for Washington, in order that he might receive the patent upon it. Mr. Holmes soon returned and when his wife related to him what had happened during his absence he almost collapsed for he knew what it all meant. He exclaimed, "I am a ruined man as far as the invention of the cotton gin is concerned." He left for Washington immediately, but upon his arrival there he learned that Whitney had secured the patent upon the cotton gin. It was all over; the poor disappointed man

returned home "a sadder but wiser man." ·He died a poor, honest man, respected and loved by every one who knew him, while on the other hand Whitney filled a robber's grave and left his millions behind.

In 1865, Fairfield was devastated and left in ruins by Sherman and his army, as it was destitute of its beautiful crops, stately dwellings and all that had made the county so beautiful and delightful. He laid waste everything over which he passed, as he had done in some of the counties of the lower part of the State. The destruction which he wrought was greater than any tornado, for he used fire and not wind and covered a much larger space of country. The county although in a prosperous condition has never recovered from the awful calamity.

Monticello, a small village of perhaps five hundred inhabitants was named in honor of Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson. He was so much pleased and delighted at the idea that he gave the people two hundred dollars toward the establishment of a high school there. The school still maintains its hight standard, it enjoys a liberal patronage, and has been in successful operation since the days of Jefferson.

Fairfield county is known as the county which has a foundation of solid rock. The largest rocks in this country perhaps are to be found here. There is a solid rock in Fairfield which has an area above the ground of ten acres. However, there is one there much larger than this one; it has an area of forty acres, though some of this is covered over with about eighteen inches of dirt. Fairfield produces the finest granite both for monuments and building purposes in the world. It took the premium at the world's fair over four hundred and seventy-nine other specimens. This granite is shipped to all parts of the United States and Canada. I am now writing of what has happened recently, but will return to the historical part, of which I began to write. There is a wonderful, and somewhat strange story connected with one of these rocks, just about seven miles from Winnsboro.

Indeed this is not a story, but an actual fact and happened in the spring of 1847. It is a phnomena which scientists after much diligent study have been unable to explain.

There was a rock the shape of an egg and weighing perhaps forty thousand pounds resting upon a rock of much greater size. One stormy night the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed and the rain fell in torrents, and on such a night, indeed this night, this rock moved from this solid foundation. It started from the rock which supported it and went ploughing through the field for a distance of about seventy-five yards. If the rock had rolled and stayed on top of the ground the occurrence would not have been so wonderful and surprising to people. But such was not the case; it buried itself in the ground at a depth of five feet and went ploughing its way through the field, throwing dirt on both sides for about thirty feet. The next day after it happened more than two thousand people visited the scene, yet it was in an out-of-the-way place, and some distance from the public road, therefore near no house.

The long trench and the rock are still to be seen, and to this day visitors who come into the county never want to leave till they have seen it. Several prominent scientists have spent much time and thought upon the miraculous moving of this rock, but as yet none of them have come to any definite conclusion. Some have been disposed to say that it was the work of gravity while others say that electricity was the cause, as this was a very stormy night.

There is another wonderful rock near this one. The one just mentioned has moved only once, but this one moves every time it hears a rooster crow.

Mount Zion, one of the first high schools to be established in the South was established about the year 1800. It is still in a prosperous condition and enjoys liberal patronage from the people of Fairfield and adjoining counties. It is located at Winnsboro.

Fairfield boasts that another institution second to none in the South was founded within its borders.

In 1846 Furman Theological Seminary, now better known as the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary was founded four miles from Winnsboro. It was moved from here to Greenville and from there to Louisville, Ky., where it is now located. At one time what is now known as Furman University was at the same place. Two of the large brick buildings are still standing.

Fairfield is the birth place of the beloved and venerable James H. Carlisle, from whom we as students of Wofford College have the blessed privilege and pleasure to receive daily instruction. Fairfield is proud of such a son, particularly as she is among the few, if any, counties of the State that has sent forth such a man worthy of our example and imitation. No student who has ever attended Wofford College will forget the frank advice which he would give and the gentle way in which he talked to the boys from day to day. They will ever look back to the time with pleasure and thanksgiving that they had the opportunity of receiving daily instruction from this man of God.

J. K. D., '10.

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R. N. SPEIGNER, EDITOR.

Delaying Justice.

It really seems that in this day and time when money is much sought after that it can accomplish almost anything. Juries are bought and sold and even Judge's decisions have been influenced by the glitter of gold. A crime is committed by some man from the higher circle of society, and look what enormous sums of money are expended in keeping him out of the clutches of the law, and usually it is the case that he goes free or a very light punishment is inflicted. If a poor man commits a grievance, however small, he is immediately lodged behind prison bars and if he can't give bail he remains until the first term of court and usually unable to secure able legal defense is given the full benefit of the law. But watch the proceedings with a

man who has all the influence wealth can lend him. His case is carried from one court to another, mistrials are declared, and finally when the sentiment against him has grown cold and his misdemeanor is in some measure forgotten, he gets off with very little disadvantage to himself.

The Thaw murder case now in progress is an example of the holding off of the law and delaying justice. Why did it require so many men to be examined before a jury could be drawn and why is so much time consumed in the preparation preliminary to the trial itself? If anything in a government should be pure and free from corrupting influences it should be the courts of justice. Justice for all, and meted out equally to every man, regardless of his social standing or the size of his fortune, is what this people is crying out for.

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Endowment Fund.

No college can be expected to keep up its record and keep abreast of the times unless it has the money wherewith to do so. And as the fees paid by the students of any college are in no wise sufficient to meet even current expenses, every college is obliged to have an endowment which it can invest and use the profit therefrom to its own advancement. Wofford College is sadly in need of an increased endowment. She needs new buildings and better equipments, while she is doing a great work now, still she wants to do more and better in the future than in the past. Her financial agent's reports are very encouraging, but he can't do it all. Certainly it is the duty of each student and all who are interested in her welfare to do all he can to help in this matter. And to the citizens of Spartanburg we have appealed for a certain sum which ought to be raised without any trouble. We know that we ask many favors of you, and that you have in the past most heartily endorsed and supported us and perhaps you think it gets a bit tiresome, but we are vain enough to say that we do you and your town at least some good. We spend a good many thous-

ands of dollars with you each year and are always in sympathy with any cause or plan favorable to you. We ask you to come to our help again and in so doing help us to make your town a better one and to add materially to it. If we can raise a certain amount, other parties have agreed to give as much. We need this endowment fund and we believe we are going to get it right speedily, yes it is in sight.

⚜.

May Festival. The citizens of Spartanburg ought to congratulate themselves on the treat in store for them during the coming Music Festival held under the auspices of the Converse College Choral Society. Some of the most prominent artists in America and Europe have been procured. It is due to the untiring efforts of the directors of the Choral Society that such eminent singers and musicians are to appear before a Spartanburg audience. Madam Sembrich, the most famous soprano in the world has been secured for artists' night and Mr. Walter Damrosch, who directs the New York Orchestra will be here during the entire festival. Mr. Damrosch was here during the last Music Festival and everyone was delighted with him. The Wofford students should embrace this opportunity of hearing such high-class music, as such opportunities afforded are rare indeed. This certainly is the greatest musical treat in the South and such a privilege should not be allowed to pass and not taken advantage of. This will be the tenth successive musical festival held in Spartanburg and this city is rapidly being recognized as the musical center of the South.

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The Dispensary. The bill providing for the abolition of the State dispensary has been passed by the House, and the fight is now on in the Senate. The dispensary forces are using all the resources in their power and will secure every means possible to retain the State dispensary. The peo-

ple of this State have shown in the result of the last election that they have enough of the dispensary and its methods. And why should an institution unfavorable to a people be forced upon them? The dispensary has served its purpose, if it ever did any service, and since such corruption and unwholesome conditions have been bred and fostered in its atmosphere, does this not give sufficient ground for abolishing this institution? We may be sure that those who favor the dispensary will exhaust every available source of help and use all aid and influence they can command, procuring this influence by various political intrigues and tricks known only to those who are familiar with the workings of the political machine.

We sincerely trust that the members of the Senate who really have the interests of their fellow-citizens at heart will be able to beat down these forces of self-advancement and self-aggrandizement. And may our State once again be controlled by men who do not use public trusts to their own individual welfare.

Spartanburg's Growth.

Of course we all are prone to think that the associations we belong to are best and that everything connected with us excels any other which has to do with others. But we wish to say a few words about the town from which our college receives such loyal support, and to note a few changes which have taken place during this present generation of students.

Four year ago when we got off the train at Spartanburg, we stepped into a little rambling depot which had almost no accommodations. Now stands in its place one of the largest and handsomest stations in the State. And when we walked on up to the college, why the sidewalk was one continuous stream of mud and the drays carrying up our trunks sank down a half foot in the muddy ooze. Now we have cemented sidewalks and paved thoroughfares as good as any

large city. And the passenger service on the railroads has been increased greatly by the putting on of several extra trains. One of the handsomest Baptist churches in the State has been recently dedicated and new Methodist and Presbyterian churches are under construction. A handsome public building, The United States Postoffice has just been completed and a large and imposing playhouse is rearing its walls just opposite this. A once common little spring has been developed and its water is now being bottled and sent into all parts of the country, which indeed is a splendid advertisement for this, the coming center of upper Carolina. Two new cotton mills have been put up and several others within several miles radius have doubled their capacitites, and several other industries and plants have been established.

A beautiful high school building has just been finished and much greater educational advantages are the result. Last year the Kennedy Free Library was opened to the public and many pleasant and instructive hours are thus given to Spartanburg's citizens. As to her colleges, also there have we noted marked and material improvement. The Carnegie Library at Converse College adds much to the looks of the beautiful grounds, and a stately and splendidly equipped Science Hall has been erected on Wofford's campus. The attendance at the colleges has greatly increased and they have entered upon an era of unprecedented prosperity. Many handsome residences and business houses have gone up in the last few months, and the town is growing more beautiful every day. Only a few weeks ago a syndicate bought up some suburban property, laid it off into streets and lots, and anyone wishing to find a nice place for a home can easily do so. Perhaps a paper like this is not exactly suited to this column, but it is interesting to note such rapid growth and advancement, especially to the student who spends the greater part of the year in his college-town.

Choosing a Profession.

There was a time when only three professions were open to a young man who had just finished college—the ministry, the law, and medicine. But that day has passed, and innumerable useful and money-making occupations are open to a graduate. Still there lingers that impression that a college man must take one of the higher professions. Recently a professor made the remark that when a certain man studied law that a splendid farmer was lost to the cause that a very poor lawyer was the result. As the last year of college life is drawing to a close, the question of choosing a profession is puzzling a great many of us. At first thought we are going in for the thing where we see most money at the start, but that may not be the vocation in life to which we are best suited and certainly it is the duty of a man to do that in life wherein he can be of most service to his fellow beings. Of course the making of money and amassing of wealth is to be desired and is always to be considered, yet the fact remains that only one life is assigned to man and it is his obligation to make the best of it. A man ought to decide what he shall do with himself and then make all things tend in that direction and have that as his ultimate aim. Men who can do one thing as good as another and no one thing better than any other are never found filling responsible positions. A man to succeed must excel in one particular profession then he can rise to the top in that and will be known as an authority at least upon one subject.

Y. M. C. A.

The young Men's Christian Association occupies an important place in college life and we would like to hear that the percentage of members from the student body had increased greatly. It is a fact that the number of its members show a relatively small interest taken in it when compared with the number of students in college. The men who come to this college are from Chrisitan homes and their

parents expect them to ally themselves with an institution which has for its purpose the uplifting and development of the higher and nobler faculties. In the petty cares and trials of college life we should find time to look into our inner selves and be sure and not let that part of us suffer. We are glad to note the interest taken in the present series of religious services being held. They are being conducted by one whom most of us remember as a student among us and we hope his efforts may not be in vain but result in lasting good to the college community.

Exchange Department.

CLYDE S. BETHEA, EDITOR.

We beg pardon if we are taking on ourselves duties belonging to another editor but we feel like saying something on the subject of compulsory contributions, and will take all the responsibility for what we say on our own shoulders.

We have learned, but ere this we had guessed as much, that some of our exchanges are filled with compulsory contributions. Articles, stories, and poems have to be written for the magazine or a fine must be paid. Now, anything written as a task or to escape a fine lacks interest to the reader, and the writing causes the writer to dislike and lose interest in his magazine. To make a college magazine a success every student should be interested in it and feel an individual responsibility in it. It is our opinion that all contributions to a college magazine should be written willingly and because of a personal interest in the success of the magazine.

In looking over the exchanges we find the High School Magazine from Newport News, Virginia. This High School Magazine reflects much credit on its promotors and editors. We feel that we are compelled to say that it is a better magazine than some of our college exchanges and compares very favorably with many of them. There is a trick in it somewhere and we would advise some of our college exchanges to find what the trick is and use it.

The December issue of the Winthrop College Journal deserves especial mention. We note a marked improvement in it, and congratulate the eidtors on their success.

The Collegian.—We are at a loss when we come to criticize The Collegian, for there is such a mixture of good and

bad that it is impossible to separate them. The editorial department is very good but not full enough. The articles on "The New Era," and "Organized Labor" are well written and show study but they seem to drag and lack interest. The story, "Katherine," would have been an exceptionally good story if the writer had used his own imagination and descriptive power instead of following in the footsteps of previous writers of such stories.

The Pine and Thistle comes to us nicely bound and well gotten up but we feel disappointed in the quantity for we know the capabilities of the Seminary and when you get a good thing you want more of it.

The Emory and Henry Era, Emory, Virginia.—This magazine is always good and the December issue comes up to the usual standard. The two debaters on "Resolved: That Cuba should be annexed to the United States," had strong and well prepared speeches.

Occasionally we exchange editors find an exchange that gives us unexpected pleasure. When we picked up "The Aurora," from Agnes Scott College, we found it very interesting and entertaining. It is filled with good readable articles and well written stories with a sprinkling of good verses.

We beg to acknowledge the following exchanges—Converse Concept, Criterion, Palmetto, Winthrop College Journal, Limestone Star, Clemson College Chronicle, The Davidson College Magazine, Newberry Stylus, Charleston College Magazine, Trinity Archive, Wake Forest Student, Vanderbilt Observer, University of Virginia Magazine, The Gamilcad, Furman Echo, The Carolinian, Hampden Sidney Magazine, Southwestern University Magazine, University of Tennessee, North Carolina University Magazine and The William and Jewel Student.

Clippings.

IN THESE STRENUOUS DAYS.

"Here, boy, give me one of today's papers."

"Sorry, mister, but I ain't got any. All I've got's day after tomorrow's."

"Haven't you any of tomorrow's."

"Nope. Sold 'em all out day before yesterday."—Ex.

PERFECT LEGAL PROOF.

"John, I've lost our marriage certificate."

"Oh, never mind, any of those receipted millinery bills will prove the ceremony."—Ex.

Bennie—"What day of the month does New Year come on?"

Fannie—"Why, the first of January, you goose."

Bennie—"I thought it came on the second this year."—Ex.

"STINGY."

He loves to spend a pleasant hour
With pretty lady friends;
But all the girls are getting sour,
For that is all he spends.—Ex.

WHAT IS A KISS.

Something rather dangerous,
Something rather nice,
Something rather wicked,
Though it can't be called a vice.
Some think it naughty,
Others think it wrong
All agree it's jolly,
Though it doesn't last long.—Ex.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Here's to the pleasures we have missed,
  Here's to the girls we have never seen,
Here's to lips we've never kissed,
  And here's to things that might have been.

B. N. A.

Said the jam as it gave the roll a spread,
  Have you heard the news distressing?
The lobster turned quite red last night
  When it saw the salad dressing.—Ex.

Alumni Department.

W. DUNCAN FRIERSON, EDITOR.

F. N. Littlejohn, '60, is a prosperous farmer in Cherokee county, and has sent a daughter and two sons to Wofford.

Rev. E. L. Archer, '71, is a large planter near Spartanburg, and county president of the Cotton Growers' Association.

Charles Forster Smith, '72, a well known educator is professor of Greek in the University of Wisconsin.

J. E. Webster, '73, is Probate Judge of Cherokee county.

W. L. Gray, '76, is one of the leading merchants of Laurens.

J. H. Kirkland, '77, is Chancellor of Vanderbilt University.

Rev. Z. T. Whitesides, '77, is a Baptist minister in the mountains of North Carolina.

J. L. Glenn, '79, is a prominent lawyer in Chester, a trustee of Wofford College.

J. E. Ellerbe, '87, is a member of Congress.

E. D. Smith, '89, is a prominent farmer at Timmonsville, and president of the South Carolina Cotton Growers' Association.

J. F. Fooshe, '92, is editor of the Winnsboro Times.

A. H. Moss, '92, is a prominent lawyer in Orangeburg.

G. W. Fooshe, '95, is a prominent insurance man in Minneapolis, Minn.

J. F. Lyon, '95, is attorney general of the State of South Carolina.

D. J. Hydrick, '96, is a well known physician of Orangeburg.

M. Tucker, '96, is professor of English in the University of Florida.

R. A. Law, '98, is professor of English in the University of Texas.

C. B. Burnett, '00, the famous ball player, is a prominent contractor in Beaumont, Texas.

C. E. Major, '00, is a well known physician of Latta.

F. W. Fairey, '01, is a prominent lawyer in Kingstree.

Miss Ione Littlejohn, '02, is teaching in the graded school of Union.

S. M. Cantrell, '03, recently received a diploma in law from Columbia University and has opened up an office in New York City.

G. B. Dukes, '03, is Principal of the Cokesbury High School.

T. E. Curry, '04, is professor of Methematics at Lander College.

Rev. E. K. Hardin, Jr., is in charge of York circuit and is now conducting a revival on the campus.

M. W. Brabham, '05, is a prominent merchant of Bamberg.

C. P. Wofford, '05, is taking a course in law at Vanderbilt University.

Local Department.

CLAUD N. SAPP, EDITOR.

In pursuance of a State law, requiring all students in the State to be vaccinated, Dr. Edwards visited the college last week and waited on the boys, and sad to say each man was required to lay bare his arm and show a good healthy scar or he was not allowed to pass out of the chapel door, as the scene occurred just after devotional services, and all were in the chapel. Those of us who could not deliver the goods were subjected to the needle and as a result, are shying at everything on the left side.

Baseball practice had begun with a rush, but the sudden return of winter after the warm spring weather has caused the boys to hunt their overcoats instead of the baseball togs. Coach McMakin is expected about the 15th instant, and practice will begin then in earnest. The prospects are good, and under a coach such as McMakin, Wofford should put out a team that will do honor to the "old gold and black."

Quite an epidemic of sickness has been raging on the campus, due, we suppose, to the inclemency of the weather.

We are glad to note the interest that is being taken in the series of religious services which are being conducted by Rev. E. K. Hardin, of the class of '04, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. z

Prof. Clinkscales, our efficient "math." teacher, has been in the lower part of the State the past week delivering lectures. He reports some new students for the college as a result of his work. Every one who knows Wofford, knows Prof. Clinkscales, and where he fails to get the boys they are simply not interested in an education.

February 1st was the beginning of the second term of the college year. Some new students came in while a few withdrew from college. The boys seem to have taken on new courage not so much because of the fact that they are on the last half of the year, but because of the fact they have passed the last pay day; but we feel awfully broke after paying up our college dues.

Dr. Snyder left on the fifth instant for New York, where he goes on college business.

Mr. Carver, of the Senior class, was called home last week on account of the illness of his father, who, we regret to learn, has since died.

Messrs. Hammet and Orr, of the junior class, spent a few days in Greenville the past week.

The next attraction in the Lyceum will be a lecture on "The Development of Architecture" by Dr. D. D. Wallace.

"Soph." Elrod (to Paget)—"How will Dr. Wallace show his pictures in his lecture?"

Paget—"He has an imaginary lantern."

Prof. DuPre (in Physics)—"Mr. Davidson; what is heat?

Davidson—"Heat is minus cold."

Several of the boys were singing some old popular songs when Senior Bethea interrupted and asked them to sing something new. "Sing Annie Laurie."

Prof. Clinkscales (in Astronomy)—"Spigner, were you ever on one of the planets?"

Spigner—"No, sir, professor; never have been."

Prof. Waller (to Soph St-v--s-n, in Chemistry)—"Give some of the properties of red phosphorus."

Soph S.—"Well, one thing, it is colorless."

Y. M. C. A, Department

THOS. E. DUKES, EDITOR.

ARE WE OBEDIENT TO OUR VISIONS?

Nineteen centuries ago Paul saw the vision of Troas, heard the cry, "Come over and help us," and he immediately crossed the Algan Sea with his message of light and life. Are we today less responsible to heed the visions and to hear the cries that come to us than was the messenger of peace nineteen centuries ago? Have we been obedient to the visions that come to us? We need not expect to have great visions, but God does show us real visions in our hearts. In that quiet hour when we looked out upon the world there came to us a vision. Then it was we resolved to leave undone many evil things which we once thought of doing, and henceforth to lead a better life. "I purpose to do nothing mean, little, bad; I'll turn away from them to better things." Within our little circle there comes a vision, what we may do, how we may make it pure, what power we can have in our little plan of life. These are our visions. When can we stand up before our King and say, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision?"

When this issue of The Journal comes from the press our revival services will be over. The purpose of these meetings is to improve the spiritual condition of the campus. It is hoped that the students will take a lively interest in the services and that they will attend all of them, if possible. Let us all pray that great results will be accomplished.

At the business meeting on the ninth of January, the affairs of the association were turned over to the new officers, who are as follows: President, R. F. Morris; Vice-Presi-

dent, B. B. Patterson; Secretary, M. Dargan, Jr.; Treasurer, F. M. Crum.

No man who depends upon the ignorance of the poor for his success in life will succeed in the end.—Dr. Cooke.

I do not know how this shall come to pass, nor, how the turbulent kings and peoples of earth shall be brought to acknowledge the Messiah and pay homage to Him. But this I know. Those who seek Him will do well to look among the poor and the lowly, the sorrowful and the oppressed. Van Dyke.

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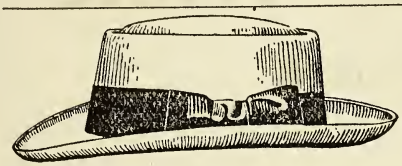

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March, 1907

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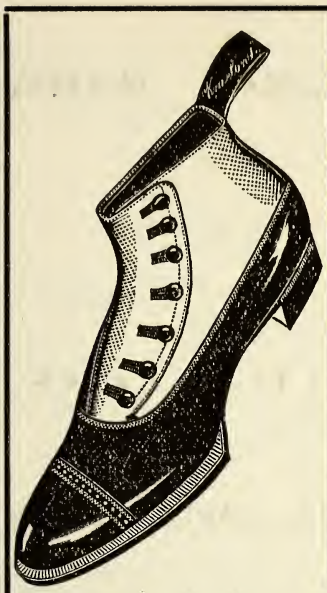

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

M. C. FOSTER, EDITOR.

The Spirit of Spring.

A spirit dwells within the woods
  All varnished o'er with green,
And in her twilight solitude
  The wild hyacinths are seen.

In robes of deepest azured drest,
  Where Nature's wealth is spread,
She comes with roses on her breast,
  That wave above my head.

Her sunbeams studding glade and hill,
  With lilies at their feet
Are mingled with the laughing rill,
  While song birds carol sweet.

The air is filled with happy sounds,
  Sweet as a seraph's song,
And woodland hills ever abound
  With echoes loud and long.

She hides the mystic ones that sleep,
  Of which the pine trees told,
And ever holds from those who seek
  The secrets of the old.

Adown the field, all silent now,
  A merry song she brings,
With sparkling diamonds on her brow,
  This fair robed dawn of spring.

G. E. Peterson, '08.

Violetta---A Tale of the Blue Ridge.

She stood looking listlessly at the great rugged peaks looming up about her, a tall, slender girl, rather pretty under any circumstances, with all that raven hair falling loosely over her shoulders; and the soft brown eyes, of the shape and hue so effective in appeal or wonderment; the lashes long and curling, with the arched eyebrows adding a touch of sublime faith to the delicate features; seen thus, with the rugged mountains as the back-ground, and the French Broad flowing at her feet, she appeared the very princess of the hills, a being extremely lovely.

But Violetta was quite ignorant of the service nature bestowed upon her, and neither the peaks nor river were in the slightest degree interesting to her. Reared amidst the loveliest scenes—where nature seems to pride herself upon the perfect beauty of her vesture—it is possible for one to grow tired of the sameness of beautiful things, and for eighteen summers Violetta had gazed upon this scene, never in all her young life had she left the shadow of her home. She stood perfectly still, gazing eagerly across the wild slopes, and thinking of her lonely, sad life.

Her Gypsy father had now been dead two years, and her American mother had preceded him by one year. She could not remember when they had come to this place; she only knew that once her father had been chief of a wandering tribe of Gypsies, and had somehow fallen in love with her mother, whose maiden name the young girl had never been able to learn; that after the marriage her mother becoming dissatisfied with the roving life of the Gypsies, had begged her father to settle down in some one of the numerous summer resorts; and he yielded to her entreaties, had secured a vast tract of land in this desolate place, declaring that he could never mingle with the American people. And thus out in the wild peaks of the Blue Ridge had Violetta spent all her young life—for it was a command of her father that he had given his two old servants—Leon and

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Mehana—that his daughter should never mingle with her mother's people, for he would say when speaking of them: "They are too false-hearted and untrue for my little Violet, and should you ever break this command sorrow will be your lot."

She was thinking of all this when suddenly a shrill voice from the house a few rods away called her within; and a thin, worn old woman met her on the threshold.

"I hes called ye long, Violetta," she growled in her quaint Egyptian brogue, "ye air gitting too inattentive and listless to suit me."

"What does it matter, Mehana?" asked the young girl carelessly. "There is nothing to do here; the same old routine each day. No one ever comes near to break this awful monotony. Today is just like yesterday only ten times as long, and thus it has been all my life. O, I just long for one glimpse—"

"There ye go ergin," replied the old woman peevishly. "Ye air tu much like yer mother tu suit me. I don't know fer whet the chief could marry one of them hateful 'Mericans, en raise er child that cain't be satisfied with his own people."

A shade of scorn crossed the girl's fair face, and she said with a curl of her lips:

"I love my mother's people, and long to be out to see them and realize their life. You say they are hateful; well, the Gypsies are barbarians, and only fit for horse-traders and fortune-tellers."

Mehana's withered cheeks flushed, and her small needle-like eyes flashed angrily, but being unable to collect the harsh words that rose to her lips, she quit the room, slamming the door loudly behind her; leaving the young girl to partake of the waiting meal alone, and pursue her own gloomy thoughts.

Violetta did not seemingly notice the absence, but sat gazing in a vacant manner. Finally she abandoned the un-

tasted meal, and walking to the enclosed window, said in a passionate voice:

"Another day over, and still the same mad solitude. While father lived I could endure it, but if something does not soon happen, I shall go crazy or kill myself."

Ah, if she could only have looked into the future and seen how this very night was to seal her fate, perchance 'twould all have been different, but we must not anticipate. She only knew that her life was desolate; that her spirit was longing for the outside world where her environments would be so different, and one might live a higher and better life.

Suddenly the girl leaned forward, and listened intently. "That must be Leon's voice down by the 'Death Trap Peak' and he is calling loudly for Mehana." She rose after a few minutes peering into the darkness, and hastily left the room. She heard Mehana's angry voice and Leon's exctied answer.

"What is the trouble, Leon?" asked Violetta, as she reached the side of the two.

"Why, Missis Violetta," replied Leon, ignoring Mehana's dark expression, "I found er man down at the 'Trap' er few minutes ergo. He air shorely er stranger in these parts, for he en his horse both fell off the Peak; the poor beast is shore dead, an' 'spect he is tu by now."

Violetta listened impatiently.

"And how much longer would you and Mehana have left that man lying out yonder without help? Go and bring him here to the house immediately, and let's see if we can't save him."

Mehana, whose domineering spirit had heretofore obtained ready obedience from the good-natured, careless girl, now felt that another being was speaking; and with a subdued look at the young girl, she turned and followed Leon. Soon they returned bearing the form of a man between them.

"Put him in the room opposite to mine," was the curt command as they entered the house.

When the unconscious figure had been placed upon the bed, the young girl bent over to examine the blood-stained arm and the deep wound across the forehead. It was evident that the arm was broken, but whether the skull was fractured she could not at present know. Several minutes passed before she could persuade Mehana—who had always attended those injured or sick in her home—to examine the wounds, but by many strong words and much coaxing she finally succeeded. Through the lone hours of the night the three worked faithfully; the broken arm was gently but strongly set and bound; the skull which the old woman ascertained was not fractured was bathed in tepid water and quick healing salve placed over the injured parts. Finally, as the first pink rays of dawn stole through the closed shutters, the stranger stirred and opening his eyes looked inquiringly upon the three about him.

Violetta spoke to him quitely.

"You are in good hands, but must not talk now. Take this powder and go to sleep again, when you awake you may tell me all about the accident."

The stranger took the powder without a murmur, but the flash of his dark eyes spoke plainly of his gratitude, and the drawn expression of his features as the eye-brows closed betokened plainly the severe pain that he was undergoing. Removing the old bandages and placing fresh ones in their stead, the two women retired leaving Leon to keep watch in the chamber during the morning.

In the afternoon, directly after the midday meal, Violetta went to see the patient and found him dressed and reclining upon the lounge, mincing the bountiful meal which had been sent to him. Going forward to his couch, she held out her hand and said pleasantly:

"I am so sorry that you should have received this injury on our Peak, but I trust that your wounds are not paining

you so greatly, and that soon we may be able to make you well again."

The young man took the proffered hand as he replied:

"I am so sorry to cause you all this trouble on my account; I started out three days ago for a ramble over the mountains, but by some piece of luck lost my bearing entirely; so could only trust my horse who led me in this direction. The poor beast missed his footing on the dreadful place outside and, your man tells me, lost his life also. "Yet I am afraid," he continued, with a mournful glance at his bandages, "that it shall be necessary to infringe upon your hospitality a few days longer."

"I assure you that we consider it a duty and a pleasure to help anyone who meets with such an unfortunate accident, and as Mehana and Leon are engaged outside, I shall sit with you this afternoon; so please don't hesitate to ask for anything you may wish," replied Violetta with grave politeness, as she began tidying up the room here and there.

"I thank you," he replied in a low but pleasant voice; "there is nothing I could possibly want that you have not already kindly placed at my disposal. It is more than good of you to care for a perfect stranger, when you know not even his name or that he is worthy of such generous attentions."

She did not answer at once, and as he lay upon the couch his eyes followed her as she wandered about the room. Who was this girl, with a face so beautiful, figure so erect, stately, and a voice like the echoes of the sweetest music? Was it possible that she could be alone out here in the most forsaken mountains he had ever seen with only that old woman and man as companions? He determined to learn her history, and in a suave, frank tone told her that his name was Keener Morris. That his family belonged to the old aristocracy that suffered much financial loss from the late civil war. That his home was now in Asheville, N. C., where he worked for the C. S. A. Wholesale Company, and as his house had kindly given him this month for a vacation, he had hur-

ried to the little village of H—, from which place had begun his unfortunate experience. "But," he added, as her frank eyes met his own, and despite his efforts a faint blush stole over his handsome face, "it cannot be possible that you live here alone with only your two servants?"

"Yes," she answered, and the young man noticed the look of sadness that crept into the soft brown eyes, but he did not marvel at it when by his seeming unaffected questioning he had learned her short sad story; and her longing desire to go out to see the real, true world that was so old to himself. "But," she added, as the tears dropped slowly down her cheeks, "the American people are not so bad, are they?"

Keener gazed into the earnest, pleading eyes upraised to his, and hesitated before replying. He felt that he who counseled in the case of this pure, trusting flower must incur a grave responsibility. Yet he longed to see this fair, hidden damsel under different circumstances; to see those large brown eyes full of love and hear those cherry lips speak fond words of devotion. Ah, what was this strange longing of his breast? Was it love for this lonely maiden who desired so much to see and realize the outside world? He felt instinctively that hers was a purer, nobler nature than any he had met before, and he, who had ever lived for self, and had had every whim gratified, now felt a peculiar reserve in answering this appeal. But his passionate longings, inspired by the desire of something romantic, caused him to tell her of all the beauties and pleasures of the outside world, until the young girl's eyes sparkled and her breath came in little quick gasps.

Thus Mehana found them when late that evening she came in to announce that the supper was ready. As she noted the bright look on the young girl's face and heard her light silvery laugh, a dark flush of anger spread across her own face, as she shook her head in dreary foreboding.

The days for the two young people passed rapidly after this. Together they wandered over the steep peaks, gather-

ing sweet-shrubs and daisies during the early morning, and in the faint glow of the evening when the sun was declining behind its great embankment, they rowed down the river, Violetta gliding the little canoe with an ease that added much to her already graceful figure. She was happy that at last she had found one who sympathized so readily with her, and whose interesting narratives of the life he had lived she never grew tired of hearing. Keener was contented as never before; to sit and listen to the musical voice of the young girl was a luring, pleasant dream to him, and he resolved that she should be his at whatever cost. Thus he yielded to his mad desire, forgetting the young heiress, to whom he was engaged, for the sake of love alone; but he could not sacrifice himself and let this young girl see him among other men; no, he had found her first and she must be his. How little he reckoned what changes time and separation would bring.

Three weeks of this pleasant dreamy happiness had passed away before he would allow himself to ask the question that would seal the future of at least one life. His holidays were ended and tomorrow he must leave. He perceived with a feeling of joy that this news had cast a shadow over the young girl's face, and he predicted an easy conquest.

It was an ideal afternoon. They sat beneath the shadow of a tall spruce pine; at their feet the crystal waters of the French Broad rolled and tumbled in their hurried course over the jagged rocks; from the nearby trees came the clear notes of the mocking bird. To the echoes of it all Keener told her of his love; how since he had opened his eyes on that morning he knew that his fate was sealed; how without her love, his life, in the world she longed to see, would be empty; then he said passionately though softly, "Do you love me Violetta; will you be my wife?" She turned her lovely face toward him, even more gravely than was her wont, and said simply, "Yes."

She then looked away across the peak to where her mother and father rested, and did not try to speak; he noting

the silence and following her gaze readily granted the unspoken wish.

Thus the day faded, and the deepening twilight fell upon the two lovers as they sat silently together. Keener was happy, now that she was to be his; but almost immediately a tumult of conflicting emotions stirred within him. What of the other life he had planned; what of the young heiress to whom he was engaged? He looked down and caught his companion's loving face upraised to his, and with a sudden impulse he pressed her to his breast declaring that she had made him the happiest of mortals, and that he should love her always, ever.

The day dawned bright and clear, and Leon was to row Keener down the river to the little depot where the train stopped. They had decided that one year from this day he was to meet Violetta at the depot in Asheville, and after a quick marriage was to take her to their own little home that he would be able to buy by that time.

"Will the time seem so very long to you, Violetta?" he asked, as he held her small hands in his and gazed longingly into her face, loathe to part from her.

"Yes," she said slowly; "But," with a faint blush as she looked quickly up; "I shall be thinking ever of you, and your letters will help me forget the time."

And thus they parted. She watched the receding boat until a sudden bend in the river hid it from view. "Ah," she murmured, as she turned toward the house; "Love is Life."

* * * * * * * *

A year has passed, and again it is the joyous summertime. At a little station amidst the rugged peaks of the Blue Ridge two people stand gazing wonderingly at the great locomotives puffing up to the depot. So engrossed in amazement is one—a young girl—at the newness of this great invention of man which she has never before seen in reality, that had not her companion—a dark-featured man—exclaimed: "Ye git in hare, Missus Violetta," she would have

been left. However, awakened from her amazement, she hastens into the coach as the conductor calls, "All aboard." Violetta was filled with dread lest her very life would be written on her face, and she would be subjected to the intense gaze of the other passengers; but this fear was abandoned, as she noticed that no one scarcely looked up as she entered; and turning with a sigh of relief, she walked down the aisle in quest of a seat.

"You may have my seat, lady," said a gentleman's voice behind a newspaper.

She looked quickly in the direction of the speaker, and an exclamation of wonder burst from her lips as she recoiled several paces.

The gentleman with the paper had now arisen to his feet and hearing the glad, startled whisper, "You," looked quickly up.

Their eyes met for one brief second. The man's face became ghastly white, and checking the half-extended hand turned and walked quickly toward the smoker.

Violetta stood motionless, gazing after the retreating figure. How long she stood there with every feature drawn as though in the most intense agony, she never knew. It might have been a moment, perhaps hours, before she heard a strange, harsh voice say:

"I am afraid that you are ill; you have grown so deadly pale. Will you not take the seat my husband relinquished for you?"

Then Violetta's mind returned to her, and she knew where she was. Looking down, as she dropped into the vacant seat, her eyes encountered those of a young woman whose hard, cold features and elegant dress betokened one of the fashionable society belles.

"Thank you," Violetta murmured, in a faint, strange voice, "but won't you please tell me your husband's name?"

The woman looked inquiringly into the young girl's pleading face. Why was she acting so strangely; why did

she wish to know her husband's name? A curl of scorn was on her lips as she answered:

"Why his name is Mr. Keener Morris, of Asheville, N. C., and we have been married one month today. Do you, or did you ever know him?" she asked moving nearer the young girl and fixing her eyes piercingly upon her.

Violetta, as the speaker had proceeded had grown extremely pale. This then was the end of that one blissful year of dreams. This was why she had received no answer to her last two letters, and she had thought them only lost. Her father's warning came back to her: "Beware of your mother's people, the Americans." Alas! that prophesy was only too true.

"Child, what is the matter; are you going to faint?" asked the lady at her side in startled tones; "you are as white as a sheet; here take this bottle of smelling-salts," and opening the handbag at her side, she brought forth a little silver mounted bottle. As she drew it out a small photograph slipped to the floor, and Violetta mechanically picked it up; as she offered it to her companion a faint ray of light fell across the face on the card and drawing it quickly back, Violetta scanned it eagerly. Presently she drew a little gold locket from her bosom, and touching a tiny hidden spring, seemed to be examing the contents closely. Having apparently reached a satisfactory conclusion, she handed the card back to its owner.

The lady received the photograph silently. She had gazed upon this scene in amazement, and felt sure, from the strange actions of this beautiful girl at her side, that she was an unfortunate escaped lunatic, and determined to humor her every whim until she had a chance to call her husband, or the conductor. She was not surprised when the young girl asked:

"Is that person still living, and who is she?"

"That," she answered in a more pleasant voice than before, "is a photograph of an aunt of mine. Her name was Violetta McKinsey. Years ago my grandfather had some

trouble with a wandering tribe of Gypsies about camping on his land. Shortly after they left, my aunt, then only a little girl, mysteriously disappeared. Every effort was put forth to find her, but all in vain. I, as the only living known heir, was born into all his wealth, but the will is so that should my aunt or any of her descendants ever be found, half of the property goes to them; that now would be bad for me as I am afraid I have spent all that belongs to me, and have only this other to fall back upon."

The shrill whistle of the locomotive sounded clear from without. "Mayorville," cried the porter, passing through the coach, "pass train southward bound."

Violetta arose slowly. As the train came to a full stop she passed out and climbed into the opposite coach. She stood gazing fixedly at the departing coaches; as the rear one passsed her, she saw the ghastly face of Keener Morris pressed closely against the glass door. "Ah," she murmured faintly, as turning she entered the car: "Love is death."

A week later, a solitary man was rowing up the French Broad. He glided the little boat into an eddy near the bank, and tied it to one of the near willows.

"Night and day for the past week, I have seen that face," he groaned as slowly he started up the steep embankment. "I did not intend to harm her; little thought I that she would keep her promise after not hearing from me for two months. Heaven forgive me this sin."

Suddenly he paused beneath the spruce pines he remembered so well. Yes, the ground was freshly piled up, and this was a grave. He drew nearer and knelt down beside the little mound. A great sob shook his entire frame.

"Dead," he murmured, "And I am the murderer."

He turned away as though expecting to see some one to wreak vengeance upon him for his crime. A deadly fear seized him, and forgetting all else, he hastened to his little canoe, and with one strong stroke swept out and down the hurrying waters. Drawing near the bend, he looked fearfully over his shoulder. From a jagged cliff overhead he

caught the gleam of a shining barrel. He rose, threw out his arms wildly, and uttered a piercing scream, but—

A loud report rang out across the stillness. The little boat tossed and swayed, and the figure with one last wild grasp fell overboard. The clear waters parted; a wide ripple stretched far out and to each bank; then closed and all was still.

From the rugged rocks an old woman emerged, and in her hand she held a smoking rifle. Turning she looked down at the little cluster of pines and said:

"Revenge is a Gypsy's happiness."

And there where the tall spruce pines sway and mourn above the freshly made mound sleeps the love and body of Violetta. Ed. R. Mason.

My First Love.

She has left me, but I glory that she often thinks of me,
For we loved each other dearly, and were as happy as could be,
When another, and a stranger, to the tender maiden came,
And to her he promised riches, and to her he promised fame.
Then the maiden was enchanted, as I lately have been told,
And she left me for another—for another's glittering gold.
He may buy the earthly body, but he cannot have the soul;
Neither can he sip its contents though he buy the golden bowl.
For the body is the earthly, subject to decay and blight,
But the soul is something purer, shining in a heavenly light
Far beyond the reach of barter, like the glowing evening star—
White as lilies of the valley, where the human cannot mar.
Though her tender smile be litten by her rows of glossy pearl
And her face be fair as foam upon the ocean's giddy whirl,
And in pleasure may she revel, yet at last awake too late
For the kisses and caresses of the man she can but hate.

B. N. Alsbrook, '07.

Hawthorne and the "Scarlet Letter.

In his admirable introduction to the "Scarlet Letter" Hawthorne states what he conceived to be the ideal conditions under which a romance might be written, and after reading the book itself one feels that it must have been in such an atmosphere that he wrote his greatest novel. It is a poetic influence, and thoroughly characteristic of the man; an influence in which moonlight and fire-glow and shadow and reflections from a mirror form the setting for the author's thoughts. It is a dangerous atmosphere for one who would write of realities, especially if he possess a rather vivid imagination, but no more ideal situation could be found for the man who knows human nature to give utterance to his thoughts. The coarseness and commonness of life will be softened and half hidden by the shadow, and the warm glow from the fire will prevent the cold moonlight from stealing away the sense of the actual and substituting the purely imaginative. To some authors—such as the great realitsts—such influences would have been ruinous; they must feel the actual eternally pressing upon them. But to Hawthorne, who fretted at what we nowadays call realism, it was a source of inspiration and power.

He was a romancer rather than a realist, yet the characters in the "Scarlet Letter" do not lack for reality or tangibility. The human touch is never wanting. It requires no stretch of the imagination to comprehend their motives or actions, neither is there any suspicion of the mechanical as is so often the case in Poe. It might be objected that the character of little Pearl is overdrawn, that it is unnatural, or perhaps supernatural, but even in her the real and probable predominate. Hawthorne strove as hard as any author for truth in his characters, but his method was not that of the realist. As Mr. Howells so well puts it, "he caught the effect of reality in visionary conditions" rather than in real life. He was a creator. He conceived the story in the world of his imagination and then bent all his powers to bring it down to earth.

By nature Hawthorne was of a melancholy, and at times despondent disposition. The atmosphere of his early home life was well calculated to deepen this trait, and it would not have been strange if he had developed into—what he was never—a confirmed pessimist. One cannot read that passage in the chapter entitled "The Custom House" where he mentions his ancestry without feeling the heart warming towards this melancholy, sensivtive man. There is a sad pathos of life which comes to him who gives much time to the sympathetic study of human nature with its strangely mingled good and evil. A sense of this had come to Hawthorne, and from time to time crops out in the book. Despite her seven years of shame and anguish, Hester feels no hope of ultimate pardon. She and the young minister have sinned past forgiveness in yielding to their passions; her husband has put himself—and we are willing to believe it—eternally outside heavens's pale by his fiendish persecution of the minister. With all the agony and despair of an eternally lost soul she wails to her husband: "There is no good for him (the minister)—no good for me—no good for thee. There is no good for little Pearl. There is no path to guide us out of this dismal maze." And a few chapters later, when Hester and Dimmesdale are alone in the forest, and she reveals Roger Chillingsworth to him and bids him flee, he wavers, but finally consents, for he feels that his soul is utterly lost. If the two believed this, it was as individuals and not as representative Puritans, for while the Puritans hated and detested sin as intensely and narrowly as any sect the world has ever known, they did not regard the repentant sinner as irrevocably lost. Strict and stern as they were, they believed in God's power and willingness to forgive sin. Now would it be quite fair to Hawthorne to say that in this he was stating his own dark religious views. Let us believe he did it for artistic effect and not to state his own or the Puritan creed.

The character on which Hawthorne concentrates his power, and which, perhaps, is the best drawn, is the young min-

ister, Mr. Dimmesdale. Of a deeply religious temperament, cultured, and supersensitive, he has violated the law of God and man, and in shrinking from confessing his guilt he becomes a moral coward. Sin, the author would have us believe, brought moral growth to Hester Prynne, because it was acknowledged, but to the silent Dimmesdale it brought moral degeneracy. He might do endless penance and crucify the flesh with fasting and the scourge, but so long as he hid his guilt, so long must he suffer the agonies of remorse. Had Hawthorne gone no further, the character of the minister would not have been poorly drawn, but when he sends old Roger Chillingsworth to live with him, to misinter to his bodily ailments and secretly to intensify his mental sufferings, he presents before us one of the subtlest, most powerful situations conceivable.

Next to the minister, little Pearl is the most interesting study in the book, and surely a stranger, more elusive child never went skipping across the field of literature. Despite the mature speeches the author puts in her mouth, one has no doubt of her existence. You can see her in company with her mother, passing down the quiet streets of Boston, and feeling, child as she is, the air of isolation that separates her from all other children. But it is Pearl under the spell of the forest, as she stands upon the bank of the troubled little brook, all bedecked with wild flowers, stamping her foot and wildly gesticulating at her tansformed mother —this is the Pearl than lingers in the reader's memory.

Hawthorne seems to take special pleasure in describing the union of unlike and conflicting emotions, and the effect is often one of horror. Queer little Pearl asks her mother qestions that arouse a storm of opposing emotions in the breast of sin-scarred Hester. After the meeting in the forest between Hester and Dimmesdale, he walks rapidly back toward Boston with dark and unusual thoughts for one of the cloth awakening in his brain. As he enters the town he is wildly tempted to stop one of his oldest parishioners and horrify him with a flood of blasphemous oaths, and a

moment later, when he meets another of his flock, a pure, innocent maiden, he can scarcely restrain himself from whispering in her virgin ear some unchaste, impure remark. It is not will power that keeps him from doing so, for his will has been swept out and away by his feelings, but rather the habit of long years. There is a depth of power and insight in this incongruous, though natural situation that horrifies and yet fascinates the reader in much the same way as the witches' scene in Macbeth.

There is an air of mystery and isolation surrounding each of the characters that separates them from one another and from the rest of the world. The sense of detected sin in Hester as of hidden sin in the minister, the fiendish malignity of the physician, and the capricious disposition of Pearl, are emphasized throughout the book. No one of them is able, or seem to care, to find pleasure in intercourse with his fellow men. But this is the natural effect of sin on a sensitive nature. One who has sinned and feels the burden of his guilt weighing on him, shrinks from appearing before the eyes of others. The contempt of the world to such a one is a blow, and its pity a stab. Once one has stifled conscience, it is an easy matter to mix with others, but the assassination even then will be merely one of persons and not of souls.

In spite of its many faults, human nature is generous toward the unfortunate. The morally weak and erring, as well as the distressed, may claim its sympathy, if they are not defiant in demanding it. So it was with Hester Prynne and the Puritans of Boston. At first they had scorned her for her sin,and cast reproaches on her. But as she passed silently among them, forgetful of self, caring for the suffering and destitute, the strict old fathers who hated sin as the manifestation of the devil began to soften toward the social outcast. The scarlet letter was no longer a badge of shame in their eyes, they "refused to interpret the scarlet A by its original signification. They said that it meant Able."

A natural transition this, and a fine illustration of the inherent nobility of man.

The "Scarlet Letter" is a good example of the artist's appreciation and value of his material. Hawthorne provides no elaborate setting nor host of characters. The husband, the wife, the lover, and the child of sin are sufficient in number for the author's purpose. Though there are minor characters they are so much a part of the background, that as individuals, they have little effect on the progress of the story. There are no digressions to try the patience of the reader, but the story moves naturally onward, from chapter to chapter, without any suspicion of careless workmanship or tediousness as is so evident in his later novel, "The MarbleFaun." There is little enough action in this book, but all the author felt necessary for his purpose—the delineation of the deep, inner workings of the human soul seared by sin. It is to the profound study of a situation and not to the pleasure of an excited narrative that he invites our attention.

Possibly the most offensive of Hawthorne's genius in the eyes of the reader is his constant habit of symbolizing. That it is a fault cannot be successfully denied, for it appreciably weakens the artistic effect of the novel as a whole. But despite his repeated attempts to "symbolize some sweet moral blossom," the book is not seriously marred. At any rate, his symbolism is far less offensive to the reader than the harsh vulgar realism that came after him—the realism of Balzac and Zola. It is an easy matter to overlook instances of the former as weak moments in which the teacher overcame the artist, but to condone the latter requires more than the spirit of leniency. Symbolism was the hobby of Hawthorne's genius, and he seems to have failed to realize how harshly it sometimes grates on the sensitive reader.

Like Stevenson—and he was like Stevenson in more ways than one—he had a passion for style. He would sacrifice anything save truth for the technique of his art. As a result there is a simplicity, a sense of fineness and of fitness

in his style that marks him as a man of genius. Rising above all is the soft, subdued cadence of his language that is most evident to those who read his pages aloud. The author who can successfully depict the inner workings of a human soul is sure of a lasting place in any literature, as is he, though in a less degree, who is a master of literary craftsmanship; but he achieves the largest success in whom both find fullest expression. By his natural ability to read and interpret life, and his artistic sense of form, Hawthorne has brougdt high eminence to American literature.

Abie S. Nettles, '08.

Sonnet---To Neglect.

Oh, base neglect, thou hast too long
Remained the idol of my heart,
And I have loved thee till thou art
So dear to me it seems not wrong
For me to love thee and embrace
The hours of ease which thou dost give;
And now I feel if I would live,
I still must love thee and retrace
No step of mine, nor even fail
Once to perform that which tou dost
Bid me do; nor do I suspect
Thee of thy crime, till in the trail
Of life I see the moths and rust
Which none but thou hast helped helped collect.

J. Archie Willis.

The Red Terror and the Red-Cart.

Yes, as the hand of father time marks off the years on the sun dial of our lives we see, hear, and know things which appear for the first time. Every year brings its new occurrences and events in the course of life. New and great opportunities are presented, accepted and refused. There comes but once to the small boy the time when he first sees Pat Murphy, the educated monkey, ride in the parade.

Jumbo, the largest elephant on earth. And later when he places his first kiss upon the cherry-like lips of his maiden queen, he thinks himself greater by far than ever the mighty Achilles came to be. Such are the events in the life of the small boy and the youth which are swept down the swift channels of life to find lodgment among the memories of manhood. Should the memory of a young man living in this state be searched there would be found many scenes of his boyhood deviltry and among them that in this story.

Terrance Eldon had now reach the age of fifteen, when most boys put aside many of their pranks and begin to look toward higher aspirations but there was yet more to be added to his career. Born in the country, he had very little knowledge of what existed in the great outside world. He was a strong, robust youngster with a frank face, covered with freckles, dark grey eyes which glanced mischief every moment, and a large head shocked with glorious red hair—which his sisters always called golden tresses. His name and his hair added to the mischief which he was always doing, brought him the name of Red Terror. He was proud of this name and since it had been given to him, he held it as his duty to live up to it in word and deed. The word pride was one of hatred to him and on Sundays when his sisters dressed him up to go to meeting his first act after they had finished this performance was to chew the corners of his standing collar until that article became fitted to his idea of comfort. The Red Terror's favorite pastime was to take his little muzzle-loading gun, his dogs and with Rant—his colored partner and chum—spend the day hunting rabbits and squirrels. This he often did, when his mother thought him under the guiding hand of the teacher for whose words of instruction he had little use. On Saturday afternoon late in autumn the Red Terror and Rant, after a long days hunt, were slowly plodding homeward. The Red Terror's hair lay in a tangled mass, his face showed many briar scratches and little spatterings of mud and he

looked as though he were too tired to take steps. Behind him followed Rant with two or three rabbits, a squirrel and a large turtle—the results of the day's hunt. The two boys, the dogs, and their game were a spectacle to see. Turning to the negro, the Red Terror drawled out:

"Rant, if I had a pot of peas and a big hoecake of corn-bread, be do! I believe I could eat it every bit."

To this Rant only grunted his approval, and they continued their march. As they neared home, looking up, the Red Terror saw a man driving up the lane to his home. Riding? Yes, but in a vehicle totally different from those ever before seen by the Red Terror. The curiosity of some boys, just about his age, is almost equal to that of a woman, and forgetting how tired he was, the Red Terror hurried up the lane to get a better look at this strange conveyance. When he reached the hitching-post, the man had gone in the house. Without a word he stood and looked, long and thoughtfully, then he shook it, and found that it was really strong enough to ride in. The mystery was too much for him so he went round to the kitchen to find out if his mother knew what this thing was. As he entered the kitchen door, where everything was in a bustle and hurry, his mother turned to him and said, "Terrance, the presiding elder has come to spend the night with us. Now run along and put on your Sunday clothes so you can come to supper." This was another new wonder to him. "Alright, 'um," he replied, but yet he didn't go. Hesitating a moment, he drew close to his mother's side and in a low voice asked, "Ma, what is that thing he came here in?" With a motherly smile, she replied, "Why, Terrance that's a road-cart, haven't you ever seen one before?"

Supper passed without a sentence from the Red Terror. He sat deeply absorbed in thought, planning the scenes to follow after the family had retired. When the family had gathered in the parlor to listen to the fatherly advice and solemn stories of this eminent divine, the Red Terror slipped out to take another look at this thing called a road-cart.

When he had made a due examination of this two-wheeled road-rocker, and found out its mechanical parts, he hurried off to find Rant and make known to him his plans for the night.

All was hushed and the quietude was broken only by the deep bass snoring of the minister in the adjoining room. The Red Terror slipped on his clothes and dropped from the window of his little room. Old Rock, the wildest mule in the lot, scenting their approach, gave a long bray which pierced the moonlit shadows and echoed through every nook and cranny of the little surrounding forest. No sooner had the old mule done this than Rant opened the door to lead him forth. Old Rock was to be the motive power for the night's ride. Soon the Red Terror and Rant had him hitched to the presiding elder's road-cart. The Red Terror did the steering and Rant fired. Up the road they flew, wild with laughter at the springing sensation. For two miles they went, waking the neighbors, scaring the women and rousing all the dogs. When they came back all the dogs for miles around joined them to take part in this great midnight jubilee. This howling, growling, yelling, laughing procession was a shock to the neighbors and they knew the Red Terror was on the war path. Now, the road wasn't rough enough to make the cart spring as the two boys wished, so they decided to take a spin across the ridges of an old corn-field from which the stalks had been cut. With the mule going at full speed they found that the cart was springing too much, and both had to hold fast to keep from being thrown out and neither had time to stop the mule. The whoas and yells and barks only added to the mule's fright, and on he flew as a deer fleeing from the hounds. For one time the Red Terror was scared and Rant was fairly filling the air with yells of fright. They were nearing a stumpy part of the field, then a crash, and the Red Terror was sent whirling like a meteor through the moonlit sky, the spokes of the wheels flew as if a bomb had been exploded; then after the sound

of dying hoof-beats had faded away all was quiet.

When the Red Terror awoke his mother was bending over him, mopping his face, and nearby the presiding elder was giving a lecture to his sisters on bad boys. The fragments of the road-cart lay scattered all over the corn-field. Next morning, at the meeting-house, the presiding elder's text was, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

C. A. E., '09.

To the Future.

'Twas a whisper at midnight hour,
When all the world was clothed in sleep;
A voice of such subtle power,
That caused me silently to weep.

Oh, tell me, unseen one, is life
But a breath, a dream—nothing more?
Our hopes of love, joy, wealth and strife
Are like the tides that come, then go?

I list long for the hidden voice,
And strangely awful was its strain:
"Make God or Mammon now your choice,
And life a true life once again.

Let reason ever rule your fate,
And hold you in its magic spell;
You live, you make life low or great,
And more than this I cannot tell."

Oft when the night-wind's sweeping notes
Are caroled by the woodland birds,
I catch the sound that round me floats,
And half believe the voice I heard.

Often when sleep my brow has kissed,
I wake to hear that voice so strange;
At eventide, intent I list,
And dream it shall ne'er die again.

Oh, dream unfathomed—oh, fair day,
When sorrow, sadness, weeping cease,
O body, thou but harden clay,
Hark that voice for rest and peace.

Ed R. Mason.

A Reminiscence.

"O Mother Earth! upon thy lap
Thy weary ones receiving,
And o'er them, silent as a dream,
Thy grassy mantle weaving,
Fold softly in thy long embrace
That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
Thy shadows old and oaken."

There sleeps in Metairie Cemetery, in New Orleans, one of our country's noblest heroes. Coming in a period of his country's history when problems of the greatest consequence confronted the nation for settlement, he gave to his mother-land his life-long service.

Born in Kentucky and reared in Mississippi, he was in touch with every section of his beloved Southland. His father was a man of strict patriotic principles. He was careful to instill into the youthful mind of his son the principles of truth and honesty and undying love for right and country. As a cadet of West Point, Jefferson Davis made no brilliant stand as a student, but he won the cherished respect and love of his fellow students by his high standard of honor and manhood. Here, however, by careful training and rigid discipline, was laid the foundation upon which was erected the noble edifice of his future greatness.

When Jefferson Davis came upon the scene of action, questions of greatest moment confronted his country and threatened the life of the nation itself. It is not our purpose to discuss the right or wrong of those questions. It is

enough to say that the South believed she was right, and that the principles for which she contended were eternal.

Whether our people acted wisely or unwisely, and are to be blamed for loving the Union so well and clinging to it so long must remain unanswerable forever. Whether the principles for which they fought and died were right or wrong, it cannot be denied that the leaders were honest and sincere in their convictions and attempted to settle fairly all the great questions in dispute, and failing in this, they quietly withdrew from the Union, believing this to be the only way to forever still the fierce storm that was raging between the sections. It cannot be denied that when at last the sword was called into requisition to settle once and for all the tremendous issues at stake, the Southern soldiers displayed a bravery on the battlefield that hardly has a parallel in history; and against overwhelming odds, for four long years defended the principles which they believed to be right, with a patriotism and heroism that has made the Southland the home of chivalry and of song.

One of the chief actors, the most colossal figure in these stirring times, was Jefferson Davis. He was not a fanatic; he desired that the North and the South should settle their differences like brothers; and as a son from Mississippi he labored faithfully and ably to that end. Repeatedly he warned the North that the South would not forever bear her insults nor her intermeddling with private affairs. He hinted that if driven too far there must be a last chapter written as a united people; and in a memorable speech in the Senate he defended the South with these eloquent words which, it seems, voiced the sentiments not only of the South then but must speak eloquently her sentiments for all times—

"But, sir, if this last chapter in our history shall ever be written, the reflective reader will ask, Whence proceeded this hostility of the North against the South? He will find it there recorded that the South, in opposition to her own

immediate interests, engaged with the North in the unique struggle of the Revolution. He will find again that when Northern seamen were impressed, their brethren of the South considered it cause for war, and entered warmly into the contest with the haughty power then claiming to be mistress of the seas. He will find that the South, afar off, unseen and unheard, toiling in the pursuits of agriculture, had filled the shipping, and supplied the staple for manufactures, which enriched the North. He will find that she was the great consumer of Northern fabrics, that she not only paid for these their fair value in the markets of the world, but that she also paid their increased value, derived from the imposition of revenue duties. And if, still further, he seek for the cause of this hostility, it at last is to be found in the fact that the South held the African race in bondage, being the descendants of those who were mainly purchased from the people of the North. And this was the great cause. For this the North claimed that the South should be restricted from future growth, that around her should be drawn, as it were, a sanitary cordon to prevent the extension of a moral leprosy, and if for that it shall be written that the South resisted, it would be but in keeping with every page she has added to the history of our country."

When Mississippi seceded from the Union and it was suggested that a Confederacy be formed, every eye was turned upon this leader of men as its President. He accepted the position, conscious of the grave responsibilities that went with it. How with others, he succeeded in managing its affairs and directing the ship of state during the stormy days of the 60's the pages of American history tell. In my opinion, when time has eliminated every vestige of sectional hate, and there remains naught but the memory of heroes, a precious heritage alike to every section of our great country, the historian will place Jefferson Davis among its greatest men. He not only served his country

well, but he gave his life for us. He bared his bosom and received in his person, as our representative, the envenomed hate of the North. Because he was our chief, chosen by us for his exalted position, he was reviled, traduced and denounced as the chief of malefactors. As a prisoner of war, insulted, abused, thrown into chains, he bore it all like a soldier and a hero. Duty was his inspiration and his guide. Wherever it pointed he followed, whatever its sacrifice or its peril.

No man had a higher sense or a higher conception of duty. He consecrated all the great energies of his nature to the service of his country. He was a man of great firmness. So consistent was his adherence to principle that his firmness was often mistaken for dogmatism. But this trait of character is the priceless treasure of the world's greatest heroes—a strength and sincerity of conviction. Some one has wisely and beautifully said that "the former civilization of the South produced the highest types of manhood and womanhood the world has ever seen, and Jefferson Davis was one of the best specimens of that splendid period." He was ambitious, it was true, but to serve his country. That he was a statesman, a soldier, and a man of remarkable endurance, the student of history must proclaim. As a leader, honest, noble, and true, the South honored and loved him; now that he is dead she will forever treasure, as a precious legacy, his nobility of life and his deeds of sacrifice. In the quiet cemetery where the hero sleeps loving hands through the coming years will keep the flowers blooming upon his quiet grave. We may build to his memory a monument that will tell in never dying words how we love and honor the leader of the Lost Cause, but he has erected for himself a monument more lasting than cold stone or brass, so softly and quietly step aside,

"Nor let the storms of yesterday
Disturb his quiet morning.
Breathe over him forgetfulness

Of all save deeds of kindness,
And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,
Press down his lids in blindness."

'07.

Her Real Ideal.

What a peculiar interest is sometimes manifested in a strange face! How often do we see faces we have never seen before, or perhaps may never see again—yet feel that they are to play a part in the drama of our life! They haunt us in our dreams and are forever flitting before us in our imagination.

Alice Gaston, accompanied by her father, had been on an extended trip to Washington. She was now serenely seated in a Pullman car watching the trees passed by in rapid succession. She smiled when the thought struck her that each tree passed she was nearer her Texas home. Instead of trees, houses were now passed, and soon the train came to a standstill in the little town of Lenora, S. C. Lenora was the terminal, and while a newly coaled engine was being coupled to the train Alice sat gazing out of the window. Her eyes fell upon an old negro man pushing a cart. He had evidently met the dining car for scraps, and as he hobbled along with the cart before him Alice could not help but watch. She only took her eyes off of the old man once, and then she looked into the eyes of a youth who had been watching her. But soon he was gone, and in the distance could still be seen the old negro pushing his cart along. The train started, and Lenora, the youth and the negro were far behind. Night came; the lights were turned on, and Alice, fatigued by the day's traveling, sat with her head thrown back against the seat. Her eyes were closed, but flitting before her imagination were two faces—the face of the old negro with his cart and the face of the passing youth. Why did she remember these faces? Why were they so indelibly stamped on her mind? Soon they van-

ished and Alice awoke. "Mercy me!" she exclaimed. "I have lost my ring!" Great tears rolled down her ruddy cheeks, and she began to sob.

"Oh, you have dropped it," the father replied, and a diligent search was made to no avail. "Perhaps you have packed it in your trunk, don't worry; we will find it."

Alice, however, could not be consoled so easily. She thought more of the ring than all else she possessed. It was a beautiful ring—a plain gold band set with a large onyx carved in a strange and artistic way. Her only uncle had it made for her, and there was not another like it in the world. How could she have lost it, could it have been when she washed her hand before supper? She shuddered when she thought of it. At last overcome by worry and sorrow she fell asleep in her berth. The night passed and the bright rays of the morning sun came to awake the passengers. Alice awoke; she had dreamed about her ring and was anxious to tell her father.

"Father," she began, "I had a wonderful dream about my ring last night."

"Oh, did you dream where it was, and that you would go there and find it?"

"Far better than that, father. I dreamed my ideal man found it and brought it to me, and then we were married."

"My," roared the amused old man, "that is certainly wonderful. Do you think it will ever come true?"

"Of course I do, father, and you shall see the man—my ideal." The coal black visage of the old negro glided before her and she dropped the subject entirely.

Now of course the father thought his daughter joking and using this as a mere means of dispelling her sorrow. Not so; Alice meant it. She believed everything she had spoken. More than this, she made a vow that she would never marry until she found the man with her ring.

Away in Lenora the train continued to stop day by day. The old negro met the dining car and hobbled away with

his cart of scraps. The youth passed the cars and often cast his eyes along the windows for even one glance of a face he had seen. Tom Southerfield—the youth—saw the old negro and many an evening as he sauntered home from school he stopped to watch the old man feed his pigs. But for a while Tom was not to see Lenora, nor the old man. He was leaving today for school. Ah, what thoughts were his as the train pulled out and Lenora was left behind? He thought of a beautiful face he had once seen watching the old negro.

Alice Gaston reached her home in safety. She had never found her ring, but still clung to the idea that some day she would find it—and find with it her ideal man. And as she leaves her school, her one great thought is: will she find the man with the ring.

Tom Southerfield had no sooner settled down into the daily activities of the average freshman than he made his debut into the social world. A reception is to be given by the girls' college in town tonight. Tom is invited. The halls are brilliantly lighted, cut flowers are everywhere; whole banks of ferns and palms adorn the walls. Tom is perfectly carried away. He has met several young ladies. But here he meets a Miss Gaston. Oh, those eyes, he has seen them before!

"And where are you from, Mr. Southerfield?" inquired Miss Gaston.

"From Lenora, S. C." came the quick response. A deep blush came over Alice Gaston's face. She recalled the youth and the negro.

Time passed rapidly. Alice and Tom had often met and neither realized that this was their Senior year. How short it seemed. Only yesterday since he had met a Miss Gaston from Texas. But, however short it seemed, or had been, Tom had seen a great deal of Alice. He had continued his calls regularly since his freshman year.

The students loved Tom Southerfield. He was the leader

of his class. All knew he loved Alice Gaston and liked to think of what a happy pair they would be when school ended. But if Tom was loved and worshipped by his fellow students, Alice was idolized by her classmates. She had received many honors. She was considered by far the prettiest girl in school and had become a criterion for all to follow. But now the senior year was half gone. Tom and Alice were not seen together as much as usual. What could be the matter? Were they not to love—the idols of their classes? The girls had spread the rumor that Alice had gone back on Tom because he did not have a certain ring. She had told them of her vow and well they knew when Alice Gaston said anything she meant it. A feeling of sadness came to all when it became obvious that the love of the two was waning.

The end of the senior year had come. Tonight the girls were to have their annual reception. Tom Southerfield stood before a glass fastening his tie. "What can she mean?" he said in a despondent tone; is it possible that all is lost? Can I doubt that Alice loves me? What does she mean by her vow and her ring? I shall see tonight." He raised up his trunk and his eyes fell upon a ring. "Ah," he cried, "I shall wear this, perhaps it is the ring. I had forgotten it." The trunk slammed heavily and Tom stepped out of his room.

Alice Gaston, in her room powdering her rosy cheeks, stamped her foot and said angrily: "I will, I will. If Tom proposes tonight, I will refuse him. I love him—but, but he hasn't the ring. I will not marry him." She stepped out of her room down into the parlor. The reception committee understood. Tom was there and soon he found Alice all to himself. The large palms unfolded their glossy foliage in the bright light and waved softly through the perfumed air. How gorgeous! Was there ever such a scene before? Tom Southerfield, a model of manliness, beloved by all, sat fathoming the dreamy blue eyes of Alice Gaston,

the personification of beauty and truth. "Alice," he said, "for four years I have known you and we have been friends; tell me, has our friendship deepened, do you love me?"

Alice's eyes sought the floor. Could she refuse this man? She knew she loved him. Was he not her ideal. Suddenly she raised up and her eyes fell upon the lost ring. "Oh, Tom, I knew you would have the ring," she sobbed and fell into his arms.

A wave of joy swept over the house and the friends of Alice and Tom knew that all was well. Each was eager to hear the story of the lost ring. How the old negro had wheeled it away from the car in his cart of scraps, and how Tom had found it while watching him feed his pigs far away in the town of Lenora. '08.

To a Rural Maid.

Last night I dreamed, my rural maid,
We roamed by silent streams,
There was no noise, no busy world,
To spoil the rural scene;
But flowers jewel eyed, I ween,
That lit the grassy turf,
And from above, through sleeping trees,
The moon cast down a sheen.

How oft' I've roamed, you by my side,
Then beneath some bower,
Together we would watch the stream
Till the moon would lower.
And often now when cares come on,
O for a silent hour!
To sit near by and gaze on thee,
Dear and lovely flower.

O, rural maid, my brightest one!
My love, my ease from care!
Think not that I will others love,

When thou are smiling near.
When fortunes storms have changed thy dress
And throbbing cares you fear,
The one that oft' hath solaced me,
Shall feel my heart beat near.

H. L. Creech, '09.

"Progress of the Past Year."

As each year draws to a close it is very helpful to review the events of the past twelve months, and to gather from the record some idea of the progress made along some of the various lines.

While we, of necessity, need not endeavor to make an exhaustive review of the past year, still it will possibly be of interest to note many of its phases which must have an influence on the future life of this nation and on the world at large.

The year just passed has been rich in many significant features and we shall, with both pleasure and profit, consider some of the most prominent points which must always characterize its history. First of all, we might note that the year has marked a most decided advance in what might be called "the moral and ethical life" of the country. It has been a time during which some of the most gigantic "exposures" of frauds, both political and commercial, have been made public. The conviction of such companies as the Standard Oil and such great corporations as the New York Central Railroad signalize the high water mark in a tide of civic morality which includes a careful investigation of the management of insurance companies and the consequent punishment of the heads of such companies who have been convicted of unfair and wicked practices.

Reform legislation, not only in the states but in the whole nation, has been a marked feature of the year. Prohibition candidates have been elected in many states which hitherto seemed bound to the old order of things, and the

cause of prohibition has made active progress. The passage of child labor laws in many of the states is a further step toward a broad humanitarianism, while the year has witnessed a general agitation over this question. Still farther along this pathway of progress in the care of children, is the growing recognition of the fact that the child's individuality must be preserved and the movement on foot for the accomplishment of this end is the establishment of separate "homes" instead of asylums where children are cared for as a body rather than as individuals. Thus is made possible the greatest moral development of the child which means a better class of citizens in the future.

In connection with this question of the increasing responsibility of the state to its children, is that of adequate and appropriate education, which has been more fully met than ever before. This is shown by the decided increase in industrial education; the rapid growth of the public manual training schools in both number and efficiency, while the private institutions are doing much good along this line also.

It was durng the past year that the first year's grants from the Carnegie Fund have been made, and two of our most distinguished scholars have received them. The salary of teachers, both in public and private schools, has been increased, and the prospective establishment of the Carnegie Home, or Pension Fund, for disabled teachers has created a worldwide interest. Also, our educational methods have been, especially during the past year. carefully studied by other nations—a notable case in point being that during the last twelve months more than five hundred English teachers came over to America for the sole purpose of considering our systems of education.

Too, in science there has been considerable progress. Many new processes, which shall no doubt be instruments by which the wealth of our country shall be greatly increased, have been discovered. I shall mention a few of these only. One is a new method of extracting nitrogen

from the air: this will be of special use to the government in the manufacture of explosives for use in warfare. Another is the "dry blast" in the manufacturing of iron and steel. While other new methods of the various departments have not yet been perfected, however the prospects are very promising.

It has been authoritatively stated that the past year was the richest and most successful from a business and financial standpoint that this country has yet known. Crops were so large that the railways found it difficult to handle them, although there was an increase of thirty-two thousand in the number of cars, and of one thousand locomotives.

The vegetable and mineral productions of this country have enlarged enormously compared to that of the year preceding 1906. The cotton crop, which means so much to the South, was estimated at about seven hundred and fifty million dollars; while the bulk of gold produced in the United States was valued at about ninety-four million dollars. In the majority of the minor products, there were smaller increases.

In the field of engineering the year has been notable in many ways. The first, perhaps, being the work done on the Panama Canal, and next the numerous tunnels and subways around the Hudson River.

In the realm of architecture there has been surprisingly rapid progress, also. All our larger cities bear testimony to this fact by their beautiful, recently-built edifices.

It should be added in concluding that each year must hold its full quota who have joined the "vast majority," but so many eminent men have passed away during the year 1906 that the list is worthy of more than casual attention. Among those whose lives have counted most for the general good of the race, and in this list we need mention Sam Jones, of Georgia; Father Gapon, and others, including a few of the most prominent capitalists and men of affairs such as Russell Sage, Alfred Beit (the diamond king), Sam-

uel Spencer, and Sir Sidney Waterloo, the ex-Lord Mayor of London.

The field of literature, journalism, bench and bar, art, music and politics have all added names to the many who have died.

So it is thus that the world's history is made: progress and andvancement, gain and loss, all uniting to form a perfect civic whole, until the entire pattern of the general plan is slowly revealed, piece by peice, until at last, all unite to give to man some faint intimaton of the "Great Divine Plan."

Mason Latham, '09.

Wofford College Journal

Established 1899. Spartanburg, S . C., March, 1907. Whole No. 161

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Entered at postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter.

Editorial Department.

R. N. SPEIGNER, EDITOR.

Exams.

Well, we are in the midst of examinations again, and many are there of us who must burn the midnight oil. But here's hoping that each one of us may pass through this ordeal with signal success. Only three short months of this school year are left to us and we ought to crowd into that short space of time much that will do us lasting good. These examinations may seem hard but they are only means by which we may test our ability, and they let us know exactly where we stand.

⚜

Baseball.

Once again the spring is here and with it comes the awakening of the baseball spirit. We are glad to note the interest being taken in this part of college life especially by

the first year men. Certainly we are going to get out a winning team this season, and once again the old garnet and black shall have the championship of the State. Let all of us keep up the interest so far manifested and help each other to get out the best team possible. Of course all of us can't make team, but we can certainly make the other men work.

Contributions.

So far the editors of this paper have been disappointed in the number and quality of contributions handed in for publication. Of course it is impossible to produce a magazine which is creditable to the institution when only a few men in college write for it. The Journal offers four medals each year for stories, essays, and poems, and we had hoped that these might be an inducement to many to write. In the next issue, the April number, will be published the last articles which can be entered in competition for any prize. So all who have an article they desire to enter in the contest for a medal, will bear this in mind and hand it to the literary editor by the first of next month, as this will be the last chance for publication. Let's have an all-star paper next month.

Exchange Department.

CLYDE S. BETHEA, EDITOR.

"It is a difficult task to criticise well a thing which requires general literary ability, a sense of justice, and a sound judgment. Conscious of her glaring deficiency it is with great trepidation that the exchange editor enters upon her duties."

At last there has appeared an exchange editor that lacks the nerve and arrogance attributed to all exchange editors by the Carolinian in a late number. We agree with the new exchange editor of the Aurora that it is difficult to criticise well, but advise her to join in with the rest of us and put on an air of ability and nerve, then criticise everything as you think it deserves to be criticised. We are none of us perfect. "Hew to the line letting the chips fall where they may." Then we will feel that we have done our best and our duty and will not mind what others say.

The Furman Echo for February is a memorial number, a tribute to the late Dr. Chas. H. Judson, professor emeritus of Furman University.

We greatly sympathize with Furman in their irretrievable loss. Dr. Judson was one of the State's greatest educators, and not only the Baptist denomination, but the State at large feel deeply the loss of this great man. He devoted his life to the cause of education and sacrificed all his energies for Furman University. He was to Furman what Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle is to our own college, and they have often been classed together as the "grand educators." Dr. Judson was the guiding star of Furman and his noble life is the richest legacy he could leave to that institution .

It is with great pleasure that we read The Journal, of the Southwestern Presbyterian University. The article on Dr.

B. M. Palmer is very well written indeed and 'tis good that the life of such a man as Dr. Palmer is freshened in our minds.

"The True Lady Macbeth," entered as a competitive essay deserves a great deal of commendation. In the first place the writer shows that he has taken a great amount of pains with the composition and has made a thorough study of his Shakespeare. Far greater than either of these two points though is his broad and original thought. In our opinion he has truly pictured the True Lady Macbeth.

We are very sorry to find only on story in this number and we are sorry again after having been ushered within the portals of the "Haunted House of Murder" to find ourselves within a conglomeration of real tragedy and ghost story the concoction of which would be more becoming to a highschool lad than t a University student. We take pleasure in noting the strength of the editorial department for this issue.

When we received the Limestone Star we usually expect a good magazine but in the January number we were sadly disappointed. For this number there were only five contributions to the magazine. One of these, a love story with very little plot, took up half of the space devoted to the literary department. We hope to receive a better number in the next issue.

The University of Virginian Magazine comes to us neatly bound and is very attractive. This January number is entirely devoted to the life of General Robert E. Lee, and is very appropriate. Its opening page has a splendid picture of the great Southern general.

The February number of the Georgian is very attractive. There are several good contributions, but the story entitled "The Wreck" is the best in the magazine. There

are several good poems in this number. The one entitled "To My Valentine," deserves especial mention.

The Mercerian has always impressed us as trying to raise the standard of excellence among college magazines by setting an example that could be followed with profit by many of our exchanges. While the general appearance of the magazine does not differ materially from others, in the reading matter itself there is a marked improvement upon the contents usually appearing in the average college monthly. The "University of Berlin" is the beginning of a series on "Great Universities," and if this first installment is a fair example of those to follow we would heartily commend them to the college student as interesting and instructive papers touching all phases of the subject under discussion. The frontispiece illustrating this article is a very artistic view of the university. The sketch entitled "The Florida Ostrich Farm" is an instructive article somewhat out of the usual line of student contributions, and for that reason to be commended. The writer gives first hand information, and is evidently correct in all that he says. This article is also illustrated.

One thing we note with extreme disapproval, and that is the exchange department. The exchange editor instead of attempting to perform the duties for which we presume he was elected, wastes two and a half pages of his department attempting to defend his position, using editorially "I" instead of the editorial "we." At great length he tries to show that he only is progressive, and that "we" who still retain the good old editorial "we" are back numbers and out of date. We are inclined to think the exchange editor of the Mercerian more egotistic in his defense of than in the use of the editorial "I."

Clippings.

Here's to cards and poker chips,
Here's to Gibson girls, I wis,
Here's to maids with crimson lips,
But here's to maids with lips to kiss.

Maggie: "When you broke the engagement did you return the diamond ring he gave you?"

Marguerite: "Certainly not. I don't care for Harry any more, but my feelings have not changed towards the ring."—Ex.

Our arms your defence;
Your arms our recompense.
Fall in.—Exchange.

Why cannot the wind see? Because the wind is a zephyr; zephyr is yarn; a yarn is a tale; a tail is an attachment; an attachment is love—and love is blind.—Selected.

THE NIGHT BEFORE EXAMS.

Now I lay me down to sleep
In my little bunk,
Hope I die before I wake
And thus escape a flunk.

—Ex.

Little drops of acid, little grains of zinc,
Make a lot of bubbles and a heap of stink.

—Ex.

Contributors to this department will please write their jokes on thin paper so the editor can see through them.—Ex.

What is the future tense of "to flirt?" To divorce.—Ex.

Silently one by one in the infinite
Note-book of the teachers,
Blossom the neat little zeroes
The forget-me-nots of the Seniors.

—Ex.

Fall from the quarter deck,
Fall from above;
Fall down and break your neck,
But never fall in love.

—Ex.

FEMININE PHILOSOPHY.

When a girl's parents don't object to her sweetheart, she thinks it is not a case of true love, because it runs too smoothly.—Ex.

Alumni Department.

W. DUNCAN FRIERSON, EDITOR.

Samuel Dibble, '56, the first graduate of Wofford, is a prominent business and railroad man of Orangeburg.

Rev. E. D. Mouzon, '81, is a member of the Texas Conference.

S. N. Holland, '70, is practicing medicine in Georgia.

L. B. Haynes, '72, is president of Leesville College.

Rev. J. W. Wolling, '73, is one of the missionaries sent out by Wofford. His work is in Brazil.

W. S. Morrison, '75, is on the Faculty of Clemson College.

F. A. Sanders, '76, is a prominent lawyer of Asheville, N. C.

Rev. T. W. Tarboux, '76, is also engaged in the mission work in Brazil.

D. O. Herbert, '78, is a prominent and capable lawyer of Orangeburg.

D. T. Kinard, '98, is principal of one of the Columbia Graded schools.

M. L. Smith, '97, is a well known lawyer of Camden.

P. C. Garris, '00, is taking a theological course in Vanderbilt University.

Rev. W. B. Wharton, '92, is a member of the South Carolina Conference, and is the efficient superintendent of the Epworth Orphanage.

R. T. Caston, '71, is a well known lawyer and business man of Cheraw. He is president of the Bank of Cheraw.

J. B. Humbert, '60, is one of the largest and most progressive farmers of Laurens.

H. W. Ackerman, '93, is the efficient principal of the Latta school.

T. Frank Watkins, '02, the famous full back is a prominent attorney of Anderson.

Rev. C. L. Smith, '04, represents Central church on the foreign fields. His work is in Brazil.

A. D. Betts, '05, the preacher of his class, is taking a course in theology at Princeton.

E. F. McWhirter, '04, of football fame, is a prominent merchant of Jonesville.

H. M. Lanham, '93, is practicing medicine in Texas.

W. C. Airial, '04, well known for his whistling ability, is teaching at Dillon.

Wm. Coleman, '95, is president of the Bank of Whitmire, and in interested in the cotton mill industry.

W. Boyd Evans, '97, is a prominent lawyer of Marion.

J. E. Wannamaker, '72, is a large and successful farmer of St. Matthews.

Rev. E. W. Pupus, '69, is the prominent and well beloved Baptist minister of Hampton.

W. P. Few, '89, is professor of English at Trinity College.

A. I. Pynes, '92, is Instructor of Latin and English at the Southwestern University, Texas.

H. F. Chreitzberg, '73, is a member of the North Carolina Conference.

J. M. Lander, '79, is president of the Methodist College at Juiz de Fora, Brazil.

Rev. R. D. Smart, '68, is a prominent member of the Tennessee Conference.

F. M. Lander, '94, is a prominent physician of Williamston.

W. L. Wlaker, '94, is teaching at the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute, at Cedar Springs.

J. A. Wiggins, '95, is cashier of the Bank of Denmark.

T. M. Raysor, '78, is one of the most prominent lawyers in the State. He is located at Orangeburg.

M. A. Connolly, '05, is studying dentistry at the Atlanta Dental College.

Local Department.

CLAUD N. SAPP, EDITOR.

One of the best entertainments of the entire Lyceum course, and in fact one of the best lectures ever delivered before a Spartanburg audience, was Geo. R. Wendling's lecture on "Stonewall Jackson," which was delivered in the auditorium of the College, February 21st.

The large hall and galleries were taxed to their utmost capacities, and no one left feeling that he was not well paid for the hour and fifteen minutes he had sat under the spell-binding influence of the speaker's oratory. He described Jackson the man as well as the soldier in glowing terms, showing the true elements, viz: the Puritan and Cavalier; which were combined to make Jackson the American. Mr. Wendling is a noted speaker and a fine orator and his lecture will long linger in the minds of the people of Spartanburg.

Mr. Polk Miller entertained the Lyceum on February 28, with his "Old South Quartette," and their rendition of the old ante-bellum songs, in the original negro dialect, was first class in every respect. We are indebted to Prof. Gamewell for this delightful performance for it was not scheduled as a regular Lyceum number, but through his efforts it came to us as an extra number.

The annual oratorical contest was held on the night of February 22, and those who are in position to know pronounced it one of the best held here in years. The medal was won by Mr. W. W. Carson, of the Preston society, and he will represent Wofford in the State contest. Mr. M. C. Foster came second and will act as alternate.

The continued bad weather has caused somewhat of a

delay in the practice of the ball team, but for the past few weeks the team has been down to hard practice and Coach McMakin thinks his prospects good to put out a winning team. The squad has been cut practically to two teams, the varsity and scrubs, and each man is hard at work at his position. Though things seem to be a bit out of gear when we fail to see "Legs" Martin and some of the other old stars of days gone by on the diamond, yet there is new timber on the field that looks good to us, and we believe will be heard from later.

The gymnasium team gave an exhibition at Limestone College on March 4. They report a good time and a large crowd at the exhibition. The team, under Instructor Daniels and Captains Carson and Latimer, is one of the best in the history of the college.

Quite an epidemic of lagrippe has been raging on the campus for the past month, but we are glad to report all the boys improving.

Mr. Carter Howard, of the Freshman class received a telegram on the 6th inst. notifying him of the death of his sister in Chester. He left on the next train to attend the funeral. We regret to learn of his misfortune and he carries with him our deepest sympathy on his sad mission.

Gossip has it that the soph. class of Converse has challenged the sophs. of Wofford to a spelling match. How about it sophs? Better brush the dust from your blue-back "speller" and face the girls if you care to maintain your prestige.

Mr. E. C. Dye, of the class of '05, was on the campus the past week.

Mr. Roy Webster, of the class of '06, and winner of the

oratorical medal, attended the annual oratorical contest on the 22d.

Mr. S. W. Taylor has resigned as class poet, for the senior class, and Mr. M. C. Foster has been elected in his stead.

Y. M. C. A. Department

THOS. E. DUKES, EDITOR.

As our annual revival is just over, we feel that we should say a word about it. Rev. E. K. Hardin conducted it, and that in itself is enough to speak for its success. During the two-weeks' service much improvement was made in the spiritual condition of the college. The student body as a whole took a great deal of interest in the services, and many gave themselves to Christ. These services have always proved to be of great success in reviving and strengthening the religious spirit in college and especially was this true of the recent services. We wish that the services might have continued longer, but it was impossible at the time as Mr. Hardin was called home on account of the illness of his mother.

The older men of the college remember that we have pledged ourselves to contribute one hundred dollars towards Christian work in Brazil. Very little if any of this amount has been subscribed. This money must be collected. Energetic work on the part of those with whom this collection is intrusted, as well as an open-hearted liberality is necessary to realize this sum. However, we feel that it is only necessary to mention this as a duty and the liberality that has always characterized Wofford men will respond at once. Every man knows that it is his duty, whether a member of the Y. M. C. A. or not, to contribute towards the advancement of our work in Brazil. We feel sure that it is not necessary to say more, just to mention this matter is sufficient.

Blest are those who are broad enough and Christian enough to see above and beyond their immediate interest. It is the part of christianity to broaden the life of a people, to throw around them a love for humanity, and instill into the heart of a people a real brother-love for each other.

Who can fully realize the great purpose the fulness of the Christian life who does not launch out and put himself in immediate touch with his fellow men? Who can expect success in the work for Christ, in the advancement of Christian work in college, in the church, in the world, who measures off his duty with a yard-stick, and prides himself that within this little spot, and in this alone, lies my work for Christ? The successful worker for Christ in college, in the Church, in the world, does not limit his work to the small circle in which he happens to be located, but with a helping hand, he holds it no trespass to leave his narrow sphere and enter a wider field, helping and encouraging others. A little word spoken is so easily done, and it often works wonders in the life of a discouraged fellow-student. This is the worker alone who proves to be successful in the end. He alone has the stamp of success upon him, and he alone works wonders and miracles in the world for Christ, he alone is permitted to see the Christian life clearly and see it whole. This sort of worker is needed in the Young Men's Christian Association. Our interest is not shut within the walls of our Association hall; it embraces a wider sphere. If we would have our Association succeed, as we would in the great work for Christ, we must interest ourselves with the work of the college, and through its success, upon which depends our Association, can we hope for great success in our work for Christ.

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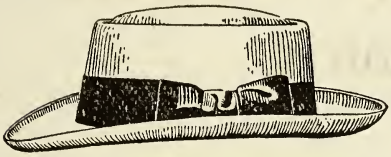

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

M. C. FOSTER, EDITOR.

The Greater Passion.

Dr. John Trevor was sitting at the bedside of his sick boy. Accustomed as he was to hide his feelings in the sick-room, an anxious expression showed on his face as he fingered the little fellow's pulse. Presently the boy became restless and called, "Mother."

The doctor's voice trembled. "Don't cry, Arthur; father is here," he said huskily. The child did not hush, but kept repeating, "Mother, mother."

"My poor little motherless one," he muttered brokenly, kissing the burning forehead. "O Sylvia, Sylvia, why did you leave us? where are you now?"

The nurse came in and he went into the library. He rested his elbow on the corner of the mantle and stood for a long time with his eyes fixed on his wife's photograph. His mind went back to the time six years before when he had met Sylvia Stone in a New York art school, and had straightway fallen in love with her. He recalled how his old college chum, George Wimberly, had tried to dissuade him from marrying her. "There's no better girl in New York, John," he had said, "and besides, she is handsome, talented, and rich, but, old man, she would not do for you. Her whole heart is centered in art; she thinks and talks of nothing but pictures. You think she loves you, and no doubt she thinks so too, but if ever you crossed her in her ambition, and she had to decide between you and it, she'd leave you in a minute. Not that she is heartless, John, for she isn't, but ambition and love for her art are the ruling passions of her soul, and there's little room left for you or any one else."

But, human like, he had pshawed at his friend's forebodings, assured him he did not know Sylvia Stone half as well as *he* knew her, and the next fall had carried her to his Baltimore home. How happy they had been in those early days! How often had he wished that he had chosen some other profession, one which would have given him more time at home. He felt sorry for his young wife, so much alone in the large house, except for the servants, and when she told him of her purpose to turn two of the rooms into a studio, he had gladly assented, for now she would have something to occupy the long hours he was compelled to be away, he had thought. But before a year had passed he realized that she was shutting all out from her life but her work. He remembered the day he had gone to her and frankly told her his fears, and suggested that she give it up, for a while at least.

"Give up my work, my painting?" she had scornfully asked, "no, not for the world."

"But for me," he had pleaded.

"No, nor for you," burst from her lips.

Shortly after this their boy had been born, and he had hoped she would forget her studio in caring for her child. But despite his protests, the little one was turned over to a nurse, and Sylvia had gone back to her work as before. There was an added pleasure in it now, for she had made the acquaintance of a young widow, a Mrs. Freeman, also an artist, and they were together painting, suggesting, and criticising every day. Then he recalled how she had come to him just a year ago, and told him she had set her heart on going to Paris for a few months' study. She had spoken of this to him many times before, but he had always put her off, replying vaguely about not being able to leave his practice just then. He had thought seriously more than once of yielding to her wish, but now he was determined to refuse. She was always in her studio, with no thought of him nor their boy. It angered him, and he had made up his mind that the studio must go.

"I cannot go just at present," he had said gently, "and surely you would not go and leave Arthur and me?"

"How selfish you are, John," she had retorted quickly. "Arthur is as contented with nurse as with me, and you have no right to thwart my ambition, to deprive me of my only pleasure. I shall go. Mrs. Freeman is going, and I shall go with her, whether you like it or not."

Her only pleasure! God, how it had cut into his heart! "Very well, then," he had said, quivering with anger, "if you love your miserable, lifeless pictures more than you love Arthur and me, go. But you must never come back."

How many times he had repented these passionate words! She had trampled on him and their child, but he wanted her back. Despite her selfishness, he loved her devotedly, and in his misery cursed himself bitterly for driving her away from him. "But not one word from her from that day to this," he muttered hoarsely, "not even a line to tell me where she is."

The nurse touched him, and he followed her into the sick-room. The boy was leaning up in bed, with outstretched arms, calling, "Mother, mother." He turned quickly to the nurse. "I must watch tonight," he said huskily. She understood, and left the room.

He took the child's temperature, and the thermometer fell from his trembling fingers as he read it. He had given the child medicine to reduce the fever until he feared to give more. Yes, his boy would die; he could not deceive himself of that. "But, merciful God!" he pleaded, "let him die peacefully." He placed his hand on the child's burning brow, hoping to quiet him.

"I want mother, mother," came in a thick whisper from the bed. The man's self-control gave way. His head sank upon the pillow beside the little sufferer. His arm stole round the boy, and he sobbed convulsively.

* * * * * * * *

Sylvia had been in Paris a year. At first she had devoted her whole time to her work, but she had accomplished

very little. Her heart was not in it. Her conscience had lashed her terribly for deserting her family, and she was not a day out of Baltimore before she wanted to go back. But her pride had been deeply wounded, and she went on doggedly. Ere she had been a month in the French capital, she tired of her gay surroundings, and to Mrs. Freeman's chagrin and amazement, insisted on moving to a quieter quarter. She grew disgusted with her associates, with her work, with herself. Finally the yearning for her husband and her boy had broken down her pride, and she wrote her husband a letter. "You will forgive me, John, will you not?" she had said in closing. "I could be a contented wife now, satisfied with your's and the little one's love, but I fear I have lost you forever. But may I not come back and see our boy, and hear you say you forgive me? I have no plans for the future; I have not the courage to face it; but I could bear with a better heart if I knew I was forgiven."

The letter met an unworthy fate at the hands of Mrs. Freeman, who read the address and calmly threw it into the fire. She had not read the letter, but she had read her companion's face, and guessed too well its contents. She was having a delightful time, Sylvia was footing the bills, and she had no idea of having it broken up by Sylvia's return to her husband.

Sylvia waited in vain for her husband's answer. As the months dragged wearily by and no word came from him, the bitterness of despair welled up in her heart. She had sinned grievously, but she had tried to make amends. That her husband was proud and often unyielding she knew, but was he wholly heartless? Had the old passionate love turned into relentless hate?

Goaded on by Mrs. Freeman, her pride reasserted itself, and she determined to keep silent until her husband wrote. She kept up her work, not for any pleasure or satisfaction it gave her, for that was all gone now, but because it took her mind off her sufferings. But ere long her pride, too,

deserted her, and nothing remained to blunt the keen edge of her anguish. Alone in her darkened room, helpless, purposeless, she writhed under the iron hand of remorse. There was no one she could go to for comfort, and had there been, she could not have bared her heart to them. No, if John meant that she should suffer, she could but bow submissively. But surely he would not keep her away from her child forever. Had her boy forgotten her? Was he living or dead? What if he were dead and John had left his home —the home she had blighted—and gone far away from the scene of his sorrows? Then a resolve came to her. She would go secretly to Baltimore and find out for herself.

With the resolve came new strength, and a smile lit up the pale, drawn face as she flitted about the room, hurriedly packing a suit-case.

She sent a telegram to Mrs. Freeman, who was spending a few days in Rouen, merely stating that she was unexpectedly called to America, and would write her later. She was glad her companion was away, and she could leave without being questioned by anyone.

Within a fortnight she was back in New York, and as she stepped ashore she recalled that it was just a year since she had stood on the same pier. What a difference that year had made in her! She had gone away proudly, defiantly; now she had come back broken-spirited, her heart crushed and bleeding. But it was with a lighter heart than had been hers in many months that she stepped off the Washington Express at Baltimore, and took a cab for a hotel. She did not know what was before her, but she would learn something definite, her wild anxiety would be dispelled, at least.

It was past midnight and she started to go to bed. She was weary from her long journey, and felt that she would need her strength for the morrow. On the table lay a two-days'-old copy of the "American," and as she glanced rapidly over the page her husband's name caught her eye. Her

face whitened, and the paper fell from her nerveless hand as she read the short paragraph.

"O God, spare my boy!" she gasped, clutching the edge of the table for support. She steadied herself and looked at the date of the paper. What if her boy were already dead, and she had come only to kiss his cold face and see him laid in the ground. And John, what would he think? Her heart sickened, but she knew what she would do.

She hurriedly put her hat and cloak on again, and gaining the street, called a cab. As the driver pulled up before her husband's home, she sprang out and darted up the walk. The house was dark save for one room. She knew her boy —the boy she had so wantonly deserted—lay there, maybe dying, maybe dead. Her breath came in gasps, and her strength almost failed her, as she mounted the steps. She put her hand out for the bell, but instead tried the door. It yielded, and she went in softly. The library was dark, but through an open door she saw a dim light in her husband's bedroom. She went quickly forward, but suddenly stopped.

From the next room came the weak voice of a child, plaintively calling, "Mother—mother—mother," and mingled with it were the smothered sobs of a man.

With a cry she rushed into the room and sank on her knees beside the bed.

John Trver looked up startled, and his face whitened as he saw who it was. "Thank God! you have come in time," he whispered, putting his arm around her.

She raised the child in her arms and kissed him convulsively. The boy opened his eyes, and a smile overspread his face, as his little arms went round her neck. Presently she felt the little body quiver, and she clasped him closer to her breast and called his name. No answer came. With a moan she sank limp to the floor, still clinging to the child.

Tenderly he took the child from her arms, and carried her into the next room.

When Sylvia opened her eyes her husband was bending over her.

"John!" she sobbed brokenly.

"Sylvia!" he answered, taking her in his arms.

Abie S. Nettles.

The Opium Fiend.

You ask me why I sit all day and dream,
Inhaling what you call the noxious fumes
Of this dark, stifling drug. So may it seem
To many who have tasted not its joy,
But to me 'tis a gorgeous paradise
Wherein the glittering forms of seraphs move
In joyful throngs, with cries of ecstacy.
Full oft it is a calm and placid post
Of soothing rest from mad, tumultous waves
Of life. They say I killed my tender wife
By my excess, for much my darling loved;
But she is dead, and I'm alone in bliss,
And she, perhaps, a fairer angel makes
Than wife. So no regret nor grief have I.
What matters it? We all must some day die.
I am content, and Ting Fu watches me—
He draws my sixty rupees income now—
What little food I eat he brings to me.
My strength is gone, and I am failing fast.
When first I came one pipe brought dreams to me,
But now its takes the ninth to soothe my brain.
But when I feel that I'm about to go
I'll call Ting Fu, and leave this dirty rug
For one that's clean. And then he'll fill my pipe
That I may die inhaling soothing fumes.

B. N. Alsbrook, '07.

The South and the Negro.

In every phase of Southern life, whether social, political or industrial, the great race question, with its roots sunk deeper than may be imagined at first sight, is of vital interest. Strictly speaking the problem is not the South's—not the North's, but the nation's. However, its local home is in the South, hence the final forces of its solution must be Southern in their environment. Anyway, our friends elsewhere are only too glad to leave the question with Southern people, thus the people of the South are the ones who must first face the negro problem. The solution of this problem for the best interest of the South and the negro and the nation is going to be one of the most difficult tasks which God has ever given to a people.

Let us take a hurried glance at the phases mentioned above. Many misconceptions gather about the term, "Social equality;" a something which was a dream—and a frightful one—of the past generation, but is now a fading terror, no serious-minded person having a fear of social equality between the races. By social equality, the average negro understands that he has a right to stand with white women on the same ground that white men do. The salvation of the white race depends upon preventing this, and it has done so very nobly. To the instinct of the average negro, the idea of racial fusion is not near so repugnant as it is to the white man. True enough, the wiser negroes are trying to develop a deeper sense of racial pride among their people. But still many negroes don't see why they are allowed freedom of choice in regard to martial relationship.

Why not? Just because the great white race does not choose it so, and does not intend that such a thing shall ever be so. The acts of the individual members of the race may be base, ignoble and degrading, but the race in its entirety, intends to preserve its racial purity, and to remain forever pure and unmongrelized. It does not mean that this great nation shall ever become the home of a negroid civilization.

In establishing the dogma of race integrity, the South has simply expressed her faith in the policy of separation. She means to enforce a policy of degradation, for the segregation of the negro race, means not its degradation, but its redemption. Her desire is not to force him to a lower place, but merely to accord him another place. In this other place there is a true hope of obtaining racial purity for the negro by establishing for him the possibilities of social differentiation. The South believes that where two great racial masses, so divergent in history and character, are brought into such close contact, that a distinct line of racial cleavage is to the interests, and essential for the happiness of each. We must remember that "good fences make good neighbors," and accordingly establish a racial fence as firm and unyielding as the Hell gates of Milton.

Somewhat associated with the term of "social equality" is that of "negro domination." There was a time when the cry of the latter struck terror to the heart of the South. However, negro domination seems to be another nightmare, because for 25 years a negro officialism or the preponderance of an ignorant negro vote has been impossible. The South with its millions of negroes, has not a negro congressman, senator or governor. The possibility of negro domination vanishes to a more distant place with the passing of each year, and becomes more and more hazy with every dollar expended for public education. In a few sections of the South it is still an "issue," is still the main theme of political oratory. In sections where statistics show that less than fifty negro votes have been cast in ten years, we may hear politicians painting the perils of negro domination in colors which would do credit to a rainbow, while the real interest of the party are forgotten.

However, the cry of negro domination as a force of party control is fast losing its authority, and the sooner it completely does so the better for the Democracy and the South. If the masses of our people are still to be possessed by the

old benumbing and baffling terror, then we shall have a form of negro domination least expected. The soldier of old who bound his capture to his wrist, bound himself as well as his wretched captive. If the South's intensest effort, her characteristic and prevailing policies and her deepest social faiths are to look no further than the negro, if the spectral possibilities of negro domination is to be the all-absorbing preoccupation of her life and her culture, then in reality we shall have form of negro domination. If we are so afraid of him that we must keep him in prison, then let us remember that the prison keepers will hardly be less free than their prisoners.

These few words for two fast-fading phases of the race question. It seems that the real key to the situation is in the relation of the industrial South to the negro. What should be the attitude of the South towards the negro from an industrial standpoint? We answer that the negro should be given an industrial education. The negro as a race is not capable of a higher education. But it has been proved, especially by Hampton and Tuskegee, that the negro is readily capable of an industrial education, and this is what he needs, and what it behooves the South to give him. Life without fitness for life can scarcely be termed happiness, so work without fitness for work is hardly less than slavery.

To the few individual negroes who are capable of a higher education, it should be granted. Then could begin a much-needed form of social differentiation among the negroes themselves. A suppressed and thwarted capacity is dangerous to the individual as well as the State. The repression and perversion of the capacities of our greatest negro would have made him the most dangerous factor of Southern life. His genius would have expanded in some direction—better for good than for evil. Great capacities very seldom exist among the negroes, but where they do there is neither safety nor justice nor common sense in the belittling of a thing which God has given, or in attempting to destroy a

power which the nation and humanity should be proud to have among their assets.

If there is to be a segregation of the negro race, if it is to exist as a race, there is an absolute necessity of training its abler minds to the highest notch. Every race is a saner, safer and better social force for having a leadership of its own—a leadership which can think and act for itself, and not leave it to others. The line of racial cleavage is threatened at two extremes, one in which vice and depravity obliterate the safeguards of domestic purity, the other where the occasional refusal of the highest development of an individual negro obliterates the safeguards of liberty. The true way the negro race to keep to itself, is to develop a race sufficient in itself—a race which will not have to emerge from its own bounds to come in touch with the culture of its generation. If a race individuality is to be realized, then a race sufficiency must be developed.

However, as has been said, the negro—meaning the average negro—is not capable of a higher education. It is only a very common school education, into which is fused a maximum of industrial education, that is advocated for him. It cannot be denied that this form of education will bring certain dangers. All education has its dangers, and it attended by a certain percentage of failures. It is natural to suppose the fraction of failure among the negroes will be much larger than among the whites. But the good of all education far surpasses its evils. Many a man would have been prevented from being a murderer if he had been kept in prison all his life. But the absurdity of locking prison doors on all mankind in order to prevent murder. As freedom is responsible for some murderers, so education is responsible for some fools. However, the chance of making fools is not comparable with the larger chance of making men. The history of society has shown that the dangers of ignorance are more to be feared than the dangers of knowledge.

We are told—and it is a standard argument—that this

education would "spoil field hands." It is not denied that sometimes this is the case. But too often to take this into consideration, does this form of education convert the man who was worth only fifty cents a day as a laborer into one worth a dollar a day. The process has undoubtedly helped the man himself, and it has helped his employer also, unless he still believes in the economic error that the "cheapest" labor is the most inexpensive. If the laborer who is paid fifty cents a day for his labor produces a seventy-five cent value for his employer, then in all probability the laborer who is paid one dollar a day produces a two-dollar value. The employer will find it less difficult to secure a score of men worth a low wage than to secure one man who is really worth a high wage. This shows the extent to which society values the higher wage, not only as a measure of the increased efficiency which life demands, but as an important part in the forming of the wage standard of every man who works. We must cease to assume—as we have long been accustomed to—that the negro laborer in the fields is a non-competitor, and only becomes a competitor when he comes to the towns and tries to do what white men do. Every laborer, no matter what his wage, is a competitor of every other man who labors. If a noticeable number of laborers in any community, any State or group of States, are on the fifty-cent basis, the reward of all employment tends to seek this level. The low wages of the field hand holds down the wages of the unskilled town laborer, for if the latter strikes for a higher wage the former is merely called to take his place. If the most inefficient of those who are termed skilled laborers reject their wage, the more efficient of the unskilled may easily be substituted, and thus passing on through the ascending scale, we see rank pressing upon rank and the wage of each augmenting or diminishing the wage of all.

Then shall we pay the fifty-cent man more than he is worth? No, we must add to his wage by first adding to his worth. We must teach him to mingle intelligence and skill

with his work. When the farm tenants learn to mix their ideas with the land, to add planning and thinking to their ploughing, sowing and reaping, then will our farming districts, and the whole country, increase in wealth and happiness as never before. If a rich harvest is desired, something more than seed must be sown. The more ideas put into the ground, the more money taken from it. A pound of ideas plus a pound of work is of much greater value than a dozen pounds of fertilizer.

If a proper system of industrial education is to be established for the negro, we must begin by training the teacher. The teacher who really teaches must be in close sympathy with the soil and with intelligent and fruitful industry. He must be such a teacher that the direction of his training will be towards thrift and not idleness. Here is where Hampton and Tuskegee play their part. These are industrial normal schools whose primary purpose is to train just such teachers. Their work is to educate these teachers through practical methods and industrial forms—to educate them in order that they may go to this backward people in our rural districts and train them in the intelligent use of the soil and all natural forces. So as the negro rises the whole country will rise with him—the progress of the negro thus representing the progress of the nation.

Many rumors are heard concerning the perils to arise from a coincident industrial development of our two races. The same men who so confidently assured us 15 years ago that an industrial education was the only one the negro should have now tell us that it is the most dangerous contribution which has yet been made to the solution of our Southern problem. The negro is indeed to be pitied. The man who would keep him in ignorance and then disfranchise him because he is ignorant further tells him that he must work, but that he must not learn how. He tells him that he must make shoes, but he must not make good shoes; that he must be a brick mason, but must not lay his brick well; that he must be a carpenter, but must not build good

houses; that he must be a farmer, but must not farm well.

The negroes are still further arraigned. A critic points to one State—Alabama—and tells us that whereas the negro, while constituting nearly one-half of the population, pays only one-twentieth of the direct taxes, but a little later pictures the perils of the negro's industry rivalry. The Caucasian, with his centuries of start and the funded culture of all civilization at his command, should blush with shame to fear that he cannot keep ahead of the negro—less than a half century ago freed from the shackles—no matter what the negro may know or do. Seriously, we have no need to fear him, for the Anglo-Saxon blood rules wherever it flows. Our real peril lies not in the aspect of the negro's progress, but rather that he will know so little and do so little and thus will care so little about knowing or doing that his ignorance and idleness will forever knaw the heart of the South like a cancerous burden.

It is almost needless to dwell upon the theories of alarm caused by the negro's industrial education. The fears which have attended the progress of the negro have usually amounted to nothing with the arrival of facts. Before the means of rapid transportation were invented, it was said that passengers going at the rate of over twenty miles per hour would surely die "from lack of breath." It was also confidently argued that when the negroes were emancipated, they would rise and slay the women and children of their absent masters. Later, it was thought by the wisest men that the immediate bestowal of the ballot would lead to an inter-racial war. But the predicted "negro uprising" has never come. It is well in dealing with the negro to determine our course, not from what may happen, but from what does happen.

Thirty years ago a portion of the suburbs of one of our Southern cities was turned over to the negroes. It contained a number of dirty and ill-kept houses, the occupants of which were untidy and shiftless. Vice and depravity were met at every hand. Today in this same section many

negroes own nice houses, with carpeted floors and pictured walls, and musical instruments are abundant. In the yards and on the porches are beautiful flowers, and there is a home-like air about the whole place.

Here is a group of negroes who have made much progress. Every one of these home-owning negroes represent one element of vice and danger changed into a useful man. The authorities state that they have little trouble with these negroes. The same is true of this class of negroes in any representative community. With the negroes who really desire to accomplish something the South has had but little trouble. It is with another class that our danger lies—the negroes without ambitions, without excellencies, without any sense of responsibility, who work one day that they may loaf the next—these are the negroes who are a menace to our civilization and the burden of our courts. We must choose one of these classes, and reason tells us that the former is greatly to be preferred.

The fear of the negro's industrial education is in a large part due to the prevalence of the economic error that the world's work is fixed in quantity, and hence the more the negro does, the less will be left for the white man to do. However, one man's work does not reduce the volume open to other men. Contrarily, the field of competition is narrowed as the field for differentiation is broadened. The work of each makes work for all. The man who makes a chair widens the opportunities of industry about him. He helps to make work for the man who cuts the trees, for the man who hauls them to the saw mill, for the mill hand who prepares the timber for proper use, for the man who glues and nails the pieces together, for the man who varnishes it, for the drummer who tells about it, and for the furniture dealer who sells it. The friction due to the negro's lower standard of living passes away as the negro advances in education and skill. As he begins to produce more, he begins to spend more, differing in this respect from the Oriental labor, which never accepts American standards. In adding

to his capacity to produce, we also add to his capacity to buy, and what he produces, as well as what he buys, will contribute to the wealth and peace of the community and the State.

There seems to be hardly an alternative in dealing with these people. There is no basis of stability and harmony to be found in this great black mass of ignorance and idleness about us. If we are to have peace, prosperity and happiness, we must lead the negro from his indolence, inefficiency and hopelessness. The negro is human, hence he has his weaknesses as well as his virtues. But what trait is there among his weaknesses that is made better by idleness, ignorance, hopelessness and industrial helplessness? What trait among his virtues is diminished by right-thinking, by real knowledge, or by a capacity to see clearly and work successfully? God made him a man, and we dare not—if we so desired—make him less. If we are to make him what he may become, we have a task of appalling and almost infinite difficulty. But its difficulty does not mean that we shall fail, but rather its very difficulty will aid us to succeed, for the harder the task the more vim we put into it. The strain of solving the problem will touch not only the chords of our compassion but also the fibre of our manhood.

Some day—and may that day be soon—let us hope that God, the God of Peace and the God of Justice, looking down from His throne in heaven upon our beautiful land—the fairest He has ever given to a people—will see our two races, while distinctly separate, living side by side in peace and harmony. Then may He give us His approbation for having settled the question wisely, justly and courageously.

The Two Souls.

A soul is groping in the night,
  One touch could make it free;
At last there comes a beacon light
  Upon the stormy sea.

How grand is life! Oh, just to live
  Where souls may often meet!
Where each in turn can something give
  To make Life's bitter sweet.

* * * * * * *

Another soul is in the night,
  A touch now makes it free;
To it now comes a beacon light
  Upon its stormy sea.

The light goes out—the night grows cold—
  And darkness reigns supreme;
Oh, mark the struggling of this soul!
  And note its new regime!

M., '08.

"Hazlewood's Final Awakening."

The pool-room apartment of the Falstaff Saloon was thronged. Nine noted gamblers were displaying their art in a game of "crazy" pool. The attention of every one drifted towards them as the game progressed. Herman, the king of the cue, now predominated. Quickly he sent the balls rolling into the pockets, only to receive the stamp of a cue on the floor and the utterance of an oath. LeRoy Hazlewood had lost!

Immediately Hazlewood departed from the room, but paused a few minutes at the bar, in order to procure his evening "dram."

As he made his way to his boardinghouse he stopped at the postoffice to get his afternoon mail. A small letter claimed his attention. He waited until he reached his room before he read it.

Seated beside the radiator, he opened it and read: "My Dear Papa: We haven't heard from you in such a long time, so I know you must be sick. Mother and I have been praying every day for you, papa; that you might enjoy good health and be strong against evil temptation. Please be a

good man. Mother made fifty dollars last night. Hurry and come to us. Your daughter, Agnes."

He was dazed. Ghosts flitted about the room. What was it he saw? He beheld a simple country home across the meadow. A dim light burned in his mother's room. He approached the house while drunk. He quietly opened the front door and stealthily stole into the house. Hark! what did he hear? "Oh, dear, sweet God, save my son from a drunkard's grave and a gambler's hell," was wafted upward from his mother's lips, while in sweet communion with her God.

Hazlewood awoke from his vision a changed man, but he paused to think. His only child praying for him. His wife singing under the direction of a lyceum bureau for her and his livelihood! Such a noble woman to have such a debauchee for a husband. But, Ione, my darling, from this night I solemnly swear to be a man, in order that my deceased mother's prayers might be answered, and for your happiness. Tomorrow I return to Perry to resume my practice as an attorney at law.

Hazlewood had been in Perry two weeks when his wife had successfully met her last engagement as a vocalist and had returned to him, with their child.

By giving up all his revelry, Hazlewood's face began to receive back its beauty. This lasted for a short while. He was reminded by letter of an old debt he had incurred, and if he didn't meet it in the near future he would be exposed. All his happiness dwindled away. He looked downcast. His wife didn't understand him.

He turned to his wife and said: "You say nothing, Ione. Maybe you are hurt with me, but you don't know how humiliation can take all the heart out of a man and leave him nothing but the breath of life he despises!" There was a note of deep feeling ringing sharply and passionately through his gray gloom.

"Oh, my dearest," she whispered, "I think I know, but let's together try to win back what we have lost! I ought

never to have gone. We had no money, and in my ignorance I didn't know what else to do—don't let me feel that I stayed away too long!"

She didn't need to summons any of her woman's art to make her pleading cry seem almost like a prayer. But again Hazlewood had dropped dully back into his moodiness, and her impassioned words fell flat, although her witching face was close to his and her arms about his neck. Day after day she watched in vain for some sign of awakening interest in life. They were installed in a bit of an apartment, behind his office, in a big down-town building, where many professional men had offices also. The men there very soon took in the situation, and for the sake of the brave fight Ione was making, put bits of work in Hazlewood's way, work he could not refuse, but inwardly protested against it because his morbid sensibilities tortured themselves as to whether the kindness came to him through contemptuous pity, or because he had a beautiful wife, motives equally offensive to him. Little Agnes flitted in and out, a living sunbeam, filling the simple rooms with her merry prattle and songs, making the one bright spot in Ione's dreary days, and occasionally bringing the ghost of a smile into Hazlewood's listless face.

Things went on this way for months, and Ione was on the verge of despair, because it seemed a forlorn hope to ever pay that large debt, when one morning Hazlewood left his office early to go out upon some paltry business of collecting down in the factory adjunct of the town. Contrary to his usual custom, he lingered away, and it was long after the evening lamps were lighted before he came in. Agnes ran to meet him, with her arms outstretched and her hair floating in a golden cloud behind her. Ione, looking on, saw him snatch the child into a close embrace and smooth the silken tresses. There was something in his face and manner that she could not fathom. They went back to the sitting-room, and Ione took up a bit of work from her basket. He reached out and took it away from her. There

was in his tense, unsmiling face, and in the touch of masterfulness with which he threw the little dress aside, that reminded her of days long gone.

"Ione, I have been reading for years of the infamy of child labor," he replied. "But I slighted the question until today. I had a little business to look after at the Excelsior Mills, and while there I walked through the mill to see the latest inventions in machinery. In there I saw a child, a little larger than our Agnes, with face as sweet, and with the same long, golden curls, at work. Even while I was looking on she passed too near the machinery, and in an instant her dress was caught! Oh, it was too horrible to tell you, Ione, but when I ran forward and took up that little bleeding form, something woke to life within me, that can never be stilled until there has been a change in this system that allows men to transmute a child's tender flesh and blood into accursed gold!"

The next day he went straight to the management of the mills with his story and was laughed at. What concern of theirs was it, if people insisted upon putting their babies out at work? All they cared about was to keep the looms going. Stung with their coldness, Hazlewood sought out the parents of the dead child, and persuaded them to bring suit against the management for the murder of their little girl.

* * * * * * * *

Nine o'clock arrived, and Hazlewood announced to the judge that his case was ready for trial. Steadied by his strong, unselfish purpose, the years of unrest seemed to fall away from him, and Ione, scarcely cognizant of the vastness of the crowd in the building, watched and listened breathlessly as her husband with all his one-time coolness and breadth of perception tangled up witness after witness under the cross-examination and then tore up and made ridiculous the specious arguments of the mill owners. Then massing all his information into one matchless plea for lives

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and liberties of the innocents, he pointed the way to the right and beseeched that it be followed.

In the weary wait while the jurors deliberated aside, Ione sat still and worried, and yet overwhelmed with gladness, for she knew at last her own sacrifices had been worth while. Hazlewood had come into his own again, to hold up his head, a man beside men. Presently there was a little commotion near her, and Mr. Cater, a millionaire and also Hazlewood's creditor, and his wife edged in beside her. No word passed, but she saw from their faces that they understood the immence of the moment.

The jurors filed slowly back. It was as Hazlewood had predicted—he had lost the verdict—but everyone knew that his cause had won, for at the reading of the verdict such a loud murmuring, such an unmistakable evidence of an outbreak of disapproval went from floor to gallery and swept and echoed all through the house.

"His work will be carried on for him now," replied Mr. Cater, happily, "even if for the moment he seems to have lost."

"Lost!" repeated Ione, like one in a dream, and with a smile of radiant gladness trembling about her lips, making her face look sweet and young. "Lost! There is nothing lost this day!"

The little old lady at her side caught Ione's hand in a close grasp. She alone could fully understand how, all at once, a grievous burden had rolled away from her shoulders, when the realization forced itself home to her that through the sacrament of a self-forgetting purpose, manliness and strength had come to Hazlewood again.

J. LeRoy Dukes, '08.

To Death.

All dark; no beam of hope's bright ray
Can ever drive thy deed away:
Thou'rt dark and grim, and dark to stay
Forevermore.

No light but night; with aught to hope;
With sorrow, pain and tears to grope,
With life alone, but life thy scope,
Now as before.

Tho' cold and bold and dark and drear,
I fear thee not, tho' coming near,
For thou hast taken all that's dear
Far, far above.
O, death! the breath of life, the soul,
Art ever under thy control—
Deal gently with the one you hold,
For 'tis my love.

Thou saved her from the fevered throbs,
But left a heart so full of sobs—
'Tis me alone that thou didst rob,
Thus victory?
'Tis incomplete, but thou canst win
Glory, by admitting me in—
Where ne'er separation has been—
Eternity.

To meet and greet love gone before,
And part with them, no never more,
O death, thou holdest joy's best store
To this poor heart.
Call now this soul across thy main;
Rob this body of all its pain,
That I may clasp her once again,
Never to part.

No, at dawn, when man's hopes are new,
Let me then greet them with the dew;
'Twill help the lives of not a few
Under the rod,
To strive and hope that some fair day
This breath in tenement of clay
Shall know true freedom's home for aye,
And be with God. E. R. M.

The Story of An Eloquent Statesman

The story of the life and career of John Randolph, of Roanoke, is one of the brightest and sadest recorded of any American statesman. Descended from an old and wealthy Virginia family, he boasted that the Indian Princess, Pocahontas, was one of his ancestors. Educated at Princeton and Columbia colleges, he began the practice of law, but in 1799 he was elected to Congress, where he became distinguished for his wit, sarcasm, invective and intellect. He was unquestionably a man of inperious mind and brilliant intellect. No American ever knew better how to play the pretentious part of an aristocrat. Open, hold and courageous, he was equal to any occasion. His poetic eloquence and his absolute honesty won the hearts of rich and poor alike; but he had a keen sense of his dignity and his anger was terrible to face. No public man in America ever rivaled him in these respects; it was his unapproached talent. With a frail figure, wretched health, and despondent temperament, he could stand on the floor of the House of Representatives two and three hours at a time, day after, and with violent gesticulations and piercing voice, pour out a continuous stream of vituperation in well-chosen language, and with sparkling inllustration. He was not merely a well-read and and possessed of a good style, as his letters and speeches show, nor was he simply an unparalleled master of invective; he was also a far-sighted statesman, who foresaw the direction American politics would take with regard to the question of slavery, and outlined the policy of Southern defense afterwards taken up by Calhoun and his followers. He ultimately broke with Jefferson and lost his influence, although as a free lance and a hurler of invective he never ceased to be feared.

Randolph's audacity has always made him a fascinating character. When only a nervous, impetuous youth of twenty-six, he entered Congress. Cordially welcomed into the little circle of Republican friends in the House, lead by Albert Gallatin, he plunged instantly into debate. His

third speech in that body, on January 9, 1800, had ominous results. Advocating a resolution to diminish the army, he used the phrase, "standing or mercenary armies," contending that all who made war a profession or trade were literally "mercenary." The etymology was unsufficient for certain army officers, who took occasion, while he was in the theatre the night after his speech, to insult him by pulling his hair. Randolph wrote to the President, improving the occasion to let him and the Federalist party know his opinion of the executive office. He addressed President Adams with no other title than "President of the United States," and signed himself, " With respect, your fellow-citizen, John Randolph." President Adams sent the complaint to the House, where the question of dealing with the affair as a breach of representative "privilege" ended in a deadlock. This action of the President was extremely distasteful to Randolph and he was a bit more careful in debate thereafter. Although it was his first session in Congress, he took an active part in the public business. When the session closed he returned to his home at Bizarre, where he spent the summer.

In the autumn of 1800 the presidential election took place, which overthrew the Federalists sway, and brought the Republican party into power. This business absorbed attention and left little opportunity for members to put themselves forward in debate. On March 4, 1801, the adminitsration was organized. In every way was it favorable to Randolph's ambition. The President was a Virginian and a blood relation; the Secretary of State was a Virginian; and the appointment of Gallatin as Secretary of the Treasury made place for Randolph as leader in the House.

When Congress met, December 7, 1801, the House chose Nathaniel Macon for its speaker. He was a typical North Carolina farmer, not eccentric like Randolph, but he attoned for it by recording the births of his thoroughbreds in the family Bible. He, recognizing Randolph's ability,

instantly made him chairman of the Ways and Means committee and leader of the House. Thus, from the start, Randolph was put in direct line of promotion to the Cabinet and presidency. That so young a man should have won such a high and important place in the House was of itself enough to mark him out as a person of no common kind. So quickly becoming Republican leader of the House, he became the pride of Virginia. He commanded the heart of the nation by his poetic eloquence, his absolute honesty, and the scathing wit, with which he exposed every corrupt scheme. In his slight, boyish form was sheathed a courage that often fought single-handed, and generally won a moral if not a technical victory. From the moment that he became leader of the House his star rose steadily until it culminated with the Louisiana purchase, the hardest season of Jefferson's admintsration.

The reason for this sudden rise of Randolph's influence was not far to seek. He was acting in concert with the President. The President admired his young relative, and gained much by his support; but it speedily became evident that their connection was unreal. Jefferson idealized Napoleon, Randolph abhorred him. At this time he was so national in his political ideas that in defending the purchase of Louisiana he maintained the constitutionality of the transaction. It was of importance to the President that this act should be regarded as extra-constitutional. Owing to Randolph's course the constitutional amendment that the President asked was never gained, and any further development of executive authority continued extra-constitutional. It was inevtable that there should be a steady alienation between the administration and Randolph. However, thus far all had gone well with him; his influence had steadily increased with every year of his service; his control over the House was great, even dictatorial, for among the Republicans, who obeyed his lead, there was not a single one to dispute it. While the regular busines of the session of 1804-5 went on, exacting that attention, which the chair-

man of Ways and Means must always expect to give, two subjects came before the House which were to decide Randolph's future career—the impeachment of Judge Chase and the Yazoo land claims. The latter of these may well be now considered.

The story of the Yayoo land claims is long and complicated, but it is so closely entwined with the thread of Randolph's life, that to omit it would be to miss one of the decissive moments of his career. Four immense tracts of land in Georgia were sold by a corrupt legislature to four land companies. The people of Georgia repudiated the act, dissolved the legislature, and finally ceded the land to the United States. Madison, as chairman of a commission for arranging terms of settlement with "the innocent third parties," reported that the interest of the United States rendered it expedient to enter into a compromise. To a compromise Randolph objected.

In the height of his intellectural power, Randolph was equal to the occasion. On February 20, 1804, he opened his attack on the commissioner's report by offering a resolution, which, after reciting the story of the Georgia grants of 1795, affirmed the right of Georgia to rescind them, and forbade the appropriations of money to settlements of claims derived from them. March 7, 1804, he made a long and earnest speech on the subject; and after a sharp struggle in the House defeated action on the bill. The object he had in view was gained; he had forced the House to delay legislation for another year.

From that moment Randolph's energies quickened in sympathy with the old Republican principles; and when he returned to Congress, in November, 1804, he and his friends began at once to take extreme grounds as champions of States Rights. He found the administration opposed to him. The influence of Madison was strong in favor of the Yozoo Compromise, and the Northern Democrats supported the Secretary. A struggle for supremacy was imminent, and its consequences were soon felt. The administration

had taken the ground that the State was not bound in law, but that the United States should nevertheless make an equitable compromise with the claimants. Randolph was determined on forcing Congress to assent that a State had the right to repudiate its own acts where it was evident that these acts were against common morality or public interest; and that its decision in such a case should be final. The conflict was embittened by the peculiarities of Randolph's character. His sense of honor and justice was so keen that when such questions of honor were involved, every man who opposed him seemed base. He became indignant when, at the close of the year 1804, he saw Gideon Granger on the floor of the House openly lobbying for the passage of the bill.

At length, at the end of January, 1805, the House went into committee on the Georgia claims, and Randolph for the first time displayed the full violence of his temper. Hitherto, as a leader, he had been at times arrogant; but from this moment he began the long series of personal assaults which made him famous as a free lance and a hurler of invective.

"Past experience has shown," he began, "that this is one of those subjects which polution has sanctified." He struck at Granger. "Millions of acres are easily digested by such stomachs. Goaded by avarice, they buy only to sell, and sell only to buy. The retail trade of fraud and imposture yields too small and slow a profit to gratify their cupidity. They buy and sell corrupition in the gross." He turned on the administration: "Is it come to this? Are heads of executive departments to be brought into this House, with all the influence and patronage attached to them, to extort from us now what was refused at the last session of Congress?" He closed by asserting that the federalists administration had done no act so corrupt: "If Congress shall determine to sanction this fraud upon the public, I trust in God we shall hear no more of the crimes and follies of the former administration. For one, I promise that my lips

upon this subject shall be closed in eternal silence. I should dislain to prate about the petty larcencies of our predecessors after having given my sanction to this atrocious public robbery."

This speech struck at the heart of the matter, but the assault on the administration was sure to bring on a personal quarrel and a party schism, The question whether the claimants had rights which the government would do well to compromise was for the law to decide, and was ultimately settled by Chief-Justice Marshall in their favor. The question of morality in regard to sactioning fraud had to abide by the answer to the question of law. When the House divided, a majority of sixty-three to fifty-eight sustained the compromise, but in the minority Randolph found by his side every Republican member of the Virginia delegation, except two, one of whom was Jackson, Madison's brother-in-law, who replied to Randolph in a speech, which was thought to bear marks of Madison's hand. So strong was the current of opinion in Virginia, that Senator Giles went about Washington asserting that Jefferson himself would lose an election there if he were known to favor the compromise, and that Jackson would certainly be defeated. In spite of the majority against him, Randolph managed somehow to defeat action on the bill.

The Yagoo debate closed on Saturday, February 2, and on the 9th Randolph appeared with his brother managers before the Senate to open the impeachment of Judge Chaise. It was the weightest moment of his public life; for an instant he challenged a place in history beside the masters of oratory and power, where all others, including Jefferson himslf, shrunk back, he stood forward, while the object of his ambitions, if gained, assured him high rank among the great men of history.

During the week that preceded Chaise's trial, Randolph's bad management or ill-luck, seemed accumulating disaster on his head. He aroused needless hatred against himself in Congress; he exhausted his strength in fighting the Yazoo

bill, and was in no condition of mind or body to meet the counsel of Judge Chaise. The impeachment was a criminal prosecution, and the Senate was a criminal court; yet no offense was charged which the law considered a misdemeanor, while error of judgment with no imputed ill-intent, was alleged as a crime. Staggering under this load of inconsistencies, the managers, February 9, 1905, appeared in the gravely-arranged and crowded Senate chamber to open their case and produce their witnesses. Before them sat Chaise with his array of counsel at his side. When the theory of impeachment was finished and all of the respondent's counsel had spoken in their turn; Randolph was to close. He was an invalid, overwhelmed by work and excitement, nervous, irritable, and not to be controlled. When he appeared in the box, February 27, 1805, he was unprepared; and as he spoke, he not only made long pauses for recollection, but complained of having lost his notes, of his weakness, want of ability, and physical incompetence. The speech was remarkable on account of the strange and almost irrational behaviour of the speaker. Randolp'h tall, thin figure, his penetrating eyes, and shrill voice, were familiar to the society of Washington, and his violence of manner in the House only a short time before, in denouncing Granger and the Yayoo men, had prepared his audience for some eccentric outburst; but no one expected to see him break down in the middle of his task, and congratulate the Senate that this was "the last day of my suffering and of yours."

The result of Chaise's trail was disastrous to the influence of Randolph. It deepened his distrust of Jefferson and Madison, who had taken such good care not to allow their own value credit to be involved with his. The Yazoo quarrel added intensely to the feeling of bitterness with which the session closed. When, after March 4, 1805, he went home to Bizarre, he was oppresesd with feeling of disappointment; I regret exceedingly Jefferson's resolution to retire and the premature annunciation, partly on account

of the intrigues which it will set on foot. "If I were sure," added Randolph, "that Monroe would succeed him, my regret would be very much diminished." What Randolph feared, but could hardly mention in a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, was the fact that Madison was intended by Jefferson to be his successor. Randolph distrusted Madison —regarded him as a Yayoo man, and hopelessly week. Himself, Randolph regarded as an "old Republican," faithful to the "principles of 1798." Macon and a few other of his personal friends now began to act indifferently, and came to be known as the "Quids."

For three years the contest raged between Madison, with the administration behind him, on the one side, and Randolph on the other; in this contest Madison and the administration won. Randolph, who still wore some of the shreds and patches of official dignity, was deposed from the leadership of the majority in the House; his friend Macon ceased to be speaker, and his other friend—Nicholson—retired to the security of the bench of the circuit court of Maryland. From time to time, Randolph and the few who remained faithful to him were able to embarrass or to defeat the administration. This was notably the case in regard to the attempt to purchase West Florida and the attempt, which finally was successful, to confirm the Yazoo compromise by act of Congress. The former of these may well be now considered.

After claiming West Florida as a part of the Louisiana purchase, and allowing Randolph to erect Mobile by law into a collection district for the United States customs, the administration had been compelled to receive a terrible castigation from the Marquis of Casa Yrujo at Washington, and to hear his bitter severities supported at Madrid and indorsed at Paris. At Paris Talleyrand announced that an attack upon Spain was an attack upon France, and that Spain was right in every particular. At a cabinet meeting on November 12, 1805, Jefferson "proposed that we should address ourselves to France, informing her it was a last ef-

fort at amicable settlement with Spain, and offer to her or through her a sum of money for the rights of Spain east of Iberville, say the Floridas." "It was agreed unanimously, and the sum to be offered fixed not to exceed five million dollars." In the course of the next week dispatches arrived from Paris containing an informal offer from Talleyrand to effect the object desired on condition of a payment of seven millions, which were, of course, to go to France; and this proposition from Tolleyrand was instantly accepted as the ground work of the new offer of five millions.

The President wished to send instructions instantly authorizing Armstrong, our minister at Paris, to pledge government for the first instalment of two millions, but was overruled and it was decided to wait an appropriation from Congress. Then the question rose, How was the subject to be got before Congress? The whole transaction required secrecy. At length the President arranged the plan. Randolph, as chairman of the committee of ways and means, was expected to move the appropriation of the two million dollars as "provision for the purchase of Florida." Gallatin handed a paper with this title to Randolph, and Jefferson confided to the care of Joseph Nicholson several resolutions which he had drawn and which Nicholson was expected to move.

"Either dramatist or novelist would be taxed with gross exaggeration who should describe the events of this winter as grotesquely as they occurred, or should paint the queer figure of Randolph, booted, riding whip in hand, flying about among the astonished statesmen, and flinging, one after the other, Jefferson, Madison, and dozens of helpless congressmen headlong in the mire," says Henry Adams. Whether this was true or that Mr. Adams conceived another Caliban it matters little, but one thing was certain: the days of 1803 were no more. Randolph, who had seen nothing immoral in the Louisiana matter, saw in this transaction the hand of the Yazoo men, more especially that of James Madison. He turned upon the administration and said that

the President must ask openly for the money, and that Congress would not deliver the "public purse to the first cutthroat that demanded it." The administration forces rallied to the support of the President, and the bill was passed by a vote of 76 to 54. But the delay was fatal, the answer reached Armstrong too late to be of service. This transaction, which Randolph contemptuously called "the two-million job," was one of the least defensible acts of Jefferson's administration.

On February 15, 1807, he writes despondently to his friend Nicholson: "I do now believe the destiny of the world to be fixed, at least for some centuries to come. After another process of universal dominion, degeneracy, barbarian eruption and conquest, the character of man may, two thousand years hence, perhaps begin to wear a brighter aspect. Cast your eyes backward to the commencement of the French Revolution; recall to mind our hopes and visions of the amelioration of the conditions of mankind, and then look at things as they are! I am wearied and disgusted with this picture, which perpetually obtrudes itself upon me." Such pathos had power to summons unwilling tears from rival eyes.

The Republican party had broken up in factions, and even its best members had lost faith in their own theories. Among these factions Randolph's group of "old Republicans" held a sort of monopoly in pure Republican principles, while the rest were contented with carrying on the government from day to day, disputing, not about principles, but about offices. Randolph looked down on them all with bitter contempt. He had now fairly begun his long public career of opposition. The administration feared him, and often saw its schemes disjointed. "In the white heat of passionate rhetoric he could gouge and kick, bite off an ear or nose, or hit below the waist; and he did it with astonishing quickness and persistence." In the heat of a moment, as when the outrage on the ship "Chesapeke," the revolutionary element in him might appear; in the case

alluded to he advocated a temporary embargo; but when the embargo came from the Senate and he saw his momentary wrath systematized into a permanent war measure, under which England and New England would suffer to the advantage of "that coward Napoleon," as he called him, he voted against it. "The embargo," said Randolph, "was the Iliad of all our woes." It seems impossible to ascribe this apparent inconsistency to anything except Randolph's moral courage. This is not the only instance in which he confronted the taunt of admitting himself to have been in the wrong. He never desired office; his ambition was to be a representative from Virginia and to fight down every public wrong. This involved quarrels, alienations, and a gradual lapse into a pessimistic state of mind, fostered, unfortunately, by domestic distress and physical ailments.

After his great struggle to prevent the War of 1812—at which time he said very passionately that the country had been "embargoed and non-intercoursed almost into a consumption"—he was defeated by Jefferson's son-in-law, John W. Eppes, and left out of Congress for two years, and during that time he lived at Roanoke. When he returned to Congress in 1815 the aspect of affairs filled him wtih horror, and he devoted himself to the formation of a State Rights party. He vaguely dreamed of the restoration of the "Old Dominion." His ideal country was now England. Although in his States-rights agitations he appealed to the fears of Southerners for their property, that reactionary attitude passed away. Hatred of slavery was part both of his Virginian and his English inheritance; only the legal restrictions on emancipation, and the injustice to his creditors that would be involved, prevented manumission of his slaves before his death. At the time he voted against the Missouri Compromise, and originated the term "dough-faces," which he applied to its Northern supporters. He had no dream of a Southern Confederacy; none would have more abhored a nationality based on slavery. He prophesied that if ever the Union should split asunder the line of cleavage would

be between the slave and free States, and not between the East and West.

Randolph was eccentric, he was ahead of his time, but he had the foresight of the true prophet. Randolph had no respect for Calhoun, or for Clay, who challenged him for using insulting language in a speech. He said: "I was defeated horse, foot, and dragoons—cut up and clean broke down by the coalition of Blifil and Black George—by the combination unheard of till then, of the Puritant with the Blackleg." Randolph further called Clay's progenitors to account for bringing into the world "this being, so brilliant yet so corrupt, which, like a rotten mackerel by moonlight, shined and stunk." Clay divided the South and broke, by his immense popularity, the solid ranks of the slave-holding, States-Rights Democracy, while Randolph wished to organize. On April 8, 1826, they exchanged shots, and Clay's second bullet pierced the folds of the white flannel wrapper which Randolph wore on the field. Randolph spared his opponent by throwing away his second fire, and thereupon offered his hand, which Clay could not refuse to accept.

Though he accepted the Russian mission in 1830 from Jackson, whom he had supported in 1828, he remained ten days at his post, passed the greater part of a year in England, returned home to the United States, drew $21,407 from the national treasury, and paid off a debt with which his estate had been saddled since his earliest years, and joined the President on the Nullification question.

Although eccentric and sometimes morose, Randolph was warm-hearted. He was six feet in height and very slender, with long, skinny fingers, which he pointed and shook at those against whom he spoke. During his life his speeches were more fully reported and more generally read than those of any other member of Congress. His voice was shrill and piping, but under perfect command and musical in its lower tones. His invective sarcasm, and sharp and reckless wit, made him a terror to his opponents in the House. In 1833 as he was preparing for another trip abroad

the bold spirit of the Virginian of Virginians left its tenement and his unconquerable will yielded up to death. Less than a month after Randolph death Whittier wrote: "The late noble example of the eloquent statesman of Roanoke, the manumission of his slaves, speaks volumes to his political friends. In the last hour of his existence, when his soul was struggling from its broken tenement, his latest effort was the confirmation of his generous act of a former period. Light rest the turf upon him, beneath his patrimonial oaks! The prayers of many hearts made happy by his benevolence shall linger over his grave and bless it."

T. E. Dukes, '07.

The Sunny South.

Bneath the long leaves of the palm,
  The breezes are so still and calm;
Bright golden are the distant hills,
  Yellow the little laughing rills.

Over me a mocking-bird sings;
  Dare I take the message she brings?
'Tis a whisper of love from thee,
  Far in your frigid North country.

I dread to cross your moorland waste,
  Yet long to see you face to face;
I hate your cruel nipping air,
  Where breezes strip the woodlands bare.

Come live with me in this glad clime,
  The home of the oak, spruce and pine;
The snowdrifts will then melt away,
  And my night now shall then be day.

Together let us sail life's seas,
  And in the twilight take our ease;
Here where our steps no more shall roam,
  But make this Southern sky our home.

The sunlight all glamour and gleam;
  The moonlight a thrall to my dream;
Capture the rapture e'er day close—
  The cold North fades where'er love goes.

Yes, the dreary winter has fled;
  So let the past bury its dead—
For we'll sail from your harbor-mouth,
  To the fair palm trees of the South.

13—'08.

Just a Tramp.

The depot of ———, a flourishing Georgia town, was crowded. People were going this way, and coming that, purchasing tickets or nervously fingering the daily news, the purchase of which had made one of the many competing newsboys happy. Loafers were abundant; they took it as their duty to see that nothing went wrong. As usual, they were critics in regard to the beauty of any of the gentle sex whom they happened to see. Over here was a group of well-dressed men, discussing recent cotton deals, national politics and other current topics, over there a group of chattering ladies, imparting farewell hugs and kisses to such an extent as to be envied by the men.

Other than these, there was present another individual, often seen at a railway station. At the upper edge of the crowd, between it and the crossing, stood a dirty tramp, wearing a God-forsaken look. His clothes were ragged, and his hat was a—well, it was the crown of something that once had the honor of being a hat. His face showed that the word razor brought no definite image to his mind, and that he and soap were foreigners. The toes of his right foot were taking a bird's eye view of the crowd, and those of his left, envying their neighbors, were doing the same. Across his right shoulder was a cane, on which was suspendid his suit-case—a dirty shirt tied in such a manner as to form something of a bag. Evidently he was waiting for his private car.

He attracted very little attenton as he stood there all alone, staring blankly at the crowd. He lifted his head slightly at the sound of the approaching train, which just then thundered around the curve, and came puffing towards the depot. But there was another object swiftly approaching the depot. The crowd was electrified by the sight of a run-away madly tearing down the street. Especially did a thrill of horror run over the crowd, because it seemed that the run-away and the train would reach the crossing at the same time. The driver, just over a drunken spree, had no control of the horses, which were carrying the occupants of the carriage to their doom. It seemed as if no one had the presence of mind or courage to act.

What! no one!

Yes, from the excited crowd springs the dirty tramp and runs swiftly towards the flying horses. Just a few seconds more and it would be too late. Would he get there in time? A policeman rushes into the street, but trembles and shrinks back at the critical moment, leaving the carriage and its occupants to their doom. What! yes, the tramp has reached the street! Will he flinch also? No, he rushes out and throws himself at the head of the maddened horses, catching a bridle in either hand. He jerks violently and swerves the frightened animals from their deadly course.

But alas! straight against a telephone post run the horses, hurling the tramp against it with a terrible force. The post was caught between the horses and their flight was stopped. The occupants of the carriage, who were Mrs. Gray and her little daughter, were safe. But the tramp who had acted so nobly and bravely, what had become of him? Ah! there he lies on the ground, senseless and bleeding! A physician is quickly summoned, and the injuries sustained by the tramp are pronounced as almost certainly fatal.

When the tramp regained consciousness he was very sore and could scarcely move. He found his surroundings strange but pleasant. He was on a nice, soft bed—for the

first time in many days—and in a beautiful room. No one was with him except a nurse.

"How do you feel? Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked in a gentle voice.

"I feel dreadfully sore, and I suppose I'm done for, but before I go I would like to see the lady who was in the carriage."

"Certainly," replied the nurse, and seeming to realize that there was but a short time left, hastened from the room.

For a few minutes the tramp became semi-unconscious. Presently he became aware of a gentle tugging at his cover He looked down and met the gaze of two little brown eyes, peering from beneath a wealth of chestnut curls.

"What's 'o' name?" asked the little stranger.

"Philip," was the laconic reply.

"My name's Agnes, and my mamma's name's Mrs. Mickey, and 'ou's in our house," she quickly informed him. Then, seeming to be struck by a new idea, she tip-toed and asked: "Is 'ou always been a tramp?"

"No, my child," said Philip, becoming a little more talkative, "I have not. Men are never born to be tramps, and those who are such are generally made so by some great misfortune."

"What was 'o' misfortune?" was the next result of Agnes' child-like curiosity.

"O, my child, you can't understand," he replied; "but it was an unfortunate love affair."

There was no stopping of Agnes' little tongue.

"Who was 'ou in love wif?"

"Why, child, her name was—Alice Dolores!"

The last word was uttered passionately—but why?

The door had softly opened, and in it stood Mrs. Gray. She seemed dazed, for she had heard the figure on the bed call her maiden name. But only for an instant, then she rushed to the bedside.

"Phil!" and oh! the sweetness and tenderness of her

voice as she pronounced that name. Then turning an instant to Agnes, "Your mother wants you." Agnes left them alone.

"O, Phil! is it possible that this is you, the dashing Phil Falters, whom I knew and loved years ago!"

"Yes," replied the tramp weakly, "this is what is left of Phil Falters. And you, Alice—but there's no need to ask" —and here his voice rose—"I'd know you had you changed a hundred times more than you have from that tall and graceful brunette, Alice Dolores, the purest gem of my happy days."

"Oh, Phil, you've changed much, but were I blind, and but heard that voice I would know it was the same which declared its owner's love for me that beautiful June night so many years ago."

"O, Alice, how happy I was when you answered in that little word of just three letters! But, Alice, you know there came another time, just seven months later, when you told me that you hated me more intensely than you had ever loved me, and spurned the very ground upon which I walked. Now your love seems to have returned. Please tell me why."

"Because now I know what then I did not. I know now that you are innocent of my father's murder, and I know the guilty one."

"Tell me about it, Alice."

"I will, but Phil, first tell me about your life since that awful night."

"Well, Alice, it's a short story, but it seems long to me. You remember the night I was accused of being your father's murderer. Although innocent, every one believed me guilty. I appealed to you, and you gave me a cold shoulder too. Then I became hopeless. The officers put me in prison just after they left your house with me. However, I managed to escape, and made my way out West. All this time my love for you never lessened a single grain. I could hardly blame you, for I knew you thought I was

guilty. How I longed to return and throw my life at your feet, but I dared not! Being a talented musician, I took up the study of music, but the music just whispered, 'Alice, Alice, Alice.' I could do nothing. My love for you was the ruling passion of my life, and I found it impossible to content myself so far away from you. Oh, Alice! how I loved you! All the time you despised and detested me, I would have given my life to have made you happy. Finally I became desperate. I took to drinking, and straightway went to the dogs. All my money gave out and I soon became a tramp. I wandered restlessly about, my love for you still burning as ardently as ever. Often I slept under the starry heavens, and the stars seemed to spell 'Alice.' The winds seemed to whisper to the leaves 'Alice.' It is needless to describe my wanderings. Suffice it to say that today I landed in ———. I was bumming around and passed your house, not knowing then that it was yours, for I thought you were many miles away in the same beautiful city where I saw you last. I saw some one get into a carriage, and to my astonishment I recognized you. My feelings were indescribable. My first impulse was to speak to you, but I dared not. It maddened me to be so near you, and not be able to say a word to you, so having a lone nickel in my pocket, I caught a passing car, which carried me to the depot. You know the rest. When I saw the run-away coming I knew that you were in the carriage, and, Alice, if the very jaws of hell had gaped before me I would have done just as I did.

He was becoming very weak, and the last few words came between gasps. Mrs. Gray took his hand in hers.

"Phil, my story is very short. I had no idea but that you were guilty of my father's murder. It was hard for me to believe at first, but as you know, all circumstances pointed their accusing fingers towards you. A year after you escaped from prison I married your rival—Tom Gray. From the first I was unhappy. I hardly know why, but very soon I began to abhor him. Four years after our mar-

riage he was seized by a dreadful fever, from which the doctors said there was no hope of recovery. Soon he reached the point of death. He called me to him and whispered to me that in a mad fit of jealousy he had murdered my father and fixed everything so the suspicion would fall on you. O, God! the horror I felt was indescribable, and I could not help from feeling relieved when he drew his last struggling breath. Then, Phil! how I loved you! How I hated myself for having treated you so shamefully! If you could know the torture I've suffered since that day you would surely forgive me."

"I've forgiven you a thousand times already," said the tramp almost inaudibly, relaxing his miscles, which had been tensely drawn during the story. "But there's a promise I want you to make a dying man, one who has loved you through all the years of his folly. I didn't act with a true man's courage by running off as I did. I should have remained and faced the charge like a man. Alice, I'd rather the world would never know what became of me. Please, Alice, promise never to reveal my name."

"I promise," said Alice fervently, kissing his fevered brow.

Here the tramp gave a violent start, but fell back.

"My God! Phil, you are going!"

A sweet smile flitted over his face as he faintly murmured: "Alice, pray for my soul."

A red and unclouded setting sun into a purple ocean sent its mellow rays into the room. The rays became faint and fainter still. Soon they disappeared and darkness came. The sun had set.

* * * * * * *

The cemetery of ———, sleeping beneath a Southern sun, is a beautiful spot. In it there are many graves, but one, beneath a large weeping willow, is apart from the others. To this grave daily there comes a woman, dressed in deep mourning. Her form is thin and her face is pale and wan. She brings fresh flowers and tenderly places

them upon the grave. Here as the mock-bird perched upon the topmost bough of the weeping willow allows his sweet music to be wafted along by the sweet-scented Southern breeze, she weeps long and bitterly, and her sobs are carried by the gentle winds through the neighboring pines. To whom does she pay this tribute, and for whom does she weep so bitterly? If we turn to the ghostly sentinel, keeping its eternal vigilance over the dead, we find no answer, for on the cold gray slab at the head of the grave are only these simple and beautiful words:

"Greater Love Hath No Man Than This."

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Need of an Infirmary.

Among all the necessary equipments and endowments of a college, no one is so useful and necessary as a well-regulated infirmary. In our own community we have each year instances of the need of a place where we can care for our sick boys. And in case of serious illness, the present accommodations of the campus being very limited, a student has many circumstances surrounding him which are so unfavorable that his case becomes more complicated, and certainly he runs a greater risk than in an infirmary. We ask that this questoin be agitated and discussed among us, and let it be brought before the proper authorities.

The advantages of such an institution need not be men-

tioned, as they are very evident. Not only would those who might be ill receive better attention, but we think that perhaps there would be an improvement in class-room attendance, because there are many men who stay away from a recitation pleading sickness as an excuse who, if they were required to go to the infirmary when sick, would not absent themselves so often.

⚜

Graft Again.

A recent article in "Collier's" brings out some startling facts and statements in regard to the corrupt system of New York's police force. It seems that the law itself in its very uniform which stands for order and the enforcement of public rights and decency is made to be an instrument and tool of graft and corruption. Examples are given of officers who receive small salaries and who have no other source of income who live in luxurious style and homes, and these homes and furnishings have been built since they have been in the service of the police force. The question is then raised as to how these men of limited salaries are able to live in such splendid style, and then it is answered. The statement is made that New York's citizens pay their police $14,000,000 per year for protection against lawlessness that the various gangs of thieves, proprietors of gambling dens and houses of ill fame, and keepers of illicit saloons, pay in cash to the same police at least $25,000,000 for the privilege of systematically carrying on their nefarious practices and robbing and defrauding the public. And of course the citizens are defrauded and pay for service unrendered. The officers whose duty it is to preserve the welfare of the city become parties to crime and crime goes on protcted from law and justice.

Not only is this true of New York but all large cities, and even within the narrow limits of our observation have we seen examples of this. The city and county and state officers become influenced by the power of money and our government is corrupt. Why can't blind tigers be closed?

Is it because their location is unknown to the authorities? No. It is because by allowing them to run unmolested that our officers are becoming rich. Cases are known where police commissioners are proprietors of such establishments. It is when the public becomes so indignant that it demands a reformation and cleansing that raids are made and pretences of remedying the conditions are gone through with. The corruption of our municipal government cannot be gotten rid of until our offices are held by men who are honest and fearless of any consequence. Those who vote should not be influenced by party spirit, but should see that men who will carry out the law are placed in these positions. And never will places of infamy and corruption be removed until our citizens realize the true condition of the public offices. We must have mayors and commissioners and attorneys and solicitors who are determined to uproot these sources of evil.

Roosevelt for Senator.

The question is asked what will be the occupation of President Roosevelt when his administration comes to an end. Some say he will be a candidate for a third term, but if not, what will he do? Then others say he will be the senator from his native State. Certainly our President is a most able man, and he would be felt in the Senate, and we know he can do things. Mr. Roosevelt has the interest of his countrymen at heart, and we think his presence in the Senate would add greatly to the strength of that body. He is in closer touch with the vital problems that concern this nation than any other man, and he would be in a position to still use his great personality and influence in solving them if he were in the Senate. We need him there.

Exchange Department.

CLYDE S. BETHEA, EDITOR.

M. D. JACKSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

It is a nice experience for an exchange editor when, after having read carefully one of his exchanges, he has a pleasing taste in his mouth. So it is doubly a pleasure when this exchange that delights one so is the magazine representing that college that is nearest to us, and in which, outside of our own, we are most interested. This is our experience on reading the Converse Concept. This magazine is one of the neatest and best published periodicals that has reached our table. Every department for this is full. The literary department is excellently well balanced. There are nice poems, plenty of heavy material, and several nice stories. The narrative entitled "Margaret" is well written, but ends rather abruptly. "A Story of the Old South" is another well written story that deserves much commendation. The editorial department certainly is well conducted, and with the exception of the first issue this year, has set an exceedingly high standard for the succeeding editorial writer.

The Trinity Archive comes to us in a very neat cover. It is always with pleasure that we pick up The Archive, for when we do so it is with the satisfaction of knowing that we will read something much more interesting than the average college magazine. This issue opens with a good selection entitled "What's the Matter?" There are several poems which deserve commendation. The editorial department is well conducted.

The Isaqueena, although commendable, does not appear to be up to its standard in the material contained in the March number However, the magazine contains one good poem, entitled, "Sunrise," which shows that the author has

artistic skill and picture-drawing power The interpretation of Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," which occurs in this issue, is also good.

The March number of the Tennessee University Magazine is among the best exchanges we have received this month. There seems to be a nice arrangement of the material contained in this issue, which adds greatly to the attractiveness of any magazine. The essay on "The Election of the United States Senate by Popular Vote" is a good argument against such a change being made in our present system. "The Crowning of the Rose" is a good poem. "Tommy's Part in It" and "The Old Soldier's Story" are perhaps the best stories, though all are interesting.

Alumni Department.

W. DUNCAN FRIERSON, EDITOR.

W. W. Boyd, '03, is farming at his home in Laurens county.

A. McK. Brabham, '03, is a well-known merchant of Bamberg.

L. Q. Crum, '03, is studying law at Carolina.

S. M. Dawkins, '03, is principal of the Greenwood school.

G. W. Grier, '03, is taking a post-graduate course at Vanderbilt.

J. C. Redmon, '03, is teaching at the Carlisle Fitting School.

L. D. Thompson, '03, is teaching at Rutherford College.

V. Cleveland, '05, is learning the cotton mill business at Tuccapau.

E. C. Dye, '05, is merchandising at Sumter.

J. H. Hamel, '05, is teaching at Kershaw.

J. P. Kilgo, '05, is in the cotton mill business at Clinton.

L. A. Manning, '05, is writing insurance in Marion.

J. W. McCullough, Jr., '05, is in the insurance business in Greenville.

H. M. Robbins, '05, conducts a livery business in Gaffney.

H. C. Robertson, Jr., '05, has a civil engineering position with the South and Western Railway Company.

J. G. Stabler, '05, is teaching in Orangeburg.

F. P. Tatum, '05, is a prominent merchant of McColl.

Local Department.

CLAUD N. SAPP, EDITOR.

The most successful season in the history of the Wofford College Yyceum was closed on the night of April 3d with a performance by "Victor's Venetian Band." This entertainment was a musical production of the very highest type, and not out of harmony with the high class numbers which have been given the Lyceum patrons throughout the entire season, and the students and community at large are indebted to Prof. Gamewell for his untiring efforts to give them the best that can be had.

ATHLETICS.

Coach McMakin's pupils in the art of baseball have begun the season's schedule with a rush, having won three games out of the first four played.

In the opening game, which was played April 3d, between Wofford and Carolina, the Wofford team was defeated by a score of 6 to 4. But on the following day the tables were turned and the Methodists defeated the Carolinians to the tune of 8 to 4. Carolina has a strong team and a gentlemanly set of fellows. There will be a third game played with Carolina in Columbia in May, and the result of this game will be looked to with much interest, as this will break the tie between the two teams.

The third game of the season was played on April 11th with the team from the Presbyterian College of South Carolina. This was too much like a walk-over to be enjoyed, and the final score resulted in a victory for Wofford—in fact, it might be said that Wofford "skidood" the Presbyterians, the score being 23 to 4. The game was called in the eighth inning for fear the score would not look good in print.

Wofford was again victorious on April 12th, when she

defeated the Charleston College team by a score of 7 to 4.

With this start Wofford bids fair to winning the championship of the State, and the scalps for which she is now scouting is that of Furman, Clemson and Newberry. Wofford will meet these aggregations on the 24th, 25th and 26th of April on the local diamond.

CAMPUS NOTES.

The lyceum course for 1906-'07 closed April 3d with a musical number of Victor's Venetian Band. Everybody was highly pleased with this band's first-class music. Miss Amos' solo singing was especially enjoyed. The past season of the lyceum has been the most successful in the history of the college, and the students feel grateful to Prof. Gamewell for securing the best talent of the United States to appear before us.

Preisdent Snyder and Mr. W. W. Carson, of the Senior class, attended the Southern Educational Conference at Pinehurst, N. C., last week.

The Sophomore class held their annual exhibition April 8th, in the college chapel. All the speakers acquitted themselves well and did credit both to their class and the college.

Mr .J. R. Stockman, of the class of 1905, has been spending a few days on the hill.

Dr. W. F. Tillett, dean of the theological department of Vanderbilt University, made a very instructive talk to the students at the opening exercises of the school April 15th.

We are glad to note that Mr. Huggins, of the Sophomore class, is able to be out after a protracted case of pneumonia.

Y. M. C. A. Department

THOS. E. DUKES, EDITOR.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to say a word about the attendance of our association. There has been quite a falling off in the attendance during the past month. Especially has this been true of the older members of our association. It would not seem strange or even wrong if some one should ask who of the Seniors now attend the Young Men's Christian Association. Too little interest is manifested by the majority of the older members; the younger members have no help or encouragement, which is very much needed, especially as they have just taken in their hands the management of the association. The presence of the older members in the association would give much encouragement to the younger members who have the association in charge, so let us attend, and while we lend our influence also offer our help and encouragement to the younger members.

Another important subject we wish to mention. The time is fast approaching for the summer conference at Asheville. It is very important that as many as possible attend this conference. Experienced Christian workers will come from all over the country, and their influence and advice will be of great worth to us in making our association work a success next year. Every officer and committee chairman should attend this conference. Those who attended this conference last year spoke of it in the highest terms, and they came back to college to offer the association new and better methods, and also brought with them new inspiration and enthusiasm.

Among those who have led in our Sunday afternoon service during the past month were H. L. Bomar, Judge J. J. Gentry, Dr. Law, and Rev. Massebeau.

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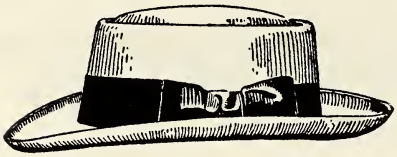

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May-June, 1907

PUBLISHED BY
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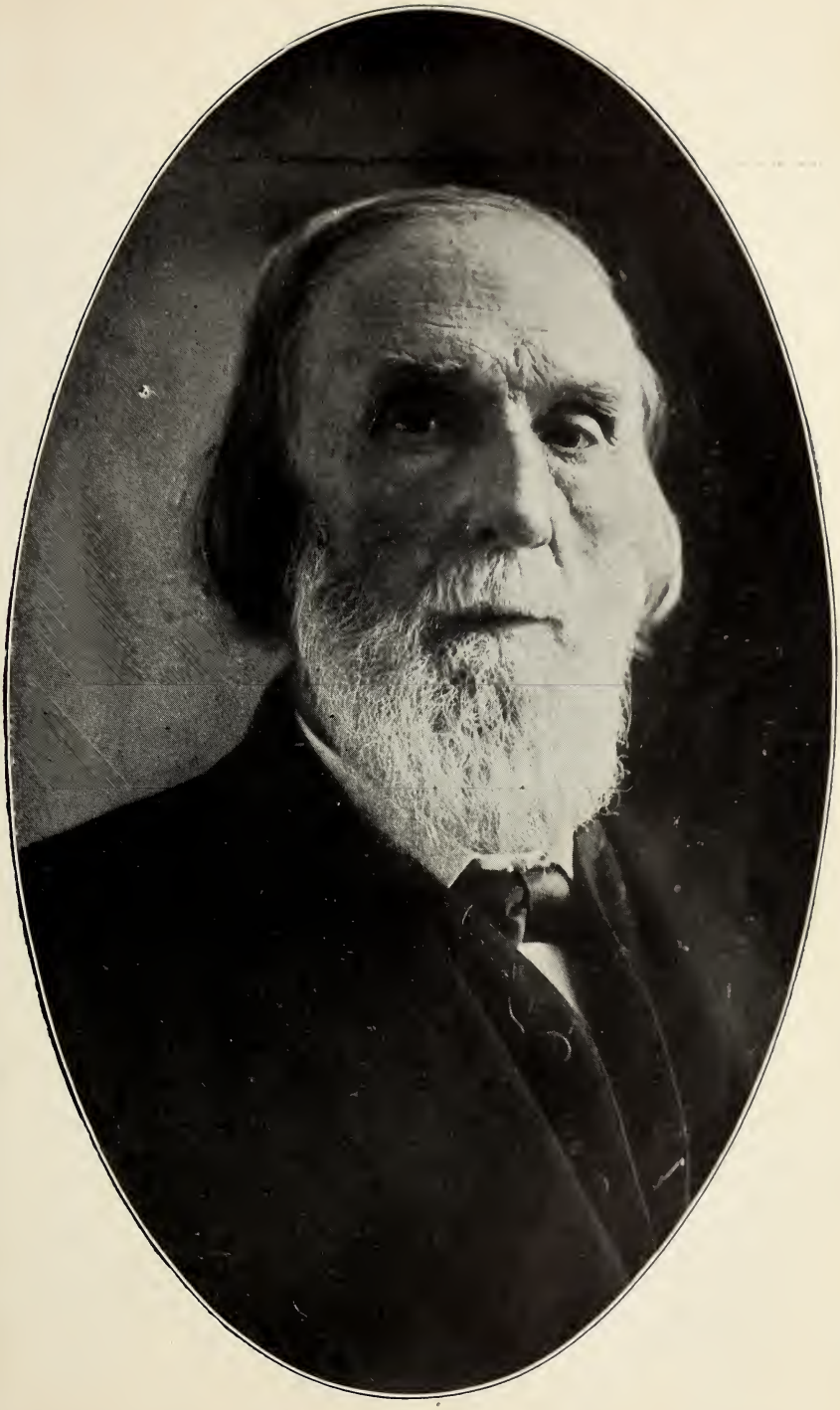
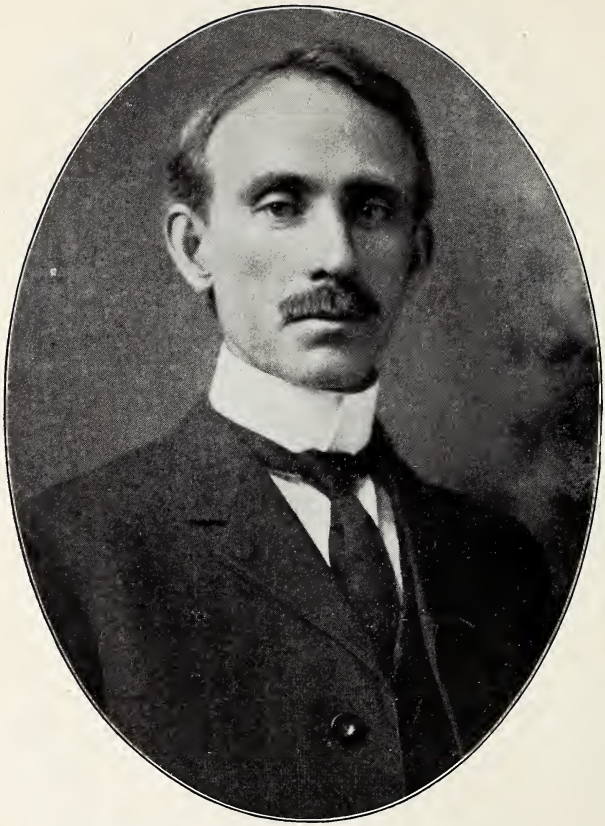


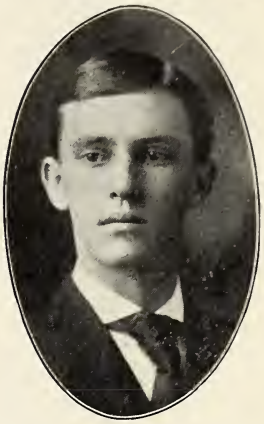
Jas. H. Carlisle, L. L. D.,
President Emeritus of Wofford College



Dr. Henry N. Snyder

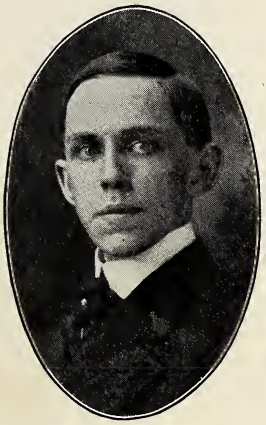
Wofford College certainly has an all-round live man at her head, who so capably conducts her workings. Dr. Snyder has been president of the college since 1902, having been connected with the institution since 1890. He is a graduate of Vanderbilt University, and also pursued a course in a German university. He has made teaching his life work, and we know that he certainly measures up to the highest standard of his profession. He is in constant demand to deliver lectures and addresses on literary subjects at educational conferences and summer teachers' schools. Articles from his pen are frequently seen in the leading reviews and magazines. He enjoys the degrees of M. A., Vanderbilt University, and Litt. D., LL. D., University of South Carolina. Is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Literary Society. Wofford has made many strides under his administration, and the future growth and success is well assured under his guidance and direction.

Senior Class, 1907



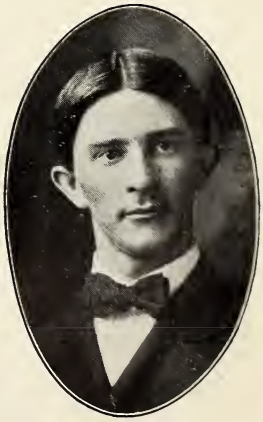
SAMUEL LANHAM ALLEN.

Entered 1903. Member Preston Literary Society; member basket ball team '05-'06; member gymnasium team '03-'04, '04-'05; member 'Varsity baseball team '05-'06, '06-'07; Kappa Sigma Fraternity.



BISHOP NETTLES ALSBROOK.

Entered 1906. First Critic; debater on preliminary Furman-Wofford debate; Carlisle Literary Society; contributed nine articles to Wofford College Journal.



CLYDE S. BETHEA.

Entered 1903. Member Calhoun Literary Society; charter member, First Recording Secretary, First Censor, First Critic, Vice-Presdient two terms, oratorical speaker, Carlisle Literary Society; Sophomore Marshal; Captain Sophomore football team; Captain Senior-Fresh. football team; Exchange Editor of the Wofford College Journal.

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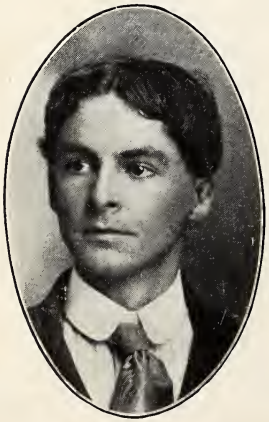
Entered 1903. Member Calhloun Literary Society; charter member, First Critic, Vice-President, President Carlisle Literary Society.

WILLIAM WALLACE CARSON.

Entered 1902, dropped out 1904-1905, re-entered 1905. First Critic, Vice-President, President Preston Literary Society; Junior debater; debater on Wofford-Furman debate '07; winner Wofford Oratorical Contest '07; winner State Oratorical Contest '07; winner Hart Moss History Prize '06; Chairman Reception Committee '06; President Senior Class; member gymnasium team '02-'03, '03-'04; Captain gymnasium team '05-'06, '06-'07; Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

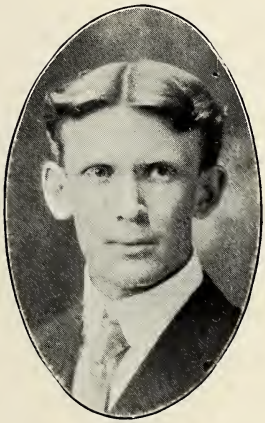


C. L. CARVER.

Entered 1903. Member Calhoun Literary Society; charter member Carlisle Literary Society.

WILLIAM BERNARD COMPTON.

Entered 1903. First Critic Preston Literary Society.

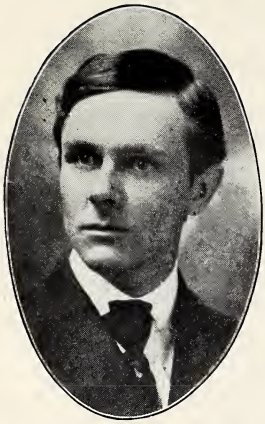


PERRY EARL DUKES.

Entered 1903. Recording Secretary, Secnod Critic, Preston Literary Society, '05-'06, '06-'07; class baseball team.

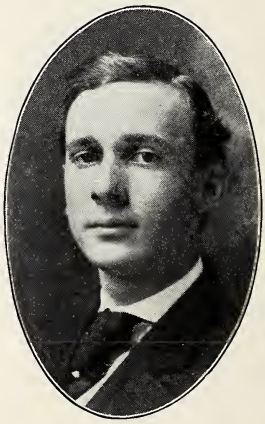
THOMAS E. DUKES.

Entered 1903. Monthly Orator, Recording Secretary, Junior Marshal, First Critic, Preston Literary Society; contributed nine articles to Wofford College Journal; Y. M. C. A. Editor of Wofford College Journal.



WILLIAM STACKHOUSE FLOYD.

Entered 1903. Monthly Orator, Calhoun Literary Society; charter member, First Censor, Treasurer, First Censor, Anniversarian, Vice-President, President, Carlisle Literary Society; class football team.



MILLER CLYDE FOSTER.

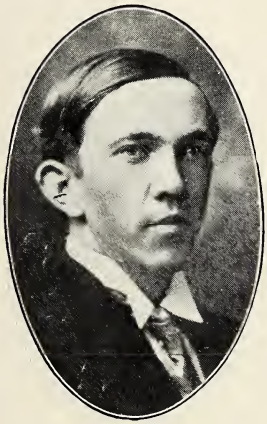
Entered 1903. Member Calhoun Literary Society; charter member, Second Critic, Recording Secretary, First Critic, Oratorical Speaker '07, President, Carlisle Literary Society; Class Historian '07; Literary Editor Wofford College Journal '06-'07.

WALLACE DUNCAN FRIERSON.

Entered 1903. Monthly Orator, Second Censor, Recording Secretary, Second Critic, First Censor, Vice-President, President, Calhoun Literary Society; Alumni Editor Wofford College Journal '06-'07.

ELMER M. FRIPP.

Entered 1903. Member Preston Literary Society; member gymnasium team '03-'07.



IRVINE BEAM MAGNESS.

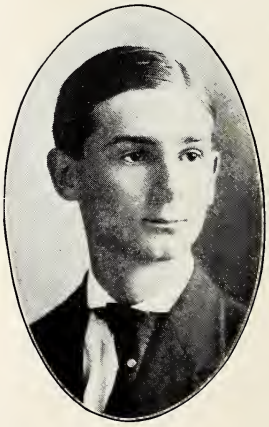
Entered 1903. Recording Secretary, First Critic, Vice-President, President, Calhoun Literary Society; Chief Marshal '05-'06; class baseball team; Chi Phi Fraternity.

JAMES THURLOE HARRIS.

Entered 1903. First Censor two terms, Second Critic, Calhoun Literary Society; Chi Phi Fraternity.

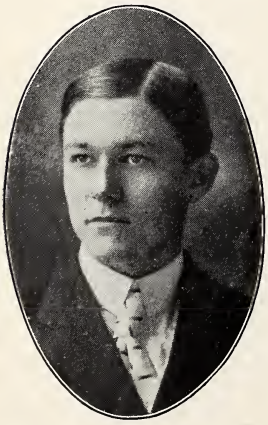
ROBERT EMORY HOLROYD.

Entered 1903. Recording Secretary Calhoun Literary Society; charter member, Recording Secretary, Second Censor, First Censor, Second Critic, Third Critic, President Carlisle Literary Society; member gymnasium team '05-'06; member basket ball team '06-'07.



JOHN C. JORDAN.

Entered 1903. Corresponding Secretary, Second Censor, Second Critic, Calhoun Literary Society; Sophomore Orator; Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.

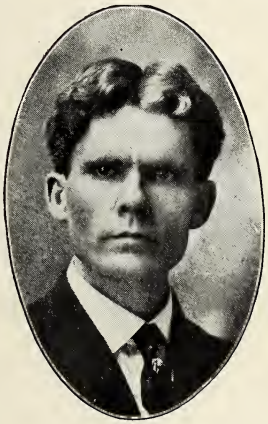


JESSE BERLEY KOON.

Entered 1903. Second Censor, Second Critic, Preston Literary Society; class football team.

J. MARION LATIMER.

Entered 1903. Second Censor two terms, Third Critic, Second Critic, Vice-President, Calhoun Literary Society; member gymnasium team '03-'04, '05-'06; Captain gymnasium team '06-'07; Sophomore Marshal; class football team; class baseball team; Junior Debater; Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.

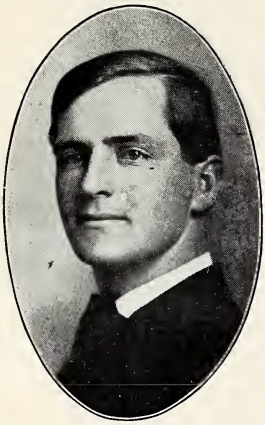


WILLIAM HENRY POLK.

Entered 1903. Monthly Orator, Recording Secretary, Vice-President, Preston Literary Society; member Executive Committee of State Oratorical Association; President Junior Class; President of Y. M. C. A.

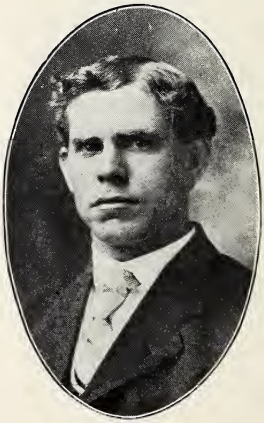
HUBERT L. POWELL.

Entered 1904. Member Preston Literary Society; Sophomore Orator; Vice-President Senior Class; Secretary Y. M. C. A.



SAMUEL LANDER PRINCE.

Entered 1903. Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Second Censor, Junior Debater, First Censor, Vice-President, President, Preston Literary Society; Captain Tennis Club; Secretary of Executive Committee of South Carolina Tennis Club; member of Executive Committee of Athletic Association; class baseball team '03-'05; Captain class baseball team '05; Sophomore Orator; Treasurer of Senior Class; Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.



WILLIAM CAPERS ROGERS.

Entered 1900, dropped out three years, re-entered 1905; Monthly Orator, President, Preston Literary Society.

JOE SPARKS.

Entered 1903. Member Preston Literary Society.

CLAUD N. SAPP.

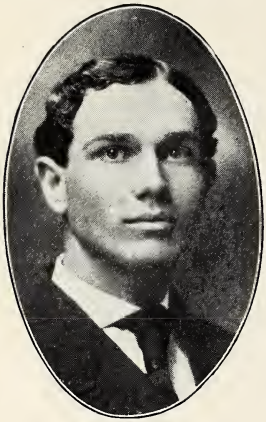
Entered 1903. Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, First Censor, Second Censor, First Critic, Second Critic, President, Preston Literary Society; member Executive Committee State Oratorical Association '06; Furman-Wofford Debater '07; Secretary and Treasurer Junior Class; member 'Varsity baseball team '04-'05, '05-'06, '06-'07; Captain baseball team '06-'07; class football team; Oratorical Speaker '07.

RAYMOND NEELEY SPEIGNER.

Entered 1903. Second Censor, First Censor, Second Critic, Preston Literary Society; President Sophomore Clalss; Prophet Senior Class; class baseball team '03-'07; Presiding Officer at Sophomore Exhibition; Assistant Literary Editor College Annual '03-'04; Assistant Literary Editor Wofford College Journal '05-'06; Editor-in-Chief Wofford College Journal '06-'07; Delegate to State College Press Association '07; Kappa Alplha Fraternity.

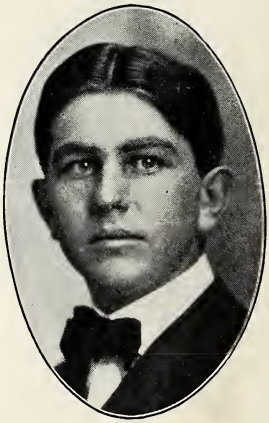
PAUL KENT SWITZER.

Monthly Orator, Second Censor, Third Critic, Junior Debater, First Censor, First Critic, Vice-President, President, Calhoun Literary Society; Secretary Athletic Association; member Executive Committee of State College Press Association; member 'Varsity basket ball team '05-'06, '06-'07; Secretary Senior Class; class football team; Business Manager Wofford College Journal '06-'07.



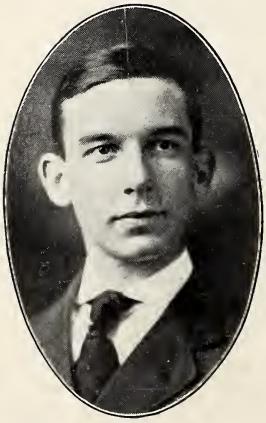
SUMMERS W. TAYLOR.

Entered 1903. First Critic, Vice-President, Preston Literary Society; Vice-President Sophomore Class; Poet of Senior Class; 'Varsity baseball team '03-'04, '04-'05; Manager baseball team '06-'07; Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.



ALONZO RUSSELL WALDEN.

Entered 1903. Member Calhoun Literary Society; Second Censor, First Censor, charter member, Carlisle Literary Society.



J. C. WATSON.

Entered 1903. Monthly Orator, Second Censor, Third Critic, First Critic two terms, President, Calhoun Literary Society; Presiding Officer at Oratorical Contest '07; member 'Varsity baseball team '05-'06, '06-'07; class baseball team; Chi Psi Fraternity.

HARRIS COVINGTON WOODLEY.

Entered 1903. Corresponding Secretary, First Censor, Vice-President, Preston Literary Society; Treasurer, Vice-President, delegate to Southern Students' Conferecne '05 and '06; delegate to Internationall Students' Volunteer Convention '06, Y. M. C. A.; member Executive Committee State Oratorical Association '07; Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.

DAVID MONROE ELLEN.

Entered 1899, dropped out 1903, reentered January, 1907. First Critic, Second Critic, Vice-President, Preston Literary Society

C. WESLEY BOYD.

Entered 1904. First Censor, Preston Literary Society; member Executive Committee of Athletic Association; Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

M. C. FOSTER, EDITOR.

The Class of 1907.

September 23rd, 1903! The old college with its stately towers and ivy covered walls seemed to smile serenely that glorious bright morning on the beautiful green campus. For three months the campus had been the only green thing upon which the shadows of dear old Wofford had fallen. But was it to remain forever companionless in its greenness? Assuredly not, for on that September morning —that all-eventful September morning—there assembled upon the campus of Wofford seventy-six freshmen. One extremely wise gentleman remarked that in comparison with certain other visible objects, the campus actually looked white. However, an older gentleman came to our rescue by assuring us that in spite of our slight greenness we were a handsome set of fellows, and we nodded a very modest approval t ohis statement. We were much relieved when the bell rang for us to assemble in the chapel. Here, the kind professors tried vainly to get a few instructions into our cavities. After chapel we hastened away—anywhere—to escape the unmerciful guying to which we were subjected.

In a few days a class meeting was called. And a never-to-be-forgotten meeting it was. The class of 1907 held its first class meeting in the college chapel and C. L. McFadden took the chair. Out of the babalistic confusion nominations for president came galore, and when the smoke cleared away C. R. DuRant was president of our class. C.

L. McFadden was elected vice-president and S. W. Taylor, secretary and treasurer.

We admitted that at first our class was a little green—all freshmen classes are, especially if we are to draw our conclusions from those classes which have followed us—but the class of 1907 was not to remain in obscurity forever. When baseball season rolled around, the college had to call on the freshies to furnish the varsity battery. It responded nobly, and baseball fans said it had been a long time since Wofford had possessed a battery equal to DuRant and Taylor. We little dreamed then that our catcher was soon to develop into one of the best college catchers in the South. As a pitcher, DuRant made a very enviable record for himself.

Baseball season over, and to our joy commencement came at last. The distinction lists were passed around and imagine the happiness of a large number of frshman upon seeing their names actually in print. The lists showed that our class had done work of which it need not be ashamed. However commencements are not generally interesting (receptions excepted) to freshmen who haven't been home for six months, and good-byes once said, we were glad to hasten home to our mothers and—well sisters.

In the fall of 1904, fifty-seven lordly sophomores—in the place of seventy-six meek freshmen—made their appearance upon the campus. The old college walls echoed and re-echoed the unearthly yells of "Fresh." which they shouted at the weaklings who were too far beneath them to be noticed in any other manner. This year our class received two valuable additions, H. L. Powell and Wesley Boyd.

The class elections resulted as follows: R. N. Speigner, president; S. W. Taylor, vice-president; J. F Turbeville, secretary and treasurer.

Now there is something without which no sophomore

year would be complete, and that something is the annual Soph. Ex. Those chosen by the class to speak on that all important occasion were Willis and Wilson fro mthe Calhoun society and McFadden, Powell, and Prince, from the Prseton society. Of course, the "large and intelligent audience" was fairly swept off its feet by the eloquence and masterful oratory of the speakers. Anyway the opinion of capable judges was that our exhibition excelled all previous ones, and it certainly shows up well in comparison with all since.

On the baseball field, DuRant and Taylor upheld the record made the previous year. DuRant was assisted in the pitching by Sapp, who made a fine record as a slate artist this year. Our class was making an enviable record on the diamond, and we felt proud of it. Commencement was heartily enjoyed this year and once more we said our goodbyes and were soon homeward bound.

In our Junior year, the class was joined by W. W. Carson and W. C. Rogers. They had become dissatisfied with their former surroundings in previous classes, and looking for one of their own liking saw fit to cast their lot with ours to the mutual benefit of all parties concerned. The following officers were elected at our first class meeting this year: W. H. Polk, president; J. I. Wilson, vice-president; C. N. Sapp, secretary and treasurer.

For a long time there had been an evident need of a new literary society at Wofford. Early in our Junior year it was organized in honor of Dr. Carlisle. The members who helped to organize it were: Calhoun, Carver, Floyd, Foster, Holroyd and Walden.

Durant went to Vanderbilt this year but Sapp, Allen, and Watson as twirlers maintained our reputation of previous years. Our class semed to have a never ending supply of crack pitchers.

The Juniors were very conspicuous at commencement. Rogers and Switzer presided over the literary execrises and

the Junior debate. The debaters were Latimer and Switzer of the Calhoun, and Carson and Prince of the Preston society, and they did credit to their class.

Our Junior year was not one of unbroken pleasure and gaiety. No, for the Grim Reaper had seen fit to come into our midst and take from us one of our most beloved members, Charles Lee McFadden. His death, by which was snuffed out a young life full of hope and promise came as a great shock to our class, for we all loved and admired him. We also heard with deep regret of Ray DuRant's death. Ray was not a member of our class this year, but the impression which he had made upon us in two years was highly sufficient to cause us to deeply mourn his death. I can never forget the impression which DuRant and McFadden made upon me as specimens of physical manhood, that morning when we elected them president and vice-president of our class. And those who afterwards came to know them, knew that their moral life would bear the closest scrutiny without showing spot or blemish. How little we dreamed then that before our college course was three-fourths over each of them would have traveled to

> "That undiscovered country from whose bourne
> No traveler e'er returns."

On the last year of our college course thirty-one of our old members returned and our class was joined by Allsbrook and Ellen, giving us a total of thirty-three dignified Seniors. The election of class officers resulted as follows: President, W. W. Carson; vice-president, H. L. Powell; secretary and treasurer, S. L. Prince; Poet S. W. Taylor; prophet, R. N. Speigner; Historian, M. C. Foster.

The class greatly rejoiced this year when W. W. Carson won the medal in the State oratorical contest. Sapp and Carson were chosen to meet Furman in a debate and if they uphold their record—which they certainly will—there is no doubt that Wofford will come out victorious. The

presidents of the three societies in order of their election have been: Calhoun—Switzer, Magness, Watson and Frierson; Carlisle—Holroyd, Foster, Floyd and Calhoun; Preston—Rogers, Sapp, Carson and Prince. Captain Sapp brought out a good baseball team this year. He was greatly assisted by Allen and Watson, while Taylor made a splendid manager.

Now is swiftly approaching an event, long wished for, long looked for, and long talked about—Wofford's commencement. The class of 1907 intends to do its part to make this the greatest commencement in the history of the college—and then—three and thirty young men, with the blood of youth coursing in their veins stand ready to launch themselves upon the sea of life.

What! A history of '07? No, this is impossible, our history is just begun. Who can tell but that volumes of history may be written about individual members of the class, for who can estimate what may be done with the possibilities which lie before the young men of the day. Whether we merit volumes of history or only a humble grave in some secluded country churchyard, let us hope that when the last man of '07 shall have passed to his final reward, that the world will be wiser and better because of his having lived. And then may the world give to old Wofford due approbation for the part she has played in the forming of our lives. But this is anticipating so for the present—

"We turn from the old life with sadness,
And say our farewells with regret,
That now we are leaving forever,
The college we'll never forget."

M. C. Foster.

Death

'Tis a sweet and restful feeling when we know that angel Death
Isn't as he's often painted, as a ghost with blalsting breath,
But a seraph-smiling angel in a world of toil and gloom,
Often bearing weary mortals off to rest beyond the tomb.
Through this world of strange confusion, sin and lust and wild unrest
Treads this gentle king of peace, and often he's a welcome guest;
Welcome just because he gives us what we seldom find on earth—
Gives us joy and love undying, pleasure, peace, and golden mirth.
He clasps our hand with firm affection, though his grasp be cold as ice,
And leads us through the misty ether to the pearly Paradise.

B. N. Alsbrook, '07.

Robert Lincoln, The Musician

A series of Wagnerian operas was to be given in Chicago during the winter of 189—. The company was looking for some one to give a series of lectures on the Neibelunger operas. They were quite at a loss to know where to find a person who could give the lectures. They had made application to several noted musicians, but none of them would consent to undertake the work. Three weeks had passed and no one had offered to give the lectures. It was almost time that the lectures should be given. Would no one undertake the work?

One tempestuous day Miss Davis, a noted musician of the city of Springfield, was called down from her drawing room to the music department to receive a young man who wished to take a course of music under her.

The young man seemed to have brought something of

the force and fury of the storm into the warm fire-lighted room as he moved restlessly about awaiting his hostess. He began abruptly upon her entrance, after a muttered salutation:

"I want you to tell me if I have musical talent worth cultivating?"

"Yes," she murmured, eyeing him with polite impatience.

He had the face and form of a mature man while his manner was that of a nervous impetuous boy.

"What have you done?"

"Nothing scarcely; I think I have a voice. I have composed some. I—" he turned towards the piano and then paused, with a questioning glance.

"Yes," she assented. "Let me hear what you can do."

The long lean fingers ran over the keys. The voice rang out with the last lines from Dryden's majestic song:

"Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecelia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound,
When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,
Th' immortal powers incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire;
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now lelt poets no more tell,
To bright Cecelia greater power is given,
His numbers raised a shade from hell;
Hers lift the soul to heaven."

The voice was young and strong. He sang with enthusiasm, speaking the words distinctly, with kindling face and

flashing eyes. He semed unconscious of Miss Davis' presence as he sang, but with the crash of the closing chords, he turned eagerly towards her.

"You have had very little training?" Miss Davis questioned.

"Almost none."

"Your music is original, and interesting. The technique is faulty. Your voice is good, but you do not know haw to handle it."

"I am a laboring man. I must work to live. What I want to know is the pratical value of the music that is in me. Will it earn my living?"

"Possibly. I cannot tell. If you can come to me for six weeks I can give you a positive answer."

"I'll come."

The day was devoted to his work as clelrk in a wholesale store, which earned him a livelihood. The night was devoted to music. At the close of six weeks Miss Davis assured him that his musical gift was sufficient to warrant his entire devotion to music, which could not fail in time to support him.

In the meantime Miss Davis informed him of the vacant lectureship in Chicago, and asked him to assist her. She was giving a series of lectures on the Wagnerian operas, illustrated by vocal and instrumental music. He gladly consented to assist her. He at once wrapped himself up in his work; so keen was his interest that nothing escaped him. He studied the subject as profoundly as his teacher and from every point of view. He was making great strides in his art. The critical folk who gathered about Miss Davis applauded with great enthusiasm his later compositions.

The weeks slipped away. Night after night found Robert Lincoln in the familiar music room. He was pale and thin, almost to emaciation. His eyes glowed with the feverish brightness of intense introspection. Miss Davis con-

gratulated him on his success. Finally, at the end of six weeks, she told him that she had recommended him to the company, that he must go to Chicago and stand a rigid examination under the authorities, and if he proved himself fitted for the place, he would get the lectureship.

He went. First, after arriving, he hurried to a publishing house to offer some of his compositions. As he stood awaiting an audience, his attention was drawn to three men standing near in earnest discussion. They were speaking of the lectures that were to be given on the Neibelunger opera. One of them mentioned "Robert Lincoln" as the young man who was to give the lectures. A thrill of hope shook the listener as he realized that here at last was an opening. It was the very work he had studied so carefully during the winter. Emboldened by necessity, he approached the men.

"Will you let me undertake the work?"

They eyed him with polite impatience.

"I am Robert Lincoln, of Springfield," he explained. "You have published some of my works."

"Oh, yes," said the head of the firm, "How are we to judge of your competence—yo—"

"Will you step back here for a moment," said the musician, eagerly. "You have a score—may I use the piano?"

The gentlelmen followed, attracted by his intense earnestness. The score of "Siegfried" was placed before him. Briefly he outlined the story, he played the finest passages, he sang the greatest songs, he disentangled the motifs. With the lucid directness that comes from profound study, with the passionate enthusiasm of a music lover, he held his listeners. The long thin fingers ran over the keys, the beautiful voice rang out, he was absorbed in the wonder of the work and the delight of portrayal, that was only second in his nature to the joy of creation.

A burst of applause brought him back to earth. Would he give the lecture?

He told the gentlemen of his difficulties, of his work in

the store and his study of music, of his great desire to find an opening for musical work that would support him. The gentlemen were enthusiastic; Chicago needed such a musician as he was. Would he come at once; they promised a backing that would make him self-supporting from the start.

He accepted the position. Six weeks had elapsed when Miss Davis received a letter marked "Chicago." She opened it and read:

"Dear Miss Emily:—It is six weeks since I left you happy. I have been thinking of you, and of how much I owe you. I am doing well. Your help and advice was all that saved me from despair. To you I owe the knowledge and the training that made my work here possible. I am vain enough to ask you to share with me my success,—will you?"

Smiling, she slowly folded the letter and held it between her clasped hands. Looking up, joy sparkling in her eyes, she said softlyl, "Isn't life worth living?"

Will America Encourage or Discourage Immigration?

At all times every nation has some question of vital importance which confronts it. If a wise and prudent settlement of that question is made, it will result in the upbuilding and advancement of that nation; while on the other hand if a hasty and imprudent step is taken, it will prove hurtful and detrimental to its best interest and future prosperity.

In 1775, the great question before the Amercian colonies was whether or not they should go to war with their mother country in order that they might preserve the rights of liberty and free citizenship, or remain subjects to the harsh, unjust rules and regulations of the British government. In 1860, the question which occupied the thought of our greatest statesmen both of the North and South was whether or not the South should have the right to hold slaves and secede from the Union.

The vital and all important question before the Ameri-

can people today is whether immigration into our country should be encouraged or whether it should be discouraged. The stream of immigration is very different from that entering our ports twenty years ago. Then the immigrants were not very different in race and historical environment from those who originally peopled the United States. Celts and Celto-Saxons from Great Britain and Ireland, Swedes and Norwegians from Scandinavia and Saxons from Germany are all radically allied. We are surprised to learn that twice as many Croatians and Slavenians entered New York last year as English, three times as many Syrians as Scotch; as many Slovaks as Irish; three and one-half times as many South Italians, and twice as many Hebrews, as Germans. Contrast this state of things with 1869, when the United Kingdom, France, Germany and Scandinavian constituted three-quarters of the total or even with 1895 when it was still more than one-half. Those who advocate greater restrictions than have yet been imposed by the United States justify their proposals by pointing out that immigration is not only increasing in quantity but deteriorating in quality.

What shall the nation do to regulate the incoming stream of immigration? Will we permit immigration of all types and civillization to land on our soil, or will we pass stringent laws which will prevent them coming into our borders. Immigration can do but two things: it will build up our civilization by strengthening and bettering its politics, society, morals and religion, or it will prove deleterious and destructive to the best, purest and greatest things for which our nation stands.

All immigrants of every nationality and clime are divided into two classes, viz.: The upper class people and second class people. Those immigrants of the lower type who come to our country will pollute and corrupt its morals and religion and prove hurtful and injurious to its society and politics. Most of the immigrants of the lower class settle in the cities and towns while those of the better

classes go to the country. Cities have in recent years offered more attractive labor opportunities than the rural regions and people from the country district as well as from foreign lands have streamed into them; such herding together of foreign and native born give rise to the many evils which have been mnetioned. Three fourths of our people live in the cities and if we allow these foreigners to crowd by the thousands in the back streets of our cities where somtimes forty or fifty of them occupy one room the morals and health of our cities will be ruined. The worst class of immigrants coming to this country are those suffering from loathsome or contagious disease; and, of these, persons afflicted with favus and trachoma are the most numerous. The definition of favus as given in the Standard Dictionary is: "A contagious disease of the skin, especially of the scalpof, producing yellow, flattened scabs and baldness, scaldhead, honeycomb ringworm." Trachoma as: "A disease of the eye, characterized by hard postules or granular excrescens on the inner surface of the eyelids, with inflammation of the membrane." That the immigrants who bring these diseases are for the greater part children, does not lessen the gravity of the situation; on the contrary it adds to it; for they go at once where American children congregate, to the public schools and crowded streets, to the tenement houses in our large cities. Those of the good or better class will make valuable additions to our citizenship and stimulate the progress and advancement of our country both in temporal and spiritual things. Most all of this type will settle in the country and improve and cultivate millions of acres of land which are of no practical value to any one now.

It would be wrong and unjust for us to say that our government should probihit immigrants of this better class from coming into our country. We will not hesitate for one moment to say that immigrants of this class will make citizens of which America will be proud. Therefore, in our opinion however humble it may be, we think that immi-

grants of the hardy and industrious type of Northern Europe should be brought to our country. Only the best elements of population such as those who have enterprise and ambition to make themselves substantial and worthy citizens should be allowed to enter our ports. Our government has passed laws which say that immigrants of an undesirable class will not be allowed on our soil, but these laws should be more strictly enforced so as to keep out this class of foreigners who so often prove themselves aliens in religion, social habits and modes of thought. They will bring diseases, anarchism and skepticism into our country which will prove a shame and a curse to this nation.

Our present greatness in population, wealth, manufactures and commerce could not have been attained had it not been for the great tide of immigration that has been coming to our country. Let us not blemish the fair name of America with a greed for things of a temporal nature by permitting immigrants of all classes and nationalities to come to the United States; but let us get all the immigrants of a desirable class that will come to this country.

We have millions of acres of unsettled and uncultivated land on this continent. This land must be cultivated, our manufacturing establishments must have operatives, our families must have servants and our public works must have day laborers. Our population especially in the South is so sparse that our people cannot do the work so we must have a good class of foreigners from Northern Europe to assist in doing it.

The negro has proven himself unworthy of the trust and responsibility which his superior, the white man, has placed in him and now he is a menace rather than a help to our people. We have given them a trial and instead of them becoming thrifty, industrious and intelligent citizens they still remain in a semi-barbarous state. They are a lying, profane, superstitious and shiftless people and we need a good class of immigrants to come in and take their place so that they will either have to work or go back to their native

land where they belong and where they ought to be.

May the time hasten, when every acre of land not worked by a native American and every operative of every manufacturing establishment and every office of honor, trust or responsibility not held by a native American of pure Anglo-Saxon blodd will be held by an immigrant of integrity and uprightness. J. K. Davis, '10.

In the Twilight

Was it a shadow or a dream
  Of something yet to be?
The silent world, the rushing stream, . .
  The low murmuring sea;
The stars, so full of love and light,
  The air so full of dew;
And O, the glory of the night—
  Had I but only you!

Memories still cling to those days,
  When all of life was dear;
When hearts beat true, once and always
  That we be ever near.
The happy song-birds then did sing,
  And flowers round me grew;
Fond aims, hopes, joys still would they bring—
  Had I but only you!

But now the days are so lonely,
  Ever the nights are long;
I hear the wild winds moan only,
  Without the cheer of song.
Once everything was fair as June,
  And all the sky was blue;
Yet soon would vanish all my gloom—
  Had I only but you!

Ever now your loss is but my gain,
  And true love fails never;

An earnest prayer, but all in vain,
  The heart longs now, ever.
'Twas but for the gold and glory
  That made your life untrue;
Still what a different story—
  Had I only but you!

Alone I trod life's weary way,
  With all past hopes now fled;
But there will come a better day
  When our bodies are dead.
And there in the calm evening tide,
  We'll love as lovers true;
With angels singing, "Love ne'er died"—
  When I have only you.

C. L. M.

"Old Bill"

William Smith, better known as "Old Bill," was a very eccentric old man. He lived in a little cabin, about a mile from my home, and seldom allowed anyone to visit him. He was said to be sixty years old, though he appeared to be much older than that. Ever since he had been in the neighborhood, he had been the object of many surmises, but his history remained a profound secret. As I now look back on my youth, I think it must have ben one of the first ambitions of my life to solve the mystery surrounding his life. I remember sitting for hours at a time, my mind trying to grasp some clue that might lead to the solution of this problem, which semed to me deeper than any that ever confronted the most profound philosopher.

But one day my ambition was gratified. I had gone over to talk with him, as I did whenever I got an opportunity, when I found him sadder than I had ever sen him before. At first he did not seem inclined to talk, but soon, to my astonishment, he began: "Arthur, I have thought much of my past life today and have decided to make it known be-

fore I die, that it may be a warning to impulsive young men. You are my best friend, Arthur, and I will tell you the history of my past life, provided you will promise not to mention it till I am dead, which I hope will not be very long." When I had promised, he began the story which I give as nearly as possible as he told it to me.

'I finished college in 1884, and with a friend who furnished the capital, engaged in a mercantile business. From the first, we met with phenomenal success, and in two years after my graduation—before my twenty-second birthday—I had bought out my partner and had everything in splendid condition. Ten years later, I had increased my stock to two hundred thousand dollars, and was recognized as the most able business man and was one of the most highly respected men of the city.

"For several years, I had been in love with a girl of the same city and by my thirtieth birthday, we were engaged to be married. She was a beautiful girl and had a loveable disposition that completely captivated everyone with whom she came in contact. Having won the love of such a girl, no wonder I considered myself the most happy man on earth. But my joy was destined to be shortlived. About this time, there came to the city a young man, James Murray, who also fell in love with her. He was a splendid man, cultured, intelligent, handsome—in short, just the kind of man that would most readily attract the average girl. From the first, I noticed the attention she allowed him to pay her, and often remonstrated with Mary, for this was her name, but she always put me off with a jest about my being jealous.

"But at last my fears were realized. Arriving at my room one day after a hard day's work, I found, to my horror, a letter from Mary, asking me to release her from her promise as she didn't love me as she had thought. I was, of course, wild with grief, and hate for Murray, whom I knew to be the cause of her change, and resolved to take revenge on him.

"That very afternoon I was walking alone and accidentally fell in with Murray, who greeted me pleasantly, though I knew he was thinking of the same thing that was torturing me. As I came up, for some reason, he put his hand into his pocket. Thinking him to be reaching for a pistol, I drew mine and shot him dead."

For a minute the speaker was unable to go on and his body shook with sobs. Finally he controlled himself and resumed:

"When I realized what I had done, I was horified but went and gave myself over to the authorities. The trial came off in about six weeks, and, to make a long story short, I was acquitted by bribing the jury and witnesses.

"But when I was free I couldn't get back to work. Ghosts of the dead man seemed to rise before me on evee-ery hand. Day and night I was haunted by horrible memories and tortured by an outraged conscience. While I was in this condition, my business went to pieces and in less than a year, I was completely ruined. I couldn't stay in that city any longer, so one night I gathered up all the valuables in the store and left forever. After wandering from place to place, I came here, where I have been ever since. Oh, Arthur, you can never know the horrors of a murderer's life. God only knows the agonies I have suffered."

Next day I again had occasion to go to his cabin. When I entered I saw him sitting as I had left him—dead.

Archie Richardson.

Freedom

Long before the fourteenth century when theLollards were crying, "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was the gentleman," the spirit of freedom and equality was abroad in the land. Every man has that spirit of independence born in him and it is that nearly akin to truth, that being crushed to earth it will rise again. 'Tis this

spirit of freedom and independence that has given a new impetus to the reign of progress and civilization within the last few centuries. 'Twas the realization of the equal rights and privileges of men that set England, France, and Germany upon the high plane of progress and civilization upon which they now stand. It would be safe to say that these principles underlie almost every national project for good recorded in history.

Were the people of England any more conscious of their rights in 1215, when they demanded of King John the great Magna Carta, than they were a century before? No, the time had only come when they were able to demand and maintain their freedom. Were the people of France any more conscious of their rights as citizens after than before that great revolution of 1789? The answer comes back no, they had only reached that stage in their history when they felt themselves strong enough to resist the oppression of the privileged few. And so we might trace every really great movement in European history to the rebounding of the oppressed spirits of mankind which had been bowed down for a season beneath the crushing weight of feudalism or some cruel despot.

But thus far I have spoken only of physical freedom. There is a freedom that is dearer to man than freedom of body and it is of that freedom and its relation to America that I wish to speak.

Until the reformation, which was started in 1517 by Martin Luther, the Catholic Church was supreme. It had allied itself closely with the state and both had fallen from that high plain of dignity and justice on which they should stand to the very lowest depths of debauchery and ruin. The papacy had degenerated into a mere political tool, and finally reached its nadis in three popes clamoring at once for the chain of St. Peter. On the other hand, the state instead of being a government by the people for the people was a government by the tyrant for the few. Both Church and state must necessarily have undergone reforms. But

of this bloody conflict I do not care to speak. Let it suffice to say that thousands died for freedom of action and tens of thousands for freedom of thought.

From this persecution of Church and state sprang the great and liberal government under which we are privileged to live. Every collony settled in America, from Jamestown in 1607 till Georgia in 1733, was directly the outcome of this persecution. Men chose to live in forests harried by bands of hostile Indians and tormented by cold and privation, rather than dwell under the oaks of beautiful old England deprived of their rights as citizens. Under these conditions the very best people of England, France and Germany emigrated to America, when perhaps under more favorable conditions at home, America might have suffered greatly for the lack of good citizens, but God does all things well. He had prepared a land for his people beyond the broad Atlantic, as beautiful, as fertile and as rich as the sun ever shone upon, and this was his plan to people it.

The colonies grew and were prosperous and happy, till England stretched forth her mighty hand of oppression across the Atlantic and laid it heavily upon us.

But she was too late. We had tasted of the glorious cup of freedom, and in 1776, the old Liberty Bell from her lofty place rang out the glad tidings that the thirteen colonies scattered along the Atlantic coast would stand together for justice and right.

That struggle was a glorious one. For seven long years our tattered army, ragged and hungry, followed their brave hero, hurling themselves in victory and defeat against overwhelming numbers of trained British soldiers.

They fought on, prayed on, struggled on, in famine sometimes and frequently in despair; they braved all, suffered all, until finally the light began to break upon the long and weary night, and the morning came. Wider and brighter the light grows, farther and farther it reaches, until its brightness illuminates the heaven and the joyous

trumpet of freedom proclaims a new-born republic.

From a few thousand scattered settlers along the Atlantic coast we have grown to be the greatest nation of the globe. Our country is a network of wire and rail, and wealth, prosperity and culture are from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Equal rights and privileges to all is our motto, and any man of whatsoever race or nationality, country or clime, so long as the stars and stripes flaunt above his head, may deem himself as free as a king. Social distinction is unknown to America. One from the very lowest walks of life may rise to the office of our chief executive, and talent and integrity are the only qualifications.

But what has given us this wonderful and glorious country? The answer comes, echoed from yon, distant hill in accents soft and low, "Freedom of thought and freedom of action, together with an humble trust in a Divine Providence, make us what we are." H. M. Cox, '09.

A Night in the Mountains

It was a beautiful summer afternoon. The leaves on the trees were dancing in the pleasant breeze. The mountain air naturally made one's spirits light. And so riding along I did not realize how fast time was flying until the sun suddenly dropped behind the mountains, retreating before the approach of darkness. In a short time night had hidden the beautiful scenery and the deep silence and loneliness drove away my bouyant feelings.

The stars came out, and the silvery crescent shed a feeble light on the surrounding mountains. Such conditions tend to inspire a feeling of superstitious awe. Now I am not superstitious, but when I saw a star fall across the moon it seemed that silent voices in the air told me that ill luck was in store for me. And so gloomily, I rode on.

After several hours passed I came to a cabin—or hut, if you prefer. Here I determined to spend the night and dispel, if possible the gloomy forebodings which had settled

on me. But alas! the proprietor of the cabin refused me admittance, saying there was no room. However, I might find lodging at a place about two miles beyond the hut.

I stuck spurs into my horse and ere long I had reached the place to which I had been referred. I had no difficulty in obtaining a night's lodging. I ate a bit of supper and asked my host to show me to my room. I was conducted up a rude ladder into the attic or loft. I looked at my watch; it was eleven o'clock. The mountaineer turned to depart taking the candle with him. "Ho," said I, "are you not going to let me have a light?" "It's the last candle I got," was the reply of the host, and so saying he departed. The suspicious feelings which I had on my ride returned, and I determined to have a look at the room. So taking a small electric flash-light from my pocket, proceeded to the exploration.

The last object of my examination was a pile of bundles of dried tobacco. A few of these bundles removed, and I was soon horrified to find, on removing one of the bundles, a hand. On removing a few bundles the body of a man lay before me. Series of icy chills coursed up and down my back. For some minutes I lost control over my mind. But at last I came to myself and, moving the corpse from its place, I laid it on the cot in a natural position. I then laid myself under the tobacco, and pistols in hand, I waited.

After a long time I heard a noise as if some one was ascending the ladder to the loft. Then I heard someone moving cautiously across the floor. Suddenly a bright light from a lantern shone on the bed, and through the leaves of the tobacco I saw a dagger sticking from the breast of the man on the cot. My fears were now greater than ever, for I was sure the murderer would recognize the face of his victim. But presently he placed the light on the floor and reached over the cot, lifting the dead man in his arms. As he stood within the circle of light cast by the lantern I saw it was not my host, but one whom I thought might be his son. The body was hidden under the tobacco not far from

where I lay and the murderer departed.

After waiting a time that seemed ages to me, I decided to leave, so with pistol in hand I cautiously descended the ladder. An old woman was in the room below. On seeing me she immediately began to pray to be delivered from the "ghost," for she thought I was the spirit of one of the murderer's victims. I soon convinced her I was no ghost, and with the muzzle of my revolver near her head I made her lead me to my horse. Having once gotten into the saddle, I stuck spurs into the horse and by morning I was far from the place where I had just had the most thrilling experience of my life. Warren Dibble, '09.

The Cow Bells

Far o'er the warm night's subtile dust,
Where lingers yet the crimson light,
And odors of the wild, sweet musk—
So softly rearing ever bright,
Tinkles the oncoming cow bells,
The lowing mingled with those bells.

Tall graceful trees of evergreen,
That know the storms of Artic sea,
And lovely robes of mermaids mein,
That clusters of sweet mystery—
Listens to the coming cowbells,
Their voices echoing those bells.

Oh, hearken—hush! and turn thy mind,
Back of the home of long ago,
And whisper now, doth thou not find,
A child's true happiness once more,
By the tinkling of those cow bells,
The lowing mingled with those bells.

Ed. R. Mason.

Soldiers of the Common Good

(Speech which was delivered at Greenwood oratorical contest.)

Some twenty years ago, James Russell Lowell, speaking at a banquet of business men in Boston said: "The time is coming when men will be guided by that good taste which is the conscience of the mind as by that conscience which is the good taste of the soul."

Though deploring the ethical degeneracy of his day, Lowell was optimistic enough to believe there would be a return to correct principles in the future. But, while there has been some indications of the fulfilling of his prophecy, there remains a task that will require the united effort of thousands of civic-soldiers to perform.

With chagrin we have seen the formula of physical warfare, "To the strong, the battle; to the victor, the spoil; to the swift, the race; and to the Devil, the hindmost,—translated into the terms of the no less strenuous struggle for industrial existence or political success. "Too often, indeed," as another has said, "there has been imposed upon the employment of force the exercise of cunning; upon the indulgence of greed, the practice of graft; upon the worship of speed, the cruelty of the Juggernaut; upon the goal of failure, the cul-de-sac of despair."

By the exercise of cunning the Constitution is evaded, laws violated, and the mandates of the courts defied; by its use in watering stocks, crushing competition and servilizing the masses immense fortunes have been massed in the hands of a few unprincipled men.

The worship of speed with the love of greed has produced a demon more terrible in its slaughter of human beings than the wildest imaginings of the Juggernaut. On the altar of this modern Moloch there is an annual sacrifice of ten thousand human lives crushed out and eighty thousand persons maimed and bruised. No other country would tolerate such wanton slaughter of its people. Then

why is it permitted here? To our shame, be it said, we remain supinely indifferent while the votaries of this demon satiate their greed for dividends on watered stocks, taken without one tremor of remorse, as the price of the flesh and blood of their fellow beings. Often we see in the press dispatches, side by side, an account of a banquet of railroad magnates, and of a terrible railroad wreck. There, at the banquet board sit these apes of royalty, sipping the finest of wines while their victims, amidst wreckage and flame, cry in vain for water.

The ethical degeneracy in America may be traced to two principal causes—the bitterness engendered by the Civil War between the states, and the mad race for wealth since the war.

From history we learn that the civil wars in England, known as the "Wars of the Roses," between the houses of York and Lancaster, and those in France between the Huguenots and the League,—were of such a rancorous and cruel nature as utterly to destroy that splendid code of honor and polite manners that had been evolved by Chivalry. The results of our Civil War, to a large extent, have been the same as those in England and France under similar conditions. But while the demoralizing effects of the war were great, they have been totally eclipsed by the mad race for wealth, which is now the one grand passion of the nation. Never before, in all the history of the world, have there been such rapid strides made in producing wealth and massing immense holdings in the hands of a few individuals.

Seeing the holders of these gigantic fortunes worshiped as demigods by the great masses of the people, even when it was known that dishonest methods had been employed in acquiring them,—we have come to think that wealth is a sufficient atonement for all obliquities in social or business life. Surely Pope's lines have come true, when he says:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen,
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

That this ethical degeneracy permeates all phases of society will become manifest upon the slightest investigation. Graft is taken without a blush by the million dollar government contractor, and by the dispenser of strong drinks to the laborer; by the official who rides on a free pass, and by the school superintendent who makes a few paltry cents on the school books of the poor; by the minister of the Gospel who keeps a moral leper in his congregation as a reward for liberal contributions, and by the waiting maid who never speaks of anything wrong in the house of her fashionable mistress.

Perhaps the worst phase of this moral degenercy is that those who do these things, apparently, do not know that they are violating any moral law. When a deacon of the Church testifies before a condemnation board that the land taken by the county for road purposes is worth at fair valuation $42.50 per acre, and a few days later makes oath to the assessor that said lands are justly assessed at $3.75 per acre, he does not seem to be cognizant of any moral obliquity. When a good, Christian mother takes her six darling children for an outing and defrauds the railroad out of at least three fares by saying the eldest is under five she, apparently, is not aware that she is violating the Mosaical law in the least. This condition of our country is deplorable. It calls for a new Crusade and a new Reformation. This should begin at the very foundation of society, for surely the waters of a river can be no purer than the springs of its source, nor can a government be any better than the individuals that go to make up the commonwealth.

But the dawn of a better day is approaching, for already the leaven of moral reform is at work. Here and there throughout our land, have appeared, brave, moral, civi-sol-

diers, waging war for the common good. Weaver, with prayer meetings and mass meetings in Philadelphia; Lawson, with his pen in "Frenzied Finance"; Roosevelt, with "the big stick"; LaFollette, with his legislature in Wisconsin; Folk, with his grand jury in St. Louis; Francis J. Heney, with his prosecution of the land grafters in the far west,—are prophetic of greater deeds to follow. Oh! that our country had an army of such soldiers to do battle for the common good.

When Governor Folk was nominated for prosecuting attorney of St. Louis, no one suspected that he would be anything else than a tool of the political bosses that had systematically robbed that city for years. But, immediately after entering his official position, he began a systematic search for corruption in high places, and never ceased until he had nearly ruined the ultra-rich society of that city by sending many of its shining lights to the penitentiary or into exile as fugitives from justice.

One of the most dramatice events in the series of brilliant achievements by Mr. Folk, was the manner in which he secured the incriminating evidence necessary to convict the city officials of selling valuable franchises for graft. Taking his cue from a small paragraph in one of the daily papers,—"that there was deposited in one of the big bank's safety-deposit boxes $75,000.00 to pay for the franchise wanted by a certain syndicate,"—he marched into the private room of the president of the bank and demanded, in the name of the city, that a certain safey-deposit box be opened forthwith. To this demand he received only a sneering smile. Then putting on that fearless, defiant look, that only the honest and brave can assume, he said—"I will give you ten minutes to open that box, and if, at the end of that time, it is not opened, into the jail you go, as a particeps criminis." Ah! here was one who filled the measure of a man in every sense of the word. One whose honor money could not buy. The bank president hurriedly summoned his attorney. A short exciting consultation was

had. The vault box was opened. The cash and incrimi nating contract secured by the officials. By some unknown means the secret got out, and soon the newsboys were shouting, "Extra! extra! all about the boodle contract and the grafters." That night hurried goodbyes were said, handbags were hastily packed, and the great Hegira from St. Louis began. Now that the lime-light of publicity had been turned on in all of its relentlessness, the sensibilities of those boodlers were sharpened and they "feel a stain like a wound." Proud, well-dressed men, who have been accustomed to appear on the streets in all the brazen effrontery of a Croesus, now cowered into the corner of a car seat to hide from the eyes of honest men. The remainder of the story is history and needs no further allusion.

The crusade against graft and greed in Philadelphia, while clustering around Mayor Weaver, was not the work of one man, as that in St. Louis, but was the combined work of the press, the pulpit, and the people. Of all the graft-ridden cities in America, Philadelphia, perhaps is the worst. To perpetuate themselves in power the political bosses had ransacked the graveyards and made dead democrats of the Jacksonian Era vote the republican ticket. For many years the elections in Philadelphia have shown nearly twice as many votes polled as there are males of voting age in the city. Still, with all this corruption in elections, nothing was said. But, when the bosses undertook to rob all the people by granting a charter to a gas company for 99 years, with the privilege of levying tribute on them for lights at twice the cost to citizens of other cities,—the limit of endurance was reached, and the long suffering patient Quaker was aroused to the fighting point. It is said that if you wish to arouse a Dutchman or a Yankee, toy lovingly with his pocket-book. At any rate this is what aroused the Quaker City. The bosses had said they were determined to grant the objectionable franchise on the following Monday. On Sunday special prayers were had imploring divine aid in saving the city from the ravages

of thieving officials. So, when the city assembly met on that memorable Monday, in that beautiful city hall—the finest monument to thieves in all America, save the Capitol of the State—they were confronted by a vast body of determined men, eaching wearing a badge having on it a hangman's loop and the legend—"we mean it." The moral lesson of this demonstration of the people's condemnation of the acts of the assemblymen, was too apparent to be overlooked by that body of thieves. There was no franchise granted, and the City of Brotherly Love was once more entitled to that soothing name.

And now we have seen that while our country is growing great in a material way, it is, nevertheless, degenerating in an ethical way to the point of political and social danger. We believe that unless this degeneracy is checked, all respect for law, for orderly government, for rights of property, for honor, for virtue, will be swept away and anarchy will reign instead. We have seen that here and there a few brave, altruistic men have come forward to do battle for the common good of all humanity. Seeing these conditions, what is our duty? Is it not plain to every thinking person, that the time has come to have a re-alignment of the good and the bad, in society, in business, in politics, in the Church? And let us never lose sight of the fact that fine raiment will not make a fair name nor great wealth atone for iniquities. Knowing that character is the manifestation of the soul modified by its environments, it is the duty of the schools, the press, and the pulpit to unite their forces in one grand movement for the moral uplifting of the nation. Let the work begin with the child in the cradle, and never cease to teach through youth, through manhood, and on to old age, that right is right, and that wrong is wrong, even if it glitters in diamonds and gold. Then will our country approach that high ethical standard so nobly exemplified in the life of the Lowly Nazarene. Then will be restored that sensibility of honor, so characteristic of Chivalry, "that can feel a stain like a wound."

W. W. Carson, '07.

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Editorial Department.

A Last Word.

In assuming the duties of editor for the last time we wish to say something in the way of an apology to the supporters of this college paper. When we began last fall we promised to do the best we could and make the paper the best success possible, and we can't conscientiously say that we have done so, and we are humbly regretting that such has been the case. There has been a lack of cooperation among the members of the staff, and we could have done better. However, what has been done cannot be changed, and we wish to thank the students who have contributed articles for their help; and, in fact, it is only by the assistance of the student body that a magazine can be made interesting. Somehow the idea prevails that individuals have no direct interest in the paper, and that the editors are going to get out the issue anyway, and what use is there in

their bothering about it. Perhaps some who have contributed articles which were not published think they met injustice at the hands of the staff, but we beg to assure them that we always have tried to use our best judgment and have been in our hearts far from showing favoritism or partiality.

We wish to thank the others of the staff for their timely aid and assistance, and always will our association together be kept as a fond memory. We sincerely think that the newly elected staff are capable men, and are sure that The Journal next year will be a credit to the institution. To the new editors the present staff has no advice to offer, only to do as you think best and allow no outside influence to govern you. We know you will put forth only your best efforts. And in reviewing the work of the past year, although there are some things to regret, yet the task thrust upon us has assumed a very pleasant nature and has been thoroughly enjoyable. Some nice things have been said about our paper, and we appreciated them, and then again we have received our due share of "knocks" and harsh criticism, which we tried to profit by. But here's to the sure success of The Journal next year.

⚜

The Class of 1907.

The class which entered September, 1903, are now ready to receive their diplomas. And looking back, these four years seem very short indeed, and sadness steals into our hearts when we know that our connection as students of Wofford College is forever severed. Each one of us realizes that the happiest days of his youth are at a close, and all the incidents and episodes of our residence here will always be cherished. Of course we haven't made our record as good as was possible, but we are proud of our class, and its history will always be referred to with pleasure and pride. The class has been the recipient of many kindnesses from professors and residents of the campus, and our stay here has been made very enjoyable.

When we came each one of us resolved to uphold the good name of our parents and to graduate men fitted for life and all its struggles, and at present each man knows whether he has made good use of his privileges, and according to his usage can he battle with life. We do not know, any of us, what we shall accomplish, but we ought to have the consciousness of knowing that we have never shirked any duty. Be our sphere of activity extensive or limited, we must conduct ourselves in such a manner as to reflect credit upon ourselves and our alma mater. To Wofford and her influences we owe much, and may the members of the class of 1907 as alumni add their names to that great roll of hard-working, honest men who are builders and organizers of society.

College Press Association.

The College Press Associatoin of South Carolina met at Clemson College May the10th and 11th and held its annual meeting. Wofford was represented, as were all the colleges of the State. This association has as its object and aim the promotion and uplifting of college magazines of the State, and wishes to set as high a literary standard as possible. The delegates were royally entertained by the Chronicle staff, and we shall always remember our visit with much pleasure, various social functions being provided to make our stay more enjoyable. But aside from this feature of the meeting, much was done in a material uplift in college journalism. The constitution was revised and amended to suit present needs, college questions were debated, and many suggestions and plans were brought forward that if adopted will raise college journalism.

The result of elections gives the presidency of the association during the next collegiate year to a Wofford man, who is elected by the staff of The Journal; also the place of meeting is to be at Wofford College. This certainly is a privilege which the college will enjoy, and we know much good will result from these annual meetings.

Three medals are offered each year for the best short story, poem, and essay, published in any magazine during that year. This fact should encourage good writing among the students, and we trust the editor's desk next year will be flooded with good articles of all kinds.

"Swiping."

We enjoyed reading an article in the last number of the "Ladies Home Journal" on the practice among college students of appropriating articles used in public places, which they term "swiping," but which it denounces as simple and unadulterated stealing. This practice shows to what a low ebb a person's sense of right and wrong may get. The habit of taking spoons, forks, tumblers, books, and such articles as souvenirs cannot be excused under the name of "swiping" or "hooking." We have examples of this in every college community, and such a fact must be deplored. It seems that public sentiment against such practices must be entirely wrong. Such conduct in private homes would be considered a penitentiary offense, and can the public afford to let the time come when a person may openly and boastfully take what does not belong to him with impunity? College students have it in their power to correct such conditions in their own community, and they are bound to correct them or else become party to the crime.

Two New Books.

Our faculty is composed of men of the highest culture and refinement and of men who are interesting and instructive outside of the class-room and college work. Recently two books have come from the press written by two of our faculty, "An Interpretation of Sydney Lanier and His Poetry," by Dr. Snyder, and "With the Tourist Tide," by Dr. Cooke. These books ought to have an especial attraction to our college community, aside from their lilterary value, as

coming from among us. We hope that every student will purchase a copy of each and carry it home with him, and thus make a valuable addition to his library.

Exchange Department.

CLYDE S. BETHEA, EDITOR.

M. D. JACKSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR

"Occasionally it is better to be silent and let others speak."

The Chickamauga Battlefield

The sun of a September morn arose
  O'er a forest on Georgia's hills;
But set o'er the bleak and barren waste
  Of Chickamauga Battlefield.

Grasses and trees once fresh and green,
  Swayed by the storm that chilled,
Now pierced with bullet, stained with blood
  On Chickamauga Battlefield.

The Southern sons, who faced the foe
  Who firmly failed to yield,
Lay dead and dying, mid the woe
  Of Chickamauga Battlefield.

Evening silence shrouded the scene
  As the sad survivors concealed
The dead at random 'neath the sod
  Of Chickamauga Battlefield.

The North, the South, each felt her loss,
  Even as brothers are wont to feel,
And each his sign of memory placed
  On Chickamauga Battlefield.

But marble nor stone will restore
  The dauntless heroes that fell;
Nor heal the wounded hearts that grieved their loss
  On Chickamauga Battlefield.

—Ex.

"Most men eddy about
Here and there . . .
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing; and then they die—
Perish; and no one asks
Who or what they have done
More than he asks what waves
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost ocean, have swelled,
Foamed for a moment, and gone."

—Ex.

"Professor," said the weeping graduate, "I am indebted to you for all that I know."

"Pray, don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.—Ex.

The young man for action,
The old man for judge;
The mother for counsel,
The daughter for fudge. —Ex.

Prof.—"What is the difference between a 'bell' and a 'belle'?"

Ferguson—"A 'bell' is one you pull, and a 'belle' is one that pulls you."

Are You Sorry?

Are you sorry, let me ask you,
As the days are almost spent,
Of the year now slipping by
And its records brief you read—
Over any word or deed
Do you sigh?

Are you sorry, let me ask you,
That you tried to do your best
As you toiled from morn till eve?

Over days of weary work,
Thta you never sought to shirk,
  Do you grieve?

Are you sorry, let me ask you,
That you lent a helping hand
  To some weary one you met?
Do you view one kindly deed
To a burdened one in need,
  With regret?

Are you sorry, let me ask you.
But these questions well we know
  Are but vain.
For no kindly deed or thought
Ever yet to one has brought
  Sigh or pain.

—M. M. B., in The Lookout.

Changes of Time

One hundred years ago today,
  With wildernesses here,
With powder in his gun, the man
  Went out and got his deer.

But now the thing is somewhat changed,
  And on another plan,
With powder on her cheeks, the dear
Goes out and gets the man. —Ex.

A Lawyer's Daughter

"To me, I swear, you're a volume rare,"
  But she said, with a judicious look:
"Your oath's not good in common law
  Until you've kissed the book."

A Love Lyric

"May I print a kiss on your lips," he asked,
And she smiled a sweet permission,
They went to press, and I rather guess
They printed a large edition. —Ex.

Sure Was

"By the way, where did you first meet your wife?"
"At her college the day she graduated."
"Ah! I see. Her commencement was your finish."—Brooklyn Eagle.

There are meters of accent,
There are letters of tone;
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone. —Ex.

AFTER A FEW DAYS.

There are letters of accent,
There are leltters of tone;
But the best kind of letter
Is to let her alone. —Ex.

Teacher—"Johnny, use the word 'debate' in a sentence.
Johnny—"When I goes fishin' I spits on de bait."—Ex.

After The Ball

(Also, after Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Win—and the fans cheer with you;
Lose—and you suffer alone.
While hitting the ball you are heroes all;
When not, you are blocks of stone.

Steal—and the cranks are for you;
Thrown out—you're a hopeless bud.
No matter the race you made for the base,
You ran like a hoopless tub.

Hit—and the cheer is mighty;
  Fan—and the silence appalls;
In a baseball game your fame and your shame
  Is bound up in the bouncing balls.

—Ex.

A Brother's Privilege

Said the maid, "I'll stop calling you 'Mr.'
I will be—not your wife—but your sr."
    Said the man, "I feel proud;
    For a brother's allowed
To do thus:"—and he caught her and kr.

—Ex.

Jungle Vaudeville

"When a fire goes out, where does it go?
  The monkey asked the ape.
"Can't say," said the ape; "yet many's the time
  I've seen a fire-escape." —Roseleaf.

A convict had just escaped from the penitentiary. They found a note that he had left for the Governor. It began: "I hope you will pardon me for the liberty I am taking."—Exchange.

"You should marry me; I saved your life."

"That's nothing; the man I'm to marry has saved *money*."—Exchange.

Mary sat upon a pin
  Without sign of pertubation,
For part of her was genuine
  And part was imitation. —Ex.

Once, in Nice, an Englishman and a Frenchman were about to separate on the Promendae des Anglais.

The Englishman, as he started toward the Cercle Mediterrance, called back:

"Au reservoir!"

And the Frenchman waved his hand and answered:

Tanks!"—Argonaut.

A Southern Girl

Her dimpled cheeks are pale,
She's a lily of the vale,
Not a rose.
In muslin or in lawn
She is fairer than the dawn
to her beaux.

On a balcony at night
With a fleecy cloud of white
'Round her hair—
Her grace, oh! who could paint?
She would fascinate a saint,
I declare.

'Tis a matter of regret
She's a bit of a coquette,
Whom I sing;
In her cruel path she'll go
With a half dozen beaux
To her string.

But let all that pass by,
As her maiden moments fly
Dew empearled;
When she marries, on my life
She will make the dearest wife
In the world.

—Ex.

Local Department

CLAUD N. SAPP, EDITOR.

The principal college function of the month was the "Freshman Exhibition," which came off on May 10th. This is an annual contest of the Freshmen for the Gray Medal, which is given by Mr. J. P. Gray, of Woodruff, an alumnus of the college. This contest is thought by many to be the best one held so far. The speakers acquitted themselves in a creditable manner and did honor to their class and the college. The medal was won by Mr. H. E. Stacy, of the Preston Society, who is one of the most promising orators who ever attended Wofford. Mr. Stacy has a bright future in the field of oratory, and if he applies himself he will bring many additoinal honors to himself and Wofford in the years to come.

The speakers were: From the Calhoun Society, Messrs. Galbraith and Hammond; from the Carlisle Society, Messrs. Dorsey and Wilkes; from the Preston Society, Messrs. Stacy and Hardin.

To win the "State Oratorical Contest" is an enviable record for any college, and this is the record Wofford now holds, having won it in the recent contest at Greenwood. The man who piloted us to victory was Mr. W. W. Carson, of the class of '07. Mr. Carson is a student of the "first water" type, and an orator of rare ability, and we believe that when Mr. Carson goes to Mont Eagle to battle for honors in the "Southern Oratorical Contest" that South Carolina will be well represented.

Looking over the record of Wofford, we find that in the eight years the "Inter-Collegiate Contest" has been organized Wofford has won first place three times and come in for second honors twice, and in '04, with Mr. E. K. Hardin on the firing line, she placed South Carolina second in the

"Southern contest." Here's to you, Wallace. May you write the name of South Carolilna at the head of the list when the contest is over at Mont Eagle.

IN THE SOCIETIES.

The recent elections in the societies resulted as follows:

Calhoun Society—President, L. K. Jennings; Vice-President, Marine Jackson; First Critic, H. B. Atkins; Second Critic, Chas. Calvert; Recording Secretary, W. DuPre; First Censor, J. L. Hydrick; Second Censor, R. B. Stackhouse; Treasurer, C. A. Easterling.

Carlisle Society—President, C. E. Bethea; Vice-President, G. R. McKewn; First Critic, J. L. Dukes; Second Critic, J. T. Thompson; First Censor, A. S. Nettles; Second Censor, O. M. Dantzler; Recording Secretary, T. C. Whetsell; Corresponding Secretary, W. B. Baker; Treasurer, H. M. Cox.

Preston Society—President—R. F. Morris; Vice-President, E. R. Mason; First Critic, Archie Willis; Second Critic, Jno. Taylor; First Censor, Patterson; Second Censor, L. O. Nichols; Recording Secretary, Tom Hill; Corresponding Secretary, H. E. Stacy; Treasurer, T. W. Felkel.

The following Journal staff was elected:

J. L. Dukes—Editor-in-Chief.
Business Manager—A. Willis.
Literary Editor—H. B. Atkins.
Alumni Editor—R. A. Brown.
Local Editor—J. T. Thompson.
Exchange Editor—L. K. Jennings.
Assistant Literary Editor—J. C. Hardin.
Assistant Business Manager—L. K. Breeden.
Assistant Exchange Editor—B. Hicks.

ATHLETICS.

Wofford's record on the diamond for the past season has not been all that was hoped for, but such is baseball, and

after all, when we recall the fact that by the rules of the S. I. A. A. such men as "Pres." Martin, "Shreck" Taylor and "Moss" Anderson, all of whom are now playing in the State League, were ruled off of our team, we can see a cause why our team was not as strong as it might have been. Coach McMakin has given entire satisfaction, and has done much, considering the disadvantage under which he has had to labor.

Only three men leave the team this year, and seven or eight of this year's team should return. It is probable that "Pres" Martin will coach the team next season, and he is already looking out for men for his team next season. We believe "Legs" will make a good coach, and we expect from him a good team. So get busy, that we of the old regime may read of your victories when "the flowers bloom again."

Much improvement is being made on the Wofford Athletic Park, as the "Spartans," of the State League, will use this park during the summer.

The Fitting School team has lost only one game during the season, having lost it to Woodruff. Good for the "Fighters!"

The banquet given to the team by Mrs. Rembert was the most enjoyable feature of the whole season. Mrs. Rembert is one of our most loyal supporters, and if we win or lose she is with us with an encouraging word, and when the season closed she entertained and gave us many good things to eat, and on the whole the team spent a most enjoyable evening in this hospitable home.

CAMPUS NOTES.

The campus has been very much beautified recently by the placing of curbing around all the walks and other improvements.

With this issue the work of the present staff ends and we turn the duties over to another staff, and we believe the work is going into good hands, for, as the report of elections

elsewhere shows, many good men have been entrusted with The Journal, and we hope for them success.

Mr. M. A. Connolly, of the class of '05, now a dental student, is on the campus for a few days.

Mr. F. A. McLeod, of the class of '06, is on the campus.

Mr. W. C. Stallworth, of the class of '06, was a visitor at the college for a few days the past week.

Mr. J. C. Harmon, of the class of '06, who has been teaching at Roland, N. C., is on the campus.

Mr. R. O. Lawton, of the class of '04, came up from White Stone Springs, where he has been for his healtlh, and will be on the campus for a few days.

Many of the Seniors, having finished their examinations, have gone home for a few days before commencement.

It seems now as if Furman will show the white feather in the matter of the annual inter-collegiate debate with Wofford. The debate was to have come off sometime in this month, but the latest report from them is to the effect that they will not meet us, because they have no date open on which to have the debate. It seems that in the past two months they could have found an open date, and as the failure to have the debate is entirely due to the Furman end of the line, it seems just that they should forfeit the decision to Wofford.

The speakers from Wofford are Messrs. W. W. Carson and C. N. Sapp, who were anxious to meet the Furmanites.

Y. M. C. A. Department.

THOS. E. DUKES, EDITOR.

Time is rapidly bringing us to the clolse of another session. As the end draws near each one is taking a backward glance over the record he has made. Mistakes are glaring us in the face, and we are compelled to acknowledge them. In fact, each student is being questioned by his conscience as to whether or not he has performed exactly and honestly the duties assigned to him. We now realize wherein we have fallen short of our duty, and would gladly blot out a portion of our record. Yet there is but one remedy, and that is to profit in the future by the mistakes of the past.

This being the time for summing up the points of failure and success, perhaps it would be well to take a retrospective view of our association work. Have we done our duty as members? Have we labored as earnestly and as persistently to accomplish our purpose as we should have done? And, too, let those who are not members consider their attitude toward the Association in the past. Let them ask themselves the question as to whether or not their influence has been encouraging to the Christian work of the college.

The associations of this season have been pleasant and enjoyable. And we trust that our work has not been in vain, though we have not attained the success we had hoped for. There is nothing on a college campus more essential to the upbuilding of strong, manly characters than a likely Association with enthusiastic members. It lends inspiration to all who attend in a spirit of helpfulness. There is no place better suited for the training of young men in Christian work and right living. So feeling that sting of regret which inevitably follows work only partly done, let us close the Association work of this year with hearts full of thanksgiving and gratitude, trusting that next year may be the most successful in the history of the Association. Let us

be up and doing and make the Association a center to which is attracted the whole student body.

For the officers and members of the committees to render their best services next year, it is necessary for them to attend the Southern Student Conference to be held at Asheville June 14th to 23d. At this conference one has the choice opportunity of hearing experienced and sympathetic men speak concerning Association problems. However important may be the spiritual and intellectual training, by no means is the social life of the conference the least important feature. Wofford should send a good number of delegates to Asheville this summer. We need in our Association work the plans suggested at the conference and the college spirit manifested by the students. And if we expect our Association to receive this benefit we must send a delegation of men who will avail themselves of every opportunity to study and discuss the plans for conducting the Association work.

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